★ April 22, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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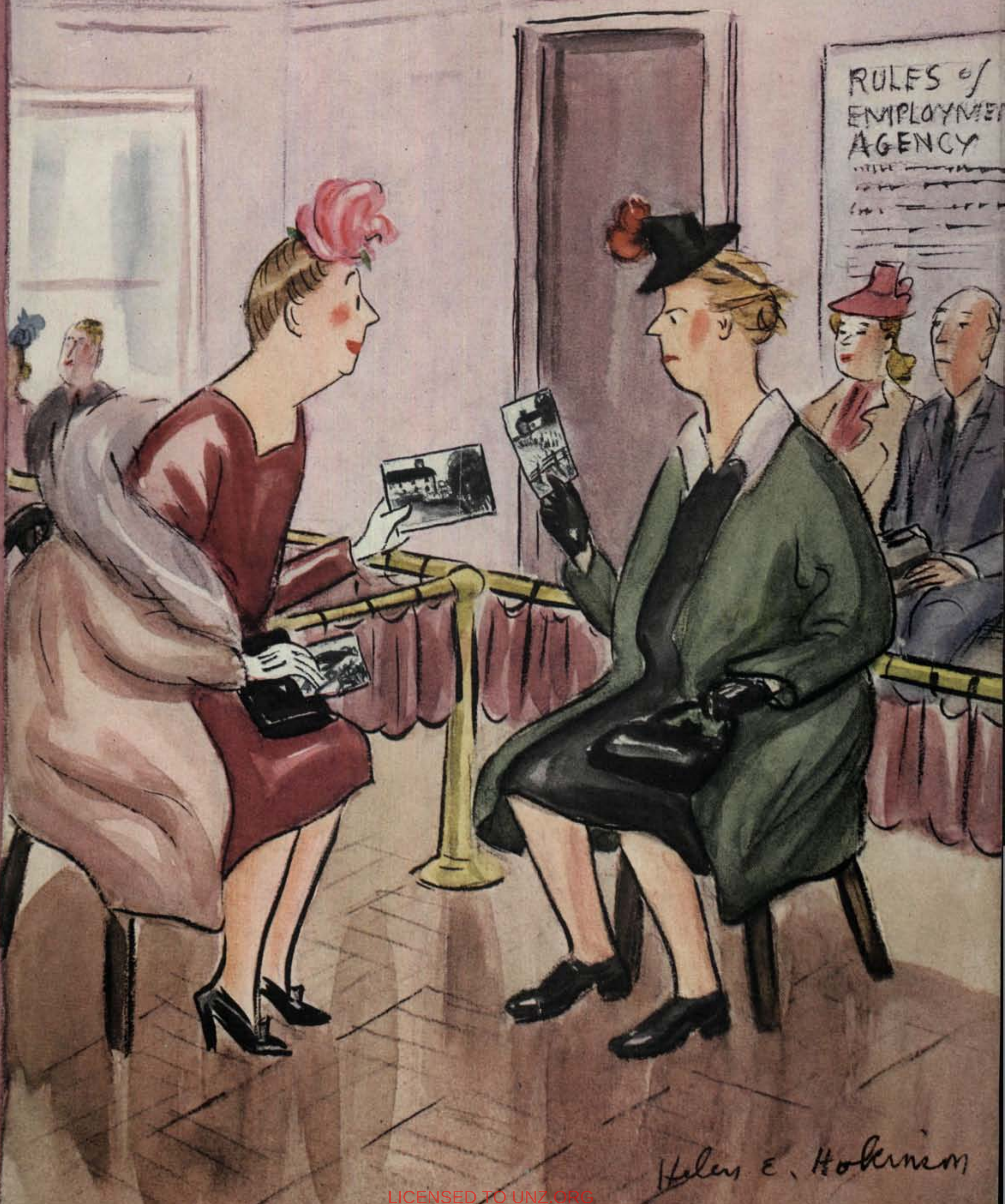
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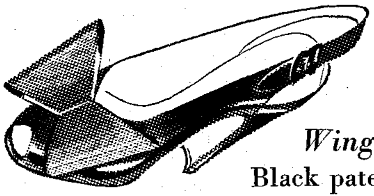

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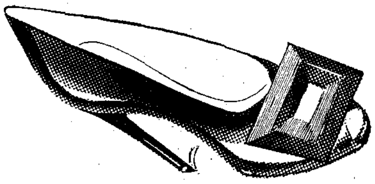

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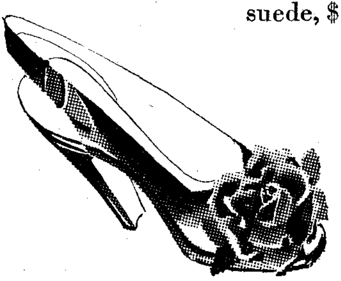

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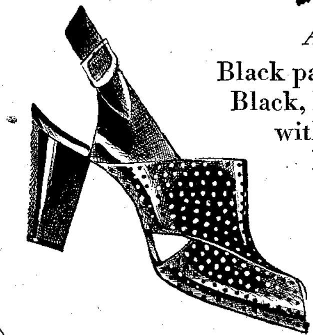

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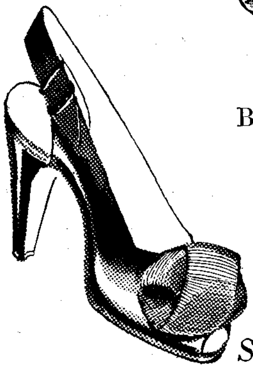

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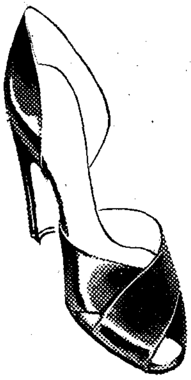

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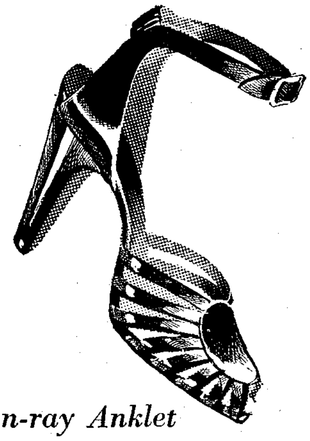

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Now in its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

But Not Goodbye—A ghost story with Sylvia Field and J. Pat O'Malley that may appeal to followers of "Blithe Spirit," though not very much. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Chicken Every Sunday—Mary Philips and Rhys Williams are fine actors and this is an amiable play. Something about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband. You might do much worse. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. The cast includes Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a pleasant, competent cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fifth year. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—High-toned British triangle play around the vintage of the Stanley Steamer. Katharine Cornell is as fascinating as ever, and Henry Daniell, Carol Goodner, and Arthur Margetson are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., April 22.)

Mrs. January & Mr. Ex—A comedy by Zoë Akins about a woman who seems on her way to marrying one of our duller Presidents. More or less negligible unless you happen to admire the stars, Billie Burke and Frank Craven, who are very good. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—Shakespeare's tragedy made plausible and tremendously effective by the casting of a Negro as the Moor. Paul Robeson is given fine support, especially by José Ferrer as Iago, and Margaret Webster's direction is excellent. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Not as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Public Relations—It seems there were a couple of silent-picture stars, and they broke up, and came together again. Philip Merivale and Ann Andrews do their best to take your mind off the plot. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that is too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 29.

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380 Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, Una Merkel, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier, Conrad Nagel, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Sun., April 23, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's pageant about the Air Forces is enormous and beautiful, but the dramatic narrative is pretty elementary. There are more than three hundred servicemen in the cast, plus several women civilians. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Pretty Little Parlor—Stella Adler and Sidney Blackmer in a play by Claiborne Foster. Staged by Ralph Bellamy and produced by John Moses and Mr. Bellamy. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Sheppey—A play by W. Somerset Maugham, with Edmund Gwenn and Barbara Everest. Staged by Sir Cedric Hardwicke and produced by Jacques Chambrun. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., April 20 and 22, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:30.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and almost as simple-minded as it sounds. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in the cast, and there is Fats Waller's characteristic music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—An earnest, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, and Betty Garde. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Allah Be Praised!—A musical comedy by George Marion, Jr., Don Walker, and Baldwin Bergersen, with Patricia Morison, Mary Jane Walsh, John Hoysradt, and Joey Faye. Produced by Alfred Bloomingdale. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Helen Goes to Troy—Jarmila Novotna and Ernest Truex in Max Reinhardt's American adaptation of the operetta "La Belle Hélène." Staged by Herbert Graf, with choreography by Leonide Massine. Produced by the New Opera Company. Opens Mon., April 24. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Highland Fling—A comedy by Margaret Curtis, with Ralph Forbes and Miss Curtis. Staged and produced by George Abbott. Opens Fri., April 28. Benefit performance Thurs., April 27, at 8:40, for the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee; for tickets, call MU 3-0180. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the usual stupendous attraction. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Ruth Draper—In a program of monologues: Mon. and Tues., April 24-25, at 8:45 P.M., and Wed., April 26, at 2:45 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury": Thurs. through Sat., April 20-22, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., April 22, at 2:30 P.M.; for the benefit of the New York City Cancer Committee. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "The Adventures of

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	44
BOOKS	75
THE CURRENT CINEMA	58
LETTER FROM LONDON	41
MUSICAL EVENTS	66
POPULAR RECORDS	67
NOTES ON SPORTS	72
OF ALL THINGS	57
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	60
THE RACE TRACK	56
A REPORTER AT LARGE	46
THE THEATRE	38

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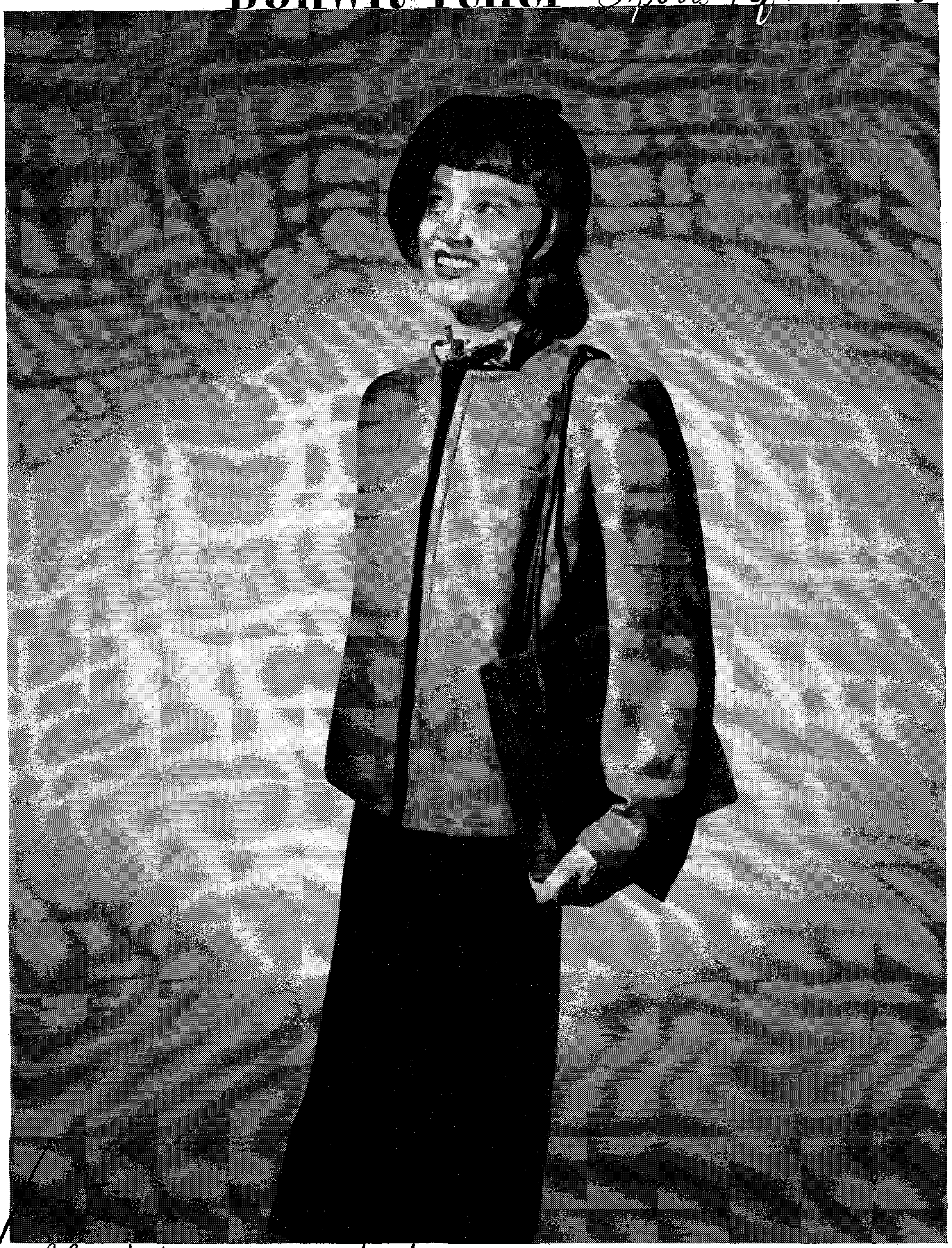

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 29.

Tom Sawyer," Sat., April 29, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"The Snow Maiden," "Scheherazade," and "Le Beau Danube," Thurs. Eve., April 20. . . . "Etude," "The Red Poppy," and "Prince Igor," Fri. Eve., April 21. . . . "Swan Lake," "Scheherazade," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Aft., April 22. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "The Cuckolds' Fair," Sat. Eve., April 22, and Sun. Aft., April 23. . . . "Swan Lake," "The Red Poppy," and "Rodeo," Sun. Eve., April 23. . . . "Carnaval," "Coppelia," and "Prince Igor," Mon. Eve., April 24. . . . "Les Elfes," "The Cuckolds' Fair," "Igroushki," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Tues. Eve., April 25. . . . "Swan Lake," "Scheherazade," and "The Red Poppy," Wed. Eve., April 26. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Thurs. Eve., April 27. . . . "Carnaval," "Ancient Russia," "Bluebird," and "Le Beau Danube," Fri. Eve., April 28. . . . "Les Elfes," "Igroushki," and "Coppelia," Sat. Aft., April 29. . . . "Etude," "The Cuckolds' Fair," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "The Red Poppy," Sat. Eve., April 29. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. at 2:40.)

Ballet Theatre—"Romeo and Juliet," "Pillar of Fire," and "Gala Performance," Thurs. Eve., April 20. . . . "Tally-Ho," "Three-Cornered Hat," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Princess Aurora," Fri. Eve., April 21. . . . "Tally-Ho," "Petrouchka," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., April 22. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Fancy Free," "In Old Madrid," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Sat. Eve., April 22. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "El Amor Brujo," "Dim Lustre," and "Helen of Troy," Sun. Eve., April 23. . . . "The Romantic Age," "Fancy Free," "Lilac Garden," and "Tally-Ho," Mon. Eve., April 24. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Bolero," "Dark Elegies," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Tues. Eve., April 25. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Apollo," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Three-Cornered Hat," Wed. Eve., April 26. . . . "Tally-Ho," "Aleko," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Thurs. Eve., April 27. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "El Amor Brujo," "Dim Lustre," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Fri. Eve., April 28. . . . "The Romantic Age," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Deux," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Sat. Aft., April 29. . . . "Swan Lake," "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Pas de Quatre," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Eve., April 29. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. at 2:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Because of the new cabaret tax, several hotel rooms and clubs, as noted below, are discontinuing dancing during the dinner hour or making other changes so that the tax will not apply. As further changes may be made, you'd better phone ahead before starting out. Also, many clubs are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone about that, too.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Jules Lande's orchestra amid an eighteenth-century décor.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Emile Petti's band and a good-looking ice revue are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra—which ought to be enough for anyone.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Handier, and probably a lot noisier, than the one in Rio. Joe E. Lewis heads the show, and there's also Joel Herron's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras play music (sweet) for dancing after 10 P.M.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and sort of beautiful, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dr. Giovanni, the eminent pickpocket, and a dance team will be in the Cotillion Room until Tues., April 25, when Jane Pickens takes over. Stanley Melba's orchestra will stay on. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre Mon. through Fri. at the supper hour, and Sat. and Sun. for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm singing merrily in the Persian Room for your supper. Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band are there during dinner and supper.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports a smooth, sedate ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening. . . . The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras after 9 P.M.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's band plays for dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room, and Victor Borge and Russell Swann entertain the after-theatre crowd. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey being very funny. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): dim and handsome, with Robert Crum, the pianist, the comic Bernards, and several other good entertainers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself is back, with some new raucous songs and all the old raucous ones. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): a small show headed by Peggy Fears. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and a routine show full of beautiful girls; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the pleasanter small places; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): also small, also pleasant; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing and Anne Francine sings from 11 P.M. on. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra plays for dancing after 9:30 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra will be replaced by Boyd Raeburn's on Thurs., April 27. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Clarence Profit Trio makes it one of the town's best cellars.

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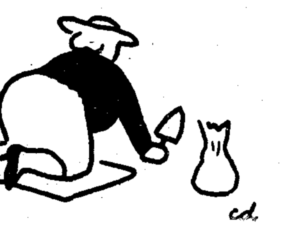
Mostly for Music—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington's band and one of those Broadway shows. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ethel Waters top a large and rowdy show. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's band. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon adding warmth to these spring evenings; no dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes, Mezz Mezzrow, and Dan Alvin; no dancing. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): jazz by the Al Casey Trio and songs by Billie Holiday. . . . **YACHT CLUB,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Trummie Young's hot band will be replaced by Coleman Hawkins' on Tues., April 25; Dizzy Gillespie's band will stay on. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Sidney Catlett's orchestra, with Ben Webster, and the Leonard Ware Trio are the attractions here; no dancing.

ART

Ault Collection—Degas, Cézanne, Tamayo, Eilshemius, and other moderns; a benefit for the American Field Service: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.



Darrel Austin—Recent pastels: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 20.

Ballet—At the **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: lots of old engravings and a few good paintings, tracing the history of the art; a benefit for French Hospital. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 13. . . . **SCHACHT,** 23 E. 64: drawings by Abraham Walkowitz. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

George Bellows—Paintings from 1909 to 1922: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

George Constant—Oils and water colors: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

Russell Cowles—New oils by a descendant of the Impressionists: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

Arthur G. Dove—Twenty new paintings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

French—At the **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: Derain, Dufy, Picasso, Vlaminck, and others of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 1. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: Rouault, Picasso, Matisse, Braque, and several others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

Arnold Friedman—An Impressionist whose landscapes are sometimes as successful as his French predecessors': Marquié, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

Harry Gottlieb—Oils, the first he has done in twelve years: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

Juan Gris—Forty oils, gouaches, and drawings: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

Groups—At the **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: New York artists, including Lyonel Feininger, Borislav Bogdanovich, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: drawings, prints, and water colors by modern French and American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: new paintings and sculpture by Bernard Karfiol, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Julian Levi, and other members of the gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 6. . . . **ARTISTS',** 43 W. 55: drawings and prints by Hans Boehler, Federico Cantú, Maurice Golubov, and others. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 29. . . . **FINE ARTS,** 215 W. 57: annual show by the National Association of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29. . . . **PEIKIN,** 5 Ave. at 55: the Artists League of America, which includes Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, Chaim Gross, and a good many others. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 8. . . . **BRANDT,** 15 E. 57: paintings and drawings by John Sloan, Walter Pach, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29. . . . **JUNIOR LEAGUE CLUBHOUSE,** 221 E. 71: Malvina Hoffman, Isabel Bishop, Jon Corbino, and other contemporary painters and sculptors; a benefit for the Junior League Welfare Fund. Daily 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through May 6.

Lily Harmon—First show by a kind of feminine Raphael Soyer: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

Jacqueline Lamba—Surrealist paintings by the wife of André Breton: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Thurs., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

Bernard Lamotte—Paintings of Paris: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

Pietro Lazzari—Flowers and landscapes in egg-tempera: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); through May 5.

Fernand Léger—His big picture "Les Plongeurs," and the preliminary studies for it: Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 6.

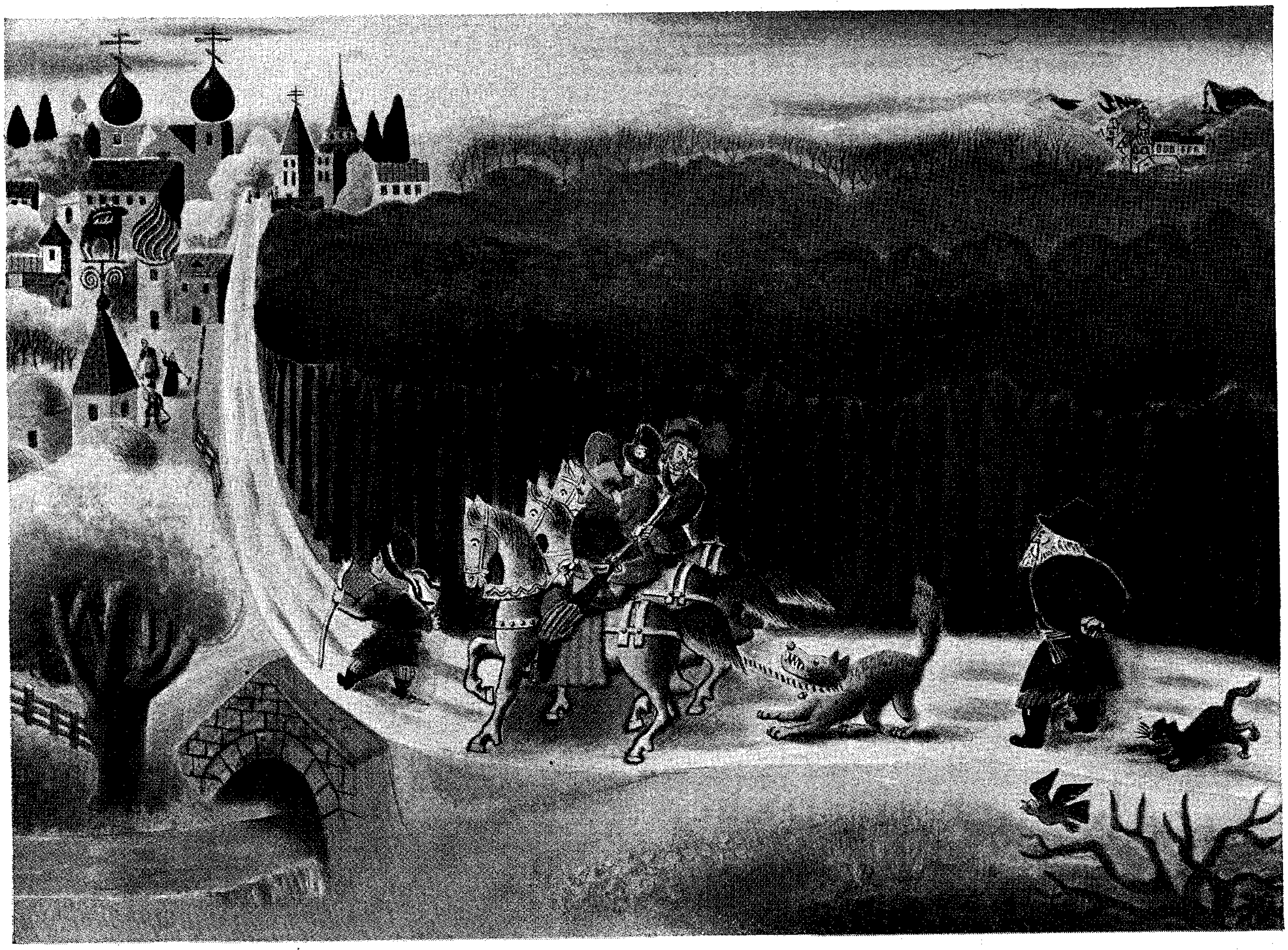
Abraham Levin—New oils by this self-taught artist: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 2.

London—Paintings, before 1800, and prints of scenes in and around the city: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia, and a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries (through June 30); also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and a large loan show of Russian icons (through Aug. 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Modern Europeans—Paintings, most of which have

Forest Fantasy



The processional scene from Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf," an interpretation painted by Eduard Buk Ulreich, distinguished American artist. The canvas depicts Peter in the vanguard of The Hunters, The Wolf, Grandfather and The Cat, while The Bird flies chirping overhead—all done in the delightful color and gay pomp of childhood. . . . Painted for the Capehart Collection. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your dealer, or direct from the Capehart Division at Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

CHILDREN play in the green, green meadows of the morning. . . . In their reveries, wolves prowl in the dark, deep forests of the night. . . . But never a dream-wolf that cannot be vanquished by a child. In that happy fantasy of childhood, captured villains are led in triumphant processionals. Processionals leading to pleasant places of delight—castles and circuses and zoos.

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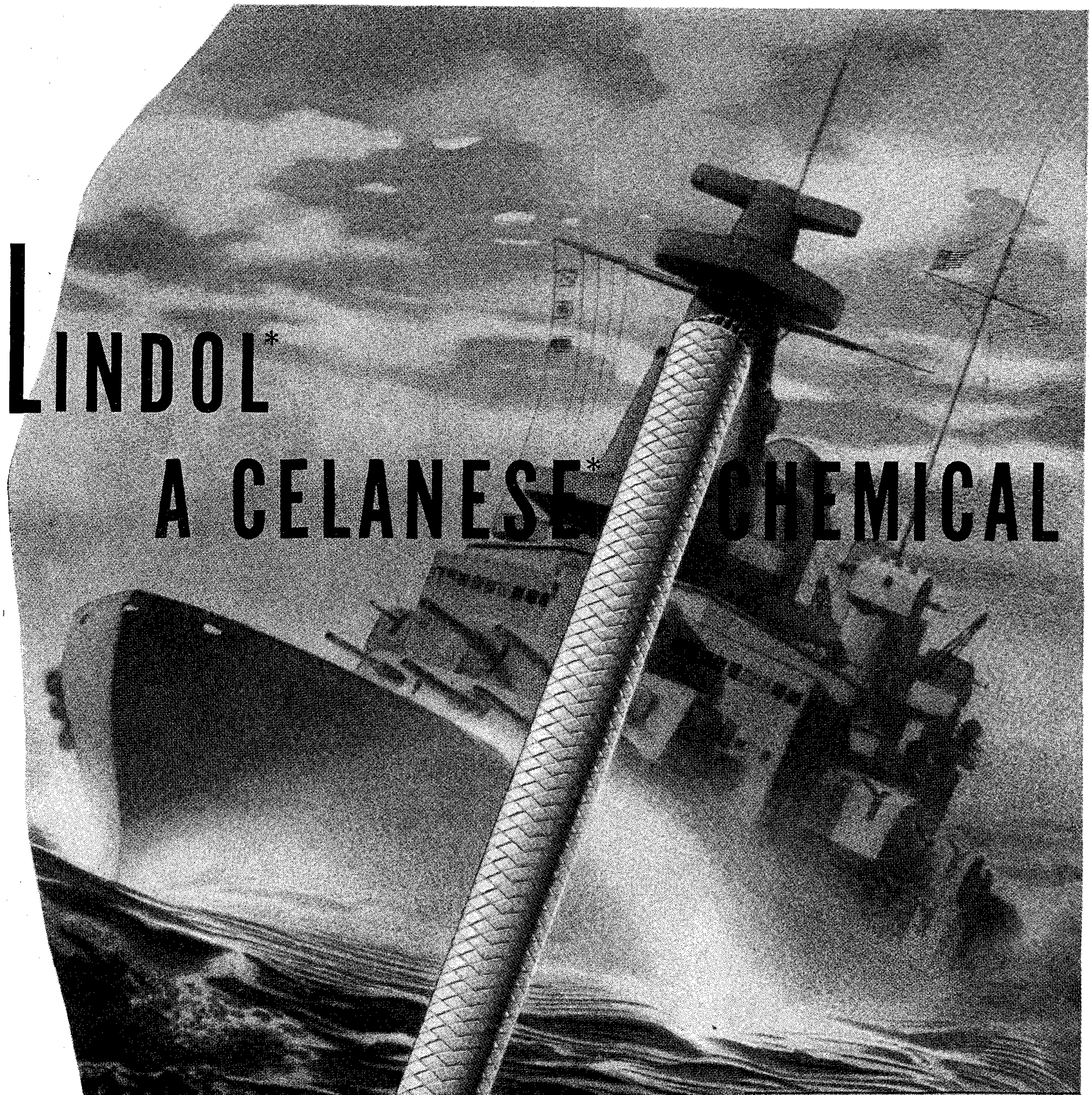

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

never been shown, by Braque, Dali, Hélion, Mondrian, and others: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 6.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of modern Cuban painting (through May 7); also, modern American and European drawings (through May 10). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of painting and sculpture. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., April 25.

Nineteenth-Century American—At the **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: fifteen paintings, from Rubens Peale to Eastman Johnson. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22. . . . **NEWHOUSE,** 15 E. 57: a large, not altogether distinctive, collection of paintings from 1820 to 1870, including George Inness, Thomas Cole, and Worthington Whittredge. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

Camille Pissarro—Eight Paris scenes: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., April 26.

Walter Quirt—Oils by *one of the firebrands of* American Abstractionism: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

Self Portraits—Karl Zerbe, Max Weber, Marcel Vertès, Sol Wilson, and other contemporaries: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

Miron Sokole—Paintings, in his first show in five years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 6.

Dorothea Tanning—Surrealist paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 22.

Mark Tobey—New temperas: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 29.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Pictures and sculpture bought by the Museum during the past two years. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

National Orchestral Association—Assisted by several dance groups; Leon Barzin conducting. Mon., April 24, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné conducting. Fri., April 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Chamber Music Series—Final concert, Adolph Busch and his Chamber Music Players; soloist, Rudolf Serkin, piano. Fri., April 21, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Jazz Concert—The sixth in a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring such musicians as Miff Mole, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Rex Stewart, cornet; and Sonny Greer, drums. Sat., April 29, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

San Carlo Opera Company—"Carmen," Wed. Eve., April 26. . . . "La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., April 27. . . . "Aïda," Fri. Eve., April 28. . . . "Faust," Sat. Aft., April 29. . . . "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., April 29. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Mat. at 2:30.)

League of Composers—A program of modern music by Harry Partch, interpreted by Mr. Partch, adapted guitar; Alix Young Maruchess, kithara; Ethel Luening, soprano; and Henry Brant, chromelodeon. Sat., April 22, at 5 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Harry Kaufman—Piano. Sun., April 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Vivian Rivkin and Eudice Shapiro—Piano and violin. Sun., April 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Donald Dame—Tenor. Mon., April 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Memorial Concert—The music of Joseph Achron, played by Michel Piastro, violin; Edward Steuermann, piano; Simeon Bellison, clarinet; and the Bennington String Quartet. Wed., April 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. Thurs., April 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Marymount College Glee Club—Giovanni Camajani directing. Fri., April 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston, Thurs., April 20, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Brooklyn, Fri. and Sat., April 28-29, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. through Sun., April 21-23, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tues. through Thurs., April 25-27, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. through Sun., April 21-23, at 2:30 P.M.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 29.

Chess—National Championship finals, Mon. through Fri., 7 to 11 P.M., and Sat. and Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 7. (Park Central Hotel.)

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica at 1:45 P.M., through May 6. (The Wood Memorial, April 22; Jamaica Handicap, April 29.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50; the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use. *Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.*; through June 30.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts dating from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 20.

Photography—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: snapshots by amateur camera fans from the 1880's to the present. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 10. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the annual press photographers' show, featuring war pictures taken by servicemen. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sun., April 23. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER,** 9 W. 54: photographs of people, in the first of a series of exhibitions by younger photographers. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

MOTION PICTURES

Cover Girl—A better *musical* than most, with tunes by Jerome Kern and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, and Phil Silvers. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

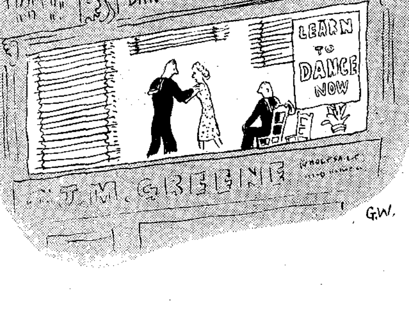
For Whom the Bell Tolls—A handsome adaptation, notable for its fast pace, its Technicolor, and some fine bits of acting, though politically shaky. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., April 26.)

In Our Time—The *romance is rather worn,* but the background, Poland at the beginning of the war, is brand new. Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid, Victor Francen, and Nazimova. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., April 26.)

Jack London—Students of the man may want to quarrel with a few assertions about London's thoughts on the Japanese, but there are other, less controversial phases. Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., April 22. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., April 25-26.)

Jane Eyre—Marred by an odd performance by Orson Welles but still *recognizable.* There's also Joan Fontaine and Henry Daniell. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., April 22. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., April 21-24. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., April 23-25.)

Lady in the Dark—Ginger Rogers, as a magazine editor, is psychoanalyzed in Technicolor. The cast also includes Ray Milland and Mischa Auer. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)



Lifeboat—Alfred Hitchcock's film about some lively adventures at sea. Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix, and Henry Hull. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat through Tues., April 22-25. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., April 23-26. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. *through* Sat., *April* 26-29.)

Madame Curie—Based on Eve Curie's biography of her mother, and nicely done for the most part. Greer Garson has the title rôle and Walter Pidgeon is her husband. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., April 20.)

The North Star—A great picture by Lillian Hellman about the Russians at peace and at war. With Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Erich von Stroheim. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., April 25-26. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., April 26-27.)

Passage to Marseille—An eventful, if cumbersome, picture about the Fighting French, with Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, Claude Rains, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—The funnier, and possibly more improbable, side of basic training. A flattering adaptation of the book, with Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Song of Bernadette—The story of Lourdes, long *but with some good acting. Jennifer Jones,* Vincent Price, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Standing Room Only—A comedy, with some good moments, about housing and servant troubles in Washington. Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard, and Roland Young. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Wed., April 26. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., April 25-26.)

REVIVALS

Animal Crackers (1930)—An early Marx Brothers. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., April 22.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Fri., April 21.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., April 21. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., April 25-26. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., April 25-27.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. Ralph Richardson, June Duprez. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., April 21. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., April 25-26.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., April 25-26.)

Golden Boy (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets drama. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., April 25-27.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family, and France, from the 1870's to the present. In French, with Michèle Morgan, Raimu, Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—A deft adaptation of the old thriller, with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 20.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and most famous of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., April 22.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Tues., April 22-25.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., April 26-28.)

Moonlight Sonata (1938)—Marie Tempest and Paderewski. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Fri., April 21.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures Mon. at 4 P.M., other weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Sun. at *2 and 4:30 P.M., on the following schedule.* **THURS., APRIL 20:** "Professor Mamlock" (1938), Russian social film. **FRI AND SAT., APRIL 21-22:** "Nanook of the North" (1922), adventure film. **SUN. AND MON., APRIL 23-24:** "Robin Hood" (1922), with Douglas Fairbanks and Enid Bennett. **TUES. AND WED., APRIL 25-26:** "Grass" (1925), full-length travelogue.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 27-28: "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman. **FROM SAT., APRIL 29:** "The Black Pirate" (1926), with Douglas Fairbanks and Billie Dove.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men to take an eight-week part-time course, and then serve two four-hour shifts a week in the City Patrol Corps; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day filling kits for servicemen to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58th: women to spend as much time as they can spare in A.W.V.S. work shops making layettes and children's clothes for Army and Navy relief (PL 3-6487); women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing and serving refreshments for servicemen's clubs (RE 4-5982). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to work three hours a day, twice a week, as ward and clinic aides; men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, porters, and dietary and ward aides.

NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

SALVAGE—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44th (PL 5-7300, Ext. 5), wants to collect fifty thousand books for servicemen in this country. If you have fifty or more books to give, the C.D.V.O. will pick them up; smaller contributions should be delivered to the office. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy still needs Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., 32 E. 38th, which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call LE 2-0886. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for pocket-size books, furniture, portable phonographs, and radios. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. . . . Musical instruments of all kinds, from ukuleles to pianos, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538). . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements.

WITH GRATEFUL APPRECIATION TO THE AUDIENCES OF AMERICA

The Theatre Guild Celebrates its 25th Anniversary

and thanks the authors, actors, artists, technicians and its subscribers who have made possible the production of these and other plays,

OKLAHOMA! **JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL†** **OTHELLO†**

AH, WILDERNESS!
A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY
AMPHITRYON 38
ANDROCLES AND THE LION
ARMS AND THE MAN
BACK TO METHUSELAH
BIOGRAPHY
BOTH YOUR HOUSES*
CALL IT A DAY
CAPRICE
ELIZABETH THE QUEEN
FATA MORGANA
GOAT SONG
GREEN GROW THE LILACS
HEARTBREAK HOUSE
HE WHO GETS SLAPPED
HOTEL UNIVERSE

IDIOT'S DELIGHT*
JANE CLEGG
JOHN FERGUSON
LILIOM
MAJOR BARBARA
MARCO MILLIONS
MARY OF SCOTLAND
MR. PIM PASSES BY
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA
PEER GYNT
PORGY
PORGY AND BESS
PYGMALION
REUNION IN VIENNA
R. U. R.
SAINT JOAN
SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

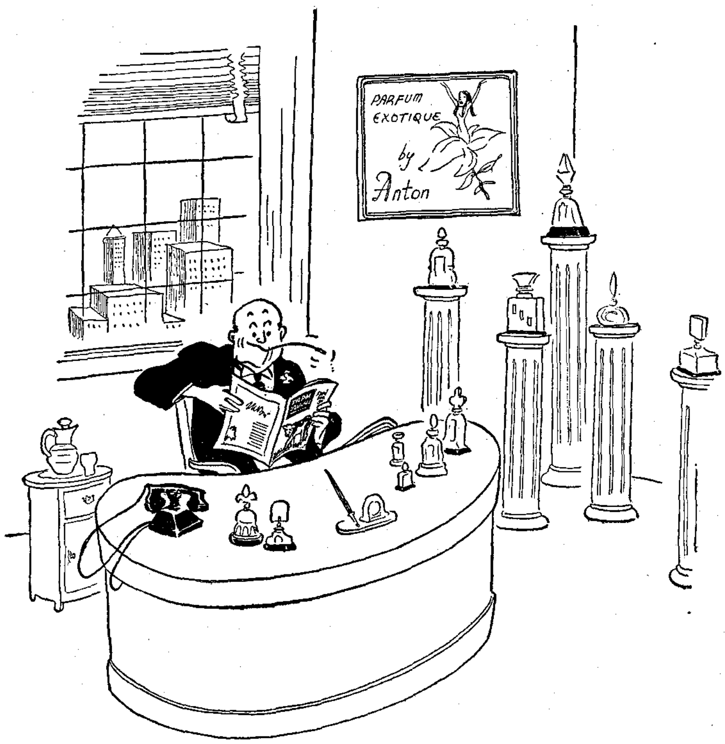
STRANGE INTERLUDE*
TAMING OF THE SHREW
THE ADDING MACHINE
THE APPLE CART
THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
THE GARRICK GAIETIES
THE GUARDSMAN
THE PHILADELPHIA STORY
THE SEA GULL
THE SECOND MAN
THE SILVER CORD
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE*†
TWELFTH NIGHT†
VOLPONE
WINGS OVER EUROPE

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED* THE MOON AND THE YELLOW RIVER

† Produced in association with others ** Prize Play*

THE THEATRE GUILD, INC.
Subscription Cities: BALTIMORE, BOSTON, BUFFALO, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, COLUMBUS, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH, ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON.

The Theatre Guild Inc.
New York



Mr. Brumbaugh scents the Rural Market

Other sales managers have learned it too, Mr. B. The eternal feminine is not exclusively urban. Rural women are just as eager to be "glamorous in a nonce," to adopt flattering aids to charm and use those pine-scented bath salts that give one a fragrance like Evangeline's. Every type of feminine advertising appears in FARM JOURNAL, for it is America's largest, most influential rural magazine. And though limited now to something over 2,500,000 copies, FARM JOURNAL out-circulates all other general magazines in two counties out of three.

● ● ● ●

FARM JOURNAL is read by every member of the rural family. Articles and features for women are as numerous and practical as those for men, and youngsters' interests receive a full measure of attention. Farm equipment cannot be sold to city folks, but almost everything sold in cities is demanded in the rural market . . . and in even bigger quantities.

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FARM JOURNAL and Farmer's Wife
Who Will Get Burnt

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GRAHAM PATTERSON, *Publisher* — *Washington Square,* PHILADELPHIA

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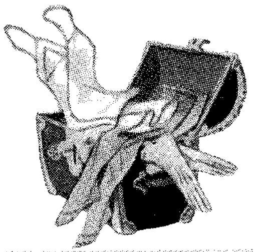
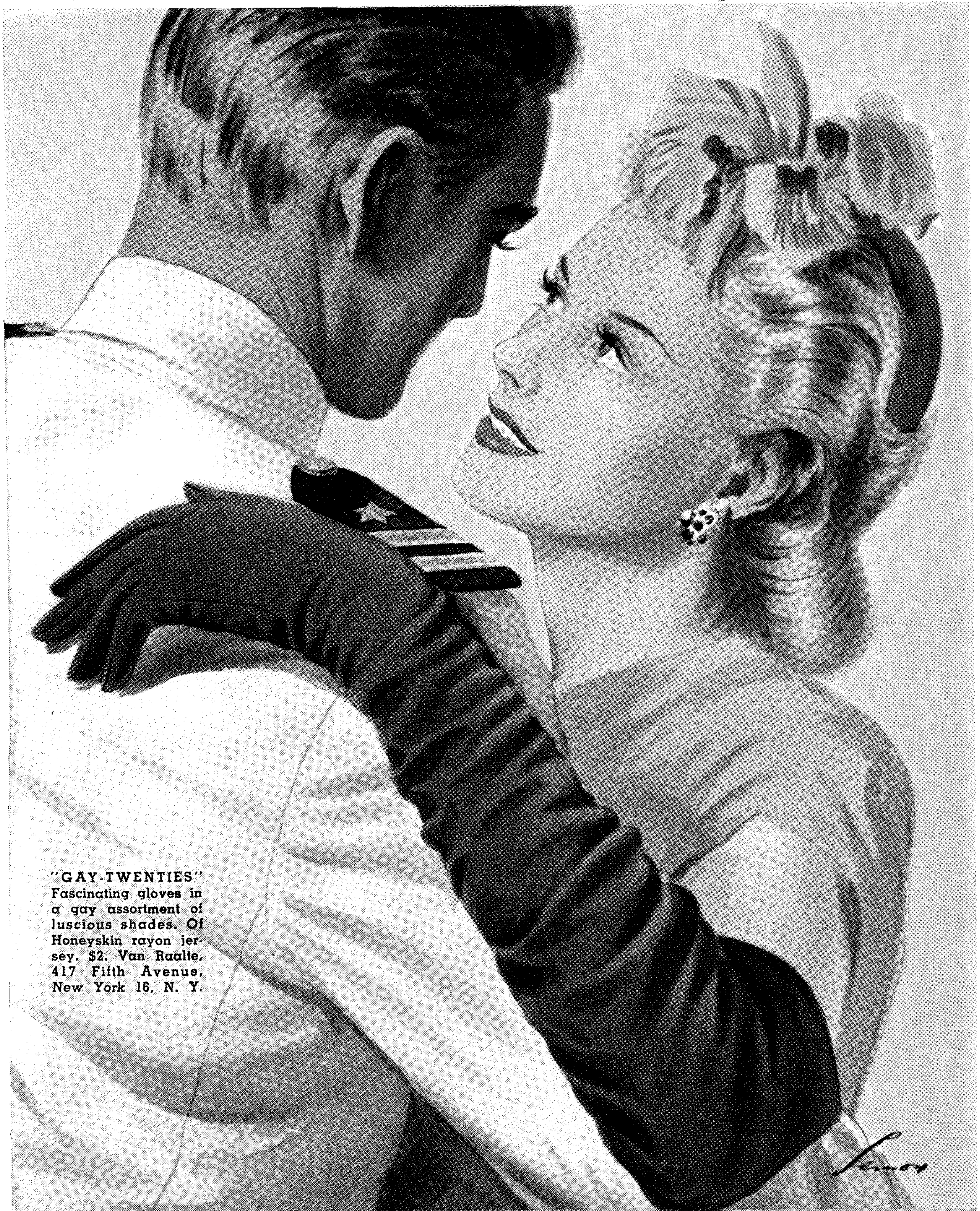
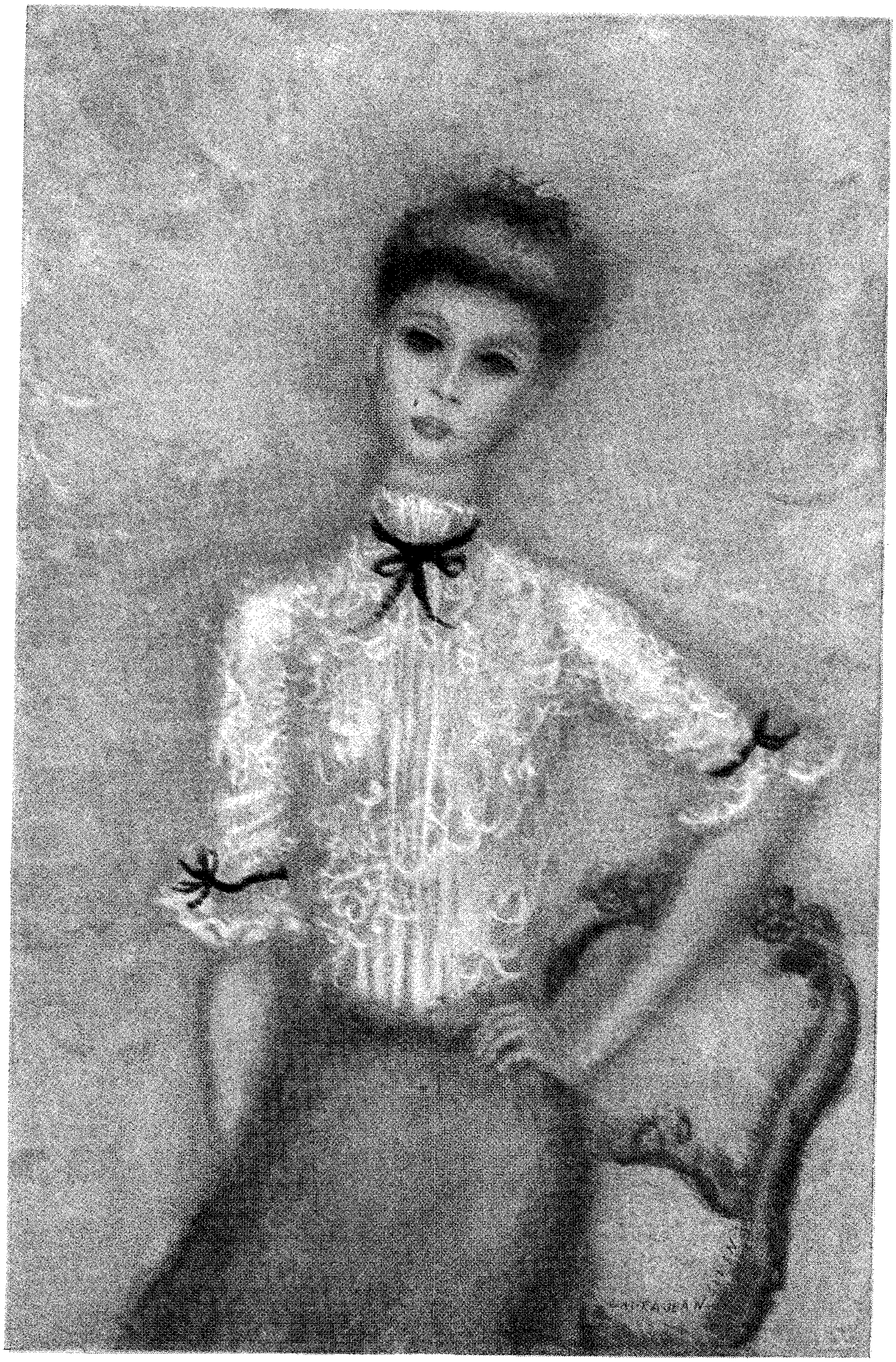




"GAY-TWENTIES"
Fascinating gloves in a gay assortment of luscious shades. Of Honeyskin rayon jersey. $2. Van Raalte, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

VAN RAALTE "BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"



Cobra

Parfums Weil Paris Co., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

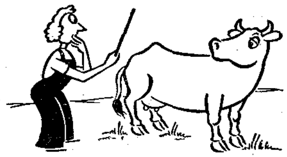
Note from Our Own Dovecote: One of the secretaries in this office files all "Bring up after armistice" documents in a folder marked "September 1, 1944."

Knowledge Marches On Note: One science that seems undeterred by the war is genetics. A geneticist who died last week on Long Island was revealed to have willed his body to science for autopsy, asking special attention for his thyroid gland, myocardium, suprarenal glands, and right inguinal region, and two members of the faculty at the University of Wisconsin revealed in an article in the *Journal of Heredity* that they had succeeded in breeding featherless pigeons, as naked as so many broiled squabs, and that the birds had objected vigorously to wearing little knitted sweaters.

The Republican managers, it would appear, are not going to be content with offering a Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidate for the people's approval this year, they are going to submit an infield, too. The *Daily News* devoted its editorial column the other day to a lineup. Seems Hoover is at S/State, MacArthur will play War, Bricker A/G or S/Treasury, and Stassen Navy. That was as far as the editorial writer got before collapsing from the excitement, but Danton Walker, on another page, picked up the baton and added Eric Johnston for Commerce and Taft for Senate majority leader. In the words of the editorialist, "the G.O.P. has a large number of men of Cabinet stature." The *News* inadvertently gave its readers a pretty good idea of what it meant by Cabinet stature, for when it came to Stassen it carefully pinned a big "but" on him. "Stassen," said the *News*, "is young, highly intelligent, aggressive. He is something of an internationalist, *but* that would have no bearing on his work as Secretary of the Navy."

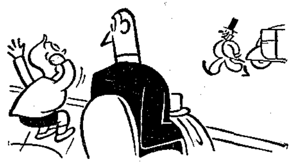
The italics are ours. The "but" is the *News's*. The honor of getting out of that column alive is Stassen's.

Any girl who has any intention of helping a farmer this summer should send for the Department of Agriculture bulletin "Advice for Women and Girls Doing Farm Work." It is a sensible handbook and has the ring of irrefutability. "Whether a woman can lift over 35 pounds depends on the woman," says the bulletin, coolly looking down at its fingernails. That's a clean-cut statement, the sort of writing we admire. "When you are given a job that requires tools, find out how to use them properly." Right as rain. "When going to a new place, learn your way around. Remember where stairways are, where you step up or down." What better advice can a girl ask on the eve of a great adventure? "If you are not sure of your courage with loose cows, carry a light stick." Terse, frank, helpful. "Never trust any bull." Wisdom in four short words.



We've often wondered whether the people you meet in the Camel ads really smoke Camels. Apparently the same idea has occurred to the Federal Trade Commission, which is making an investigation. They had Red Barber and Margaret Bourke-White on the stand the other day, and it would seem from the testimony that it is quite possible to endorse one brand of cigarettes while getting a lift from another. (Just takes a little practice, we imagine.) The Commission is worried about deception in advertising, but the point about endorsements, it seems to us, is not merely that the public gets deceived but that the endorser's position deteriorates. We had this out once with the late Alexander Woollcott, who, after almost a lifetime of maintaining his amateur standing as an enthusiast, suddenly turned pro and took money from a motor-car manufacturer, a whiskey concern, and a maker of tennis racquets. "Why not?" he asked us indignantly when we uttered a mild protest. The answer is now what it was then: to accept pay for approving of something is to render one's opinion suspect. This is particularly bad in the case of writers and artists, whose opinions are valuable and interesting only if they are not for sale.

In the seat next to us at the circus was a little boy of about six, nattily dressed and unusually quiet. He sat through the greatest show on earth with respectful attention; the bareback riders, the Wallendas, the sea lions held his interest but failed to awaken his fancy. The thing that finally got him was the arrival, in the centre ring, of a four-passenger Packard coupé from which emerged, one by one, about two dozen people. When this slapstick miracle-in-modern-idiom began to unfold before his eyes, he rose from his seat and as each new person debouched from the car he let out a yell, banged himself crazily over the right ear with his fist, and leaped into the air. We don't know what to think of this, and we don't know what the white horses, the brave trapeze artists, and the clowns in the burning house



will think of it. We have no desire to tell of things that might trouble the dreams of a white horse.

Maybe the circus, in its traditional forms, is not for children any more but only for adults with a sense of the past. We can report that for us the evening was alive with the same old turbulent happiness, the same emotional exhaustion, and we left the Garden as we were prepared to leave it—in love with a girl on the Forty-ninth Street side of the cloud ballet.

Orders

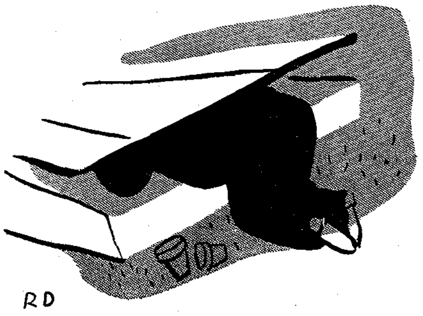
IN the Naval Armed Guard Center in Brooklyn, a sign hangs on one of the doors. It says, "DO NOT REMOVE THIS SIGN." Nobody has. Someday, when the war is over and there are no spies about, we will try to find out the explanation.

With the Optimists

WHEN we read, in the German communiqué dated April 10th, that Odessa had been evacuated after destruction which had been prepared for weeks, we were reminded of a long-standing project of ours—to tabulate some of the synonyms which the enemy's G. H. Q. and press have found for "retreat" and "defeat." After a little warming up late in 1942 on the topic of Rommel's elastic warfare and brilliant delaying actions in Africa, the euphemists, we found, were prepared to take the Russian offensive in their stride. The official announcement on Voronezh, which fell in the first month of 1943, was that the bridgehead had been systematically evacuated without enemy pressure, in order to shorten the front. Two weeks later the High Command was still tinkering with the bridgehead and had evacuated Krasnodar. Later, Rostov and Voroshilovgrad were, in the course of disengaging movements, evacuated according to plan and without hindrance by the enemy. In conformity with planned movements, Rzhev was given up, and at Belyi our side got a nasty setback—Belyi was evacuated according to plan and to the enemy's surprise.

Turning their attention again to Africa, Hitler's staff Pollyannas took note of Rommel's retreat from Tunisia; Gafsa was evacuated according to plan and Mateur was left to the enemy without fighting. Then German troops in Tunis, it was announced, had, according to orders, occupied positions southwest of the city. The simple statement that Germany's and Italy's African forces had, in spite of all, completely fulfilled the task set before them marked the apologists' conclusion of the African campaign. The subsequent evacuation of Sicily was also, the folks back home were assured, quite according to plan and an achievement without precedent in military history. Meanwhile, on the Eastern front, the Germans continued their relentless march to the rear, blueprinting every step and confounding the enemy. The evacuation of Orel, for instance, had long been contemplated and was finally carried out undisturbed by the enemy. The Nazis left Novorossiisk and Bryansk behind in the course of a detaching movement, and Temryuk was methodically evacuated.

In Calabria, Nazi forces succeeded in breaking away from the enemy with astonishing exactitude and withdrew to new positions. Later, near Foggia, they disengaged themselves according to plan and took positions prepared in advance. In the course of one tense day the Germans carried out orderly movements in spite of most difficult conditions of weather and terrain; it was casually noted that the enemy had tended to follow up these movements, which was about the only clue that particular communiqué gave as to whether the wily Nazis were moving forward or backward. Things were still going well in Russia, too. The Zaporozhe bridgehead was abandoned to the frustrated foe, in accordance with instructions, in the framework of a great disengaging movement. At Novgorod, the Germans were again dissatisfied with their front lines, and straightened them by abandoning the city. Plunging on toward Lake Peipus, in February the Nazis disengaged themselves from the enemy in accordance with orders without the enemy's being able to impede the movement. Soviet attempts to push through the disengaging movement failed. It was undoubtedly simple exhaustion of the brain that resulted in an announcement, on March 30th, that the town of Cernăuţi had been evacuated, period.



One of the German newspapers, doing its best to match the buoyant tone of the official communiqués, announced a while back that the German Army had decided to withdraw on the Eastern front because of the discovery of Russian plans to annihilate it.

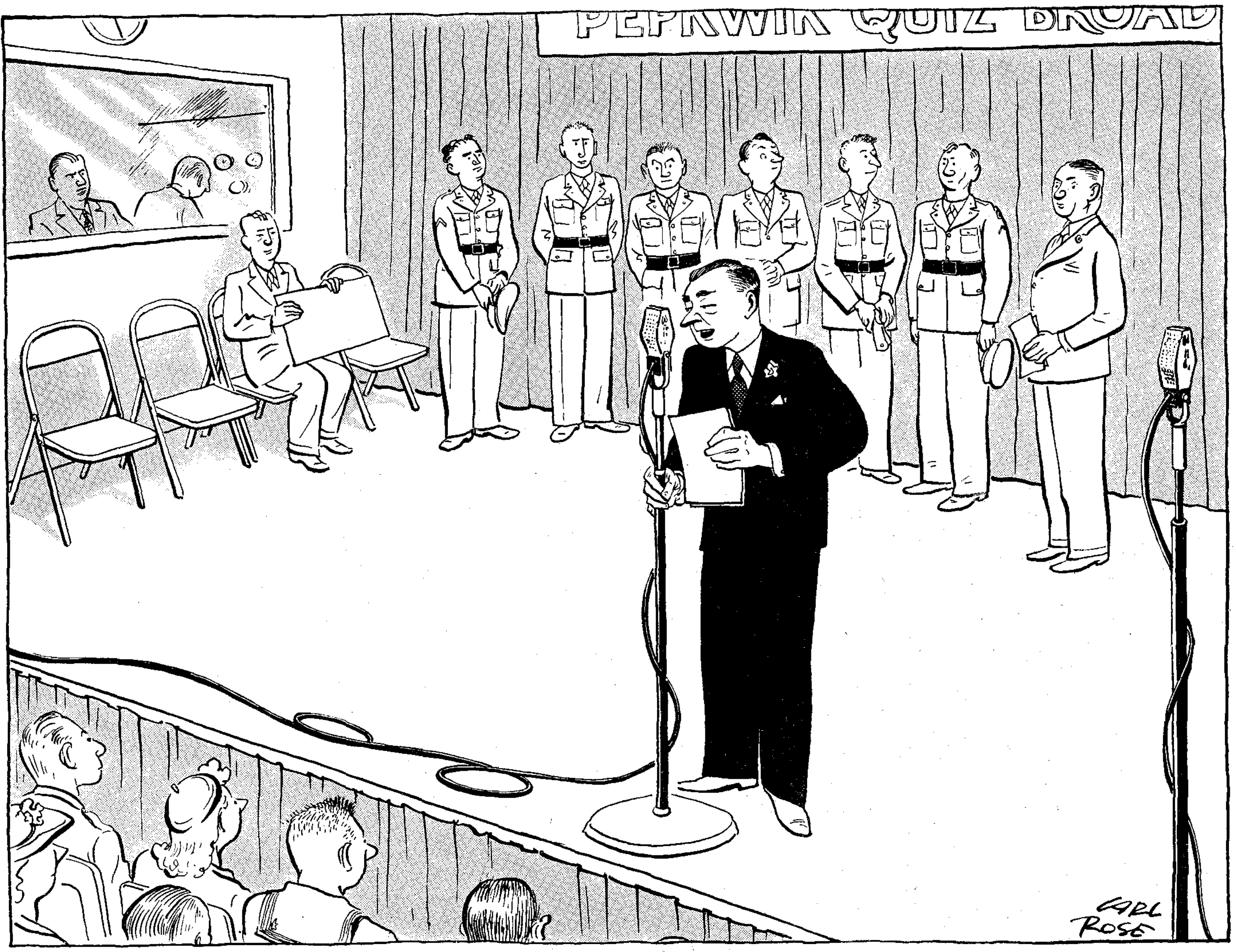
Veteran

THERE is no occasion in New York quite like a Friday-afternoon concert in Symphony Hall, in Boston. For instance, two dowagers were overheard there, after a recent Friday concert, discussing the length of the program. "It's really too much for me," one of them said. "I know," the other agreed. "They *are* too long. But I've been coming for twenty-five years and I just don't mind it any longer."

Kauffer

ONE of the greatest problems of capsule journalism is getting ahold of some arresting fact to quickly gain the reader's wavering attention. This is simple in the case of McKnight Kauffer, who is pretty generally accepted as the best poster artist in the world. We have merely to remark that though almost everyone assumes he is English, he is really American and was born in Great Falls, Montana. The Manchester *Guardian*, which doesn't shoot off its mouth thoughtlessly, once said that Kauffer's personality was as much impressed on our time as Noel Coward's. Kauffer is the designer of the famous series of posters for the London subway system showing the beauties of the English countryside. Not only Kauffer's Underground series but his posters advertising Gilbey's port, Shell petrol, the winter sales at Derry & Toms, and other English commercial products and activities have found their way into museums all over the western world. In 1937, the Museum of Modern Art gave him a retrospective show. Kauffer himself has been living in New York, on Central Park South, for two or three years.

He is a slim fellow in his early fifties, with eyebrows somewhat like Marlene Dietrich's. It is probably incongruous that he was born in Great Falls, but we were advised by him not to make too much of it. "I might have been born anywhere," he told us. "My mother just happened to drop me there." His father played violin in the orchestra of an itinerant burlesque company, so his parents were very much on



"The appearance of Army personnel on this program does not constitute an endorsement of the Army by the sponsor, as the sponsor never endorses any particular branch of our armed services."

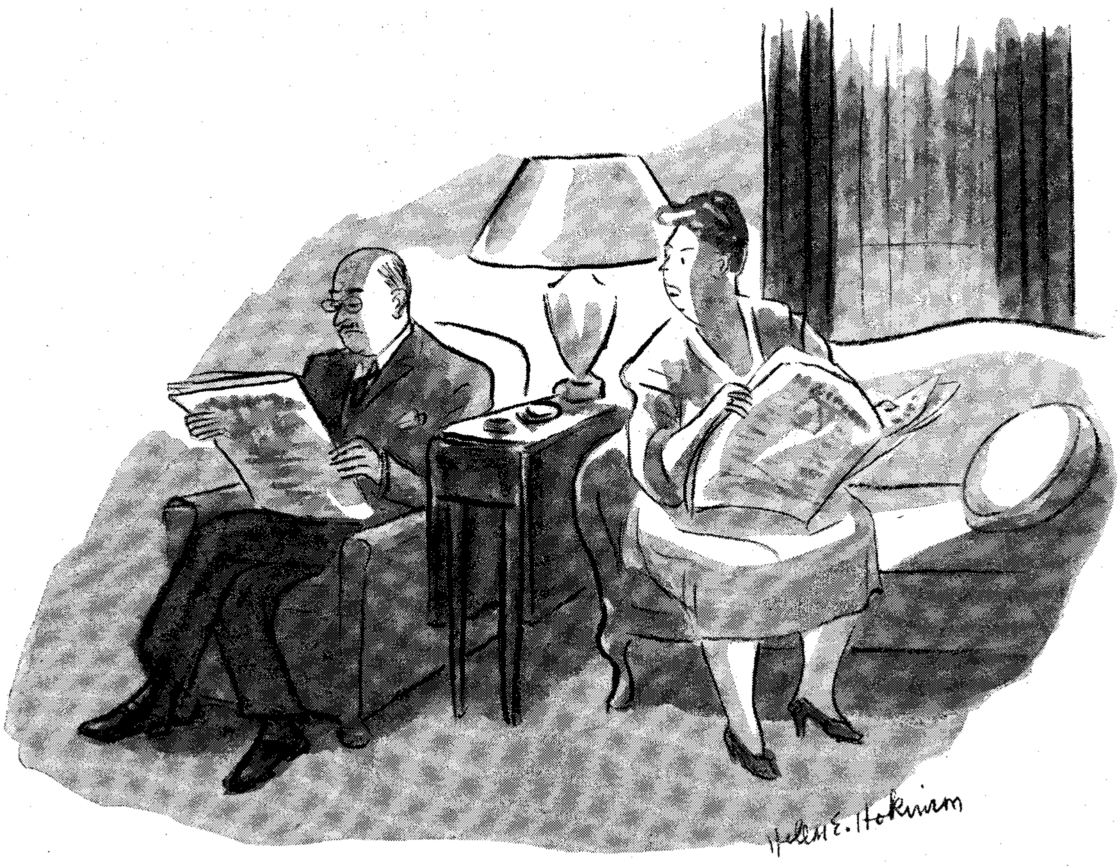
• •

the move at the time, but they thereafter essayed to settle down in Evansville, Indiana. Kauffer Senior remained only a short time, however; when his son was three, he disappeared forever. For a good part of nine years, at the end of which his mother remarried, young Kauffer marked time in an Indiana orphanage. Then, after interludes as a soda jerker and beer-bottle labeller, he joined a travelling stock company. He helped the scene shifters, took tickets, and did general chores. Through this theatrical connection, he got a job as hired man on a California ranch owned by Frank Bacon, who subsequently was the co-author and star of "Lightnin'." There he fell in with a priest who presented him with a box of water colors. The problems of painting fascinated him so much that he moved to San Francisco, got a job in a bookshop, and attended night classes at the Mark Hopkins Institute. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, William Randolph's mother, was responsible for Kauffer's going to Europe. She saw some of his work, sent for him, and told him she would finance him for two years of study abroad, providing he would draw up a detailed plan of how he would spend his time and she approved of it. Kauffer worked out a dandy program, but Mrs. Hearst had meanwhile got interested in something else. Left holding the bag, Kauffer managed to scrape together enough dough to go to Munich, in 1912.

When the last war broke out, Kauffer was in Paris. He shifted his base to London and shortly thereafter did his first subway poster—just liked the idea of his work being hung down there and asked the traffic manager of the company how about it. Then one of his paintings, which had been sold to a collector for ten pounds, bobbed up as a poster for the *Daily Herald*, a Labour newspaper. The picture showed Cubistic birds in a yellow sky, and it had been converted into an advertisement by the addition of the slogan "The Early Bird Reads the *Daily Herald*." This came to the notice of Winston Churchill, who sent for Kauffer, handed him a cigar, and asked him to submit designs for an RAF insigne. This plan was another Mrs. Hearst, but it helped Kauffer decide to go into poster work. "I find I can be less of a hypocrite making posters," he says. "Making concessions to the buyer is part of any form of art."

Absurd

THIS may be another manpower anecdote, but we're not sure; maybe it's more of a sign of the times. Anyway, a lady we know called up a bachelor who lives at one of the expensive hotels and, finding that he was out,



"What makes Ickes so quiet lately?"

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asked the operator to take a message. "I just wanted to remind him that we're expecting him for dinner tonight," she said. "Just say dinner will be at eight—black tie." "Black tie, you said?" the operator gurgled. "Oh, no, you can't really mean it! Black tie! Ha, ha, ha!" She was still chuckling when the hostess hung up.

Rum

WE assume that if you do much drinking these days you drink rum and will accordingly be interested in a brief, learned discussion of it. First, a few definitions. All rum is made, rather deviously, from sugar cane, which originally came from the Far East. (Coca-Cola originally came from G'o'gia.) The Far East version of rum is called arrack, and is nothing much. Well, sugar cane became the principal crop of the West Indies colonists, early in the sixteenth century, and they began to distill two types of rum, Demerara and Jamaica. Jamaica is darker and is supposed to be better; the principal difference between it and Demerara is that the latter is distilled from molasses while Jamaica is distilled from a sugar-cane mash with only a little added molasses. There is also a rum made from potato mash, sugar-beet molasses, and flavoring—but listen, you got to *work* tomorrow.

The British colonists in the West Indies came to realize the potentialities of rum through observing their Negro slaves, who would distill a quantity of molasses and then disappear into the jungle on three-day benders. Dutch distilling experts were brought in and a thriving trade grew up. The original West Indian name for rum was Barbados waters, and the Manhattan Island Dutch called it brandywine. In time, the word "rumbullion" was coined, as an apt term for the social disorganization that frequently overtook groups of rum drinkers, and from that we get "rum."

Domestic rum came into its own when the New York and New England colonists started importing molasses and distilling their own. Medford rum was the generic name for liquor produced anywhere in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, or New York. While this was of the Demerara type, it was considered delicious by contemporary connoisseurs. In New York State the rum makers sensibly established a monopoly for themselves by getting a law passed forbidding the distillation of grain. Rum was the drink of the northern colonies and intemperance was rampant, in spite of various drastic legal measures, such as compelling chronic drunks to wear a big D on their shirts. Just before the Revolution, residents of Massachusetts were required to sign a register whenever they purchased rum, the only people exempted from this restriction being ministers of the gospel, public officials, and Harvard men. Hmm.

Rum had a rather disreputable connection with the slave trade. The way it worked was that a ship would load up on molasses at a West Indian port, exchange the molasses for rum at Salem or Newport, and then head for the African coast, where a hundred or so gallons of rum would buy a husky slave. The blackbirders pushed up their margin of profit by watering the slave-trade rum. By 1818, the annual consumption of rum in this country had reached twelve million gallons. Paul Revere had a stiff snort before starting on his midnight ride, and there are historians who claim that George Washington won a seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses by getting a lot of voters plastered on rum, as was the custom; it's a matter of record that once he swapped a recalcitrant slave for a hogshead of Jamaica. Captain Bligh, the mutiny-on-the-Bounty man, was sent to New South Wales in 1805 to break up a rum monopoly, but the monopolists broke him, and he came home in disgrace. The earliest recorded cooking recipe calling for rum is for a pork dish which its inventor, one Richard Ligon, put forward while residing in the West Indies. He declared that his recipe made pork, which at that time was the only meat available in those islands, taste like mutton or veal. Ligon was not, however, guilty of having invented the rum Old-Fashioned.

Reliable

IN one of the big stores a lady was trying on smocks. "I think I need a size smaller than this," she told the salesgirl. "You better take that one," the girl said. "It will shrink a size smaller the first time you wash it." "It will?" the customer murmured, seeming a little in doubt. "We guarantee it, Madam," said the girl.

Proud

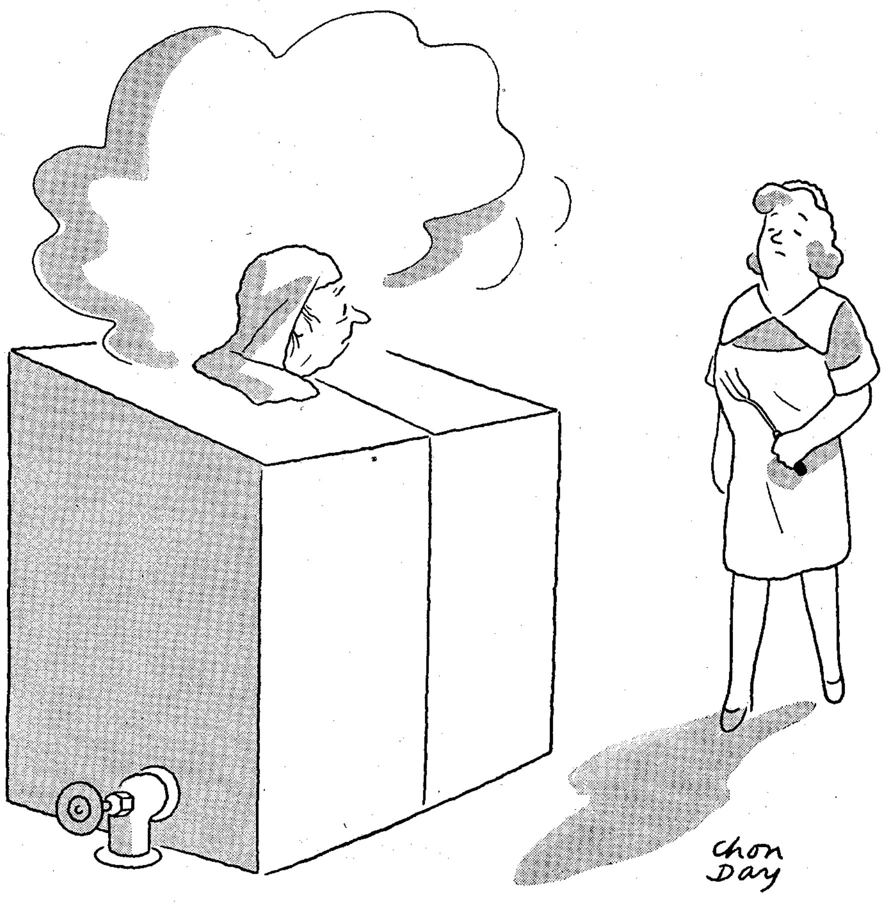
WE had a brief talk with Wendell Willkie a few days ago. We found him in his law office surrounded by large bunches of mail and looking far better than many men who *win* primaries. "I've had three great satisfactions in my life—the nomination, the book, and this campaign," he told us. "Somehow, I feel damned proud." Certain post-primary details are still vivid in his memory. For instance, he had supper at his hotel, the Norfolk, in Norfolk, Nebraska, the night the returns on the Wisconsin primaries were to come in, and shortly afterward started for the municipal auditorium to address thirty-two hundred people, leaving his assistant, Lamoyne Jones, behind in case the phone should ring. The phone hadn't rung when he got back to the hotel at nine-thirty, accompanied by his friend Gardner Cowles, Jr., who flew around the world with him in 1942. Cowles regarded the silence of the phone as a portent and recalled that Cleopatra used to employ a man to cut off the heads of people bringing bad news. A short, general laugh went round. By ten-thirty, Willkie was certain the Wisconsin jig was up, and when the phone finally did ring, shortly thereafter, he took the news in his stride. Some of the newspapermen in his party appeared stricken at the results, and Willkie did his best to cheer them up. When he went to bed at eleven, he had pretty much made up his mind to retire from the race, but he decided to fulfill the next day's speaking engagements. "Lots of people had gone to lots of trouble arranging things," he said. No other reading matter being handy to his bed, Willkie picked up the local phone book for a few minutes, just glancing at the names. He was soon asleep.

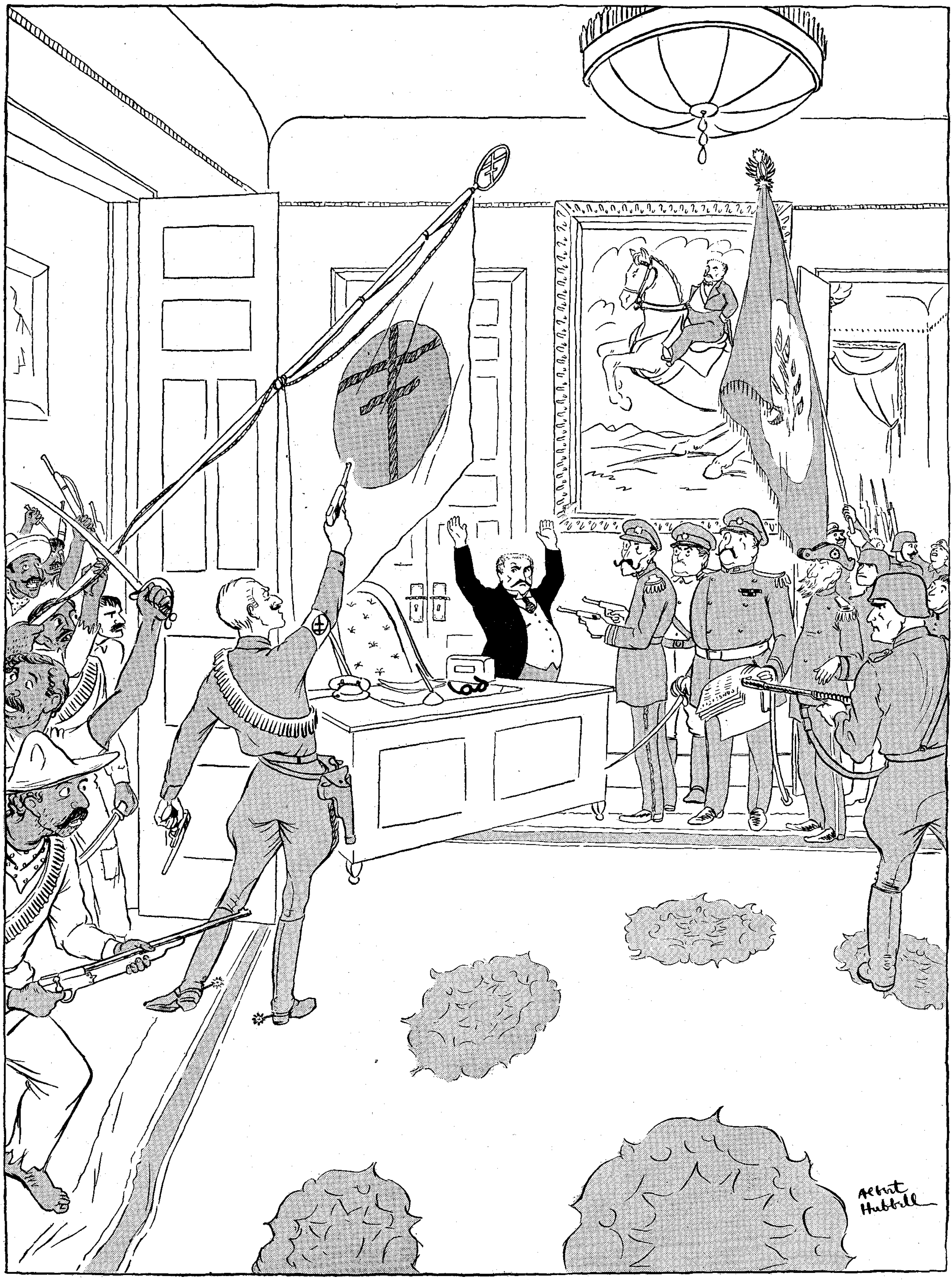
At breakfast the next morning, he quietly read the details in a Lincoln, Nebraska, newspaper. By now the phone was ringing incessantly—long-distance calls from supporters all over the country. After breakfast, he and his party headed for Westpoint, some forty miles away, where he addressed an open-air crowd. He talked next in Fremont and then drove to Omaha, where he shook hands for an hour or so at a reception. "I never batted an eye," he told us. After his speech in Omaha that evening, in which he announced his retirement, he wrote some thank-you notes to well-wishers, caught a late train East, and went briefly into Jones' compartment to eat a ham-and-cheese sandwich. Next day he stopped off in Chicago to have lunch with his brother and he left that afternoon on the Advance Commodore Vanderbilt. Most of the way East from Chicago he played gin rummy with Jones. When he reached New York, he got busy on law work. He is now deep in the preparation of an impending Federal Trade Commission case. He has been having quiet dinners with friends and dipping into "The Count of Monte Cristo." "I guess I've read it a hundred times," he told us. He is a light sleeper, and the night before we saw him had awakened at three o'clock and read "The Raven."

The switchboard at Willkie, Owen, Otis, Farr & Gallagher, Willkie's law firm, has been jammed almost constantly since his return. Willkie has talked to a good many of the callers. They are often strangers who mumble huskily, "I just wanted to say *something* to you." Willkie showed us some of the mail he had received in the past week, and we noted a small silk American flag, an invitation to review "Modern Foreign Policy" for the *Cornell Law Quarterly* ("in view of your interest in the field of American foreign policy"), and a check for five dollars from a man in California. In general, we were struck by the fervor of his correspondents. We made a few excerpts: "Remember that John Paul Jones said, 'I have just begun to fight,' " "I have for you something of the same admiration I have for General Pickett," "Stick to the ship," "Washington had to retreat often but he was never licked," "In my distraction I picked up my Bible." On the other hand, somebody in Brooklyn wrote, in part: "That serves you right, you dirty double-crosser. . . . Heil Hitler! There'll always be a Germany."

Hardship

LURKING in a bar near Times Square, we heard a young soldier expounding to a comrade the gist of a story he had read in *Time* about Trappist monks—how they, or a particular group of them, get up at two in the morning and work until seven in the evening, never shave, sleep on wooden planks, have no conversation with their fellows, and subsist on bread, fruit, and soybean coffee. "Hell," the listener said at this point, "*we* get better chow than that."




Albert Hubbell

"In the name of the Peasants and Peons National Party—oh, I beg pardon!"

BUBBLES

I SHALL continue to call her Bubbles. Her real name would mean little more to Americans, since she is Chinese. I don't know whether she could successfully invoke the law of libel, but Bubbles usually succeeds in what she sets out to do and I shall play safe; if I were to use her real name, she might someday confront me. It is no use telling me that Bubbles won't survive the war to do any confronting, because I am superstitious about her. I think she will survive anything, even with a history like hers down on several government records in black and white. Even though, at the moment, she must be wondering fearfully about her destiny.

I met her first right after the surrender of Hong Kong. Bubbles said then that that wasn't the first time; she said she knew me long before that, in Shanghai, but Bubbles used to tell lies just for the fun of it, even when they hadn't any justification, and I'm sure I had never seen her before. I met her shortly after I came home from the hospital with my baby, Carola, to my old apartment and found it still standing. The rooms were crowded with Eurasian refugees. They had moved in in my absence and just stayed on with me after I came home. Slowly we were beginning to make ourselves comfortable in spite of everything. The electricity and gas were on. The telephone was working. Water flowed through the pipes. Later all these amenities were taken away from us because we couldn't pay for them, but until the authorities checked up on us, we lived quite well, managing all right for everything but food.

There was no denying the fact that we were hungry. My cook, Ah King, still stayed with me, barking dangerously whenever I suggested that he go away and find a job where he would be paid. Ah King did what he could with what he could find, but it wasn't much. The three babies in the house were the only people who didn't notice the shortage. Everybody else shivered with the discomfort of hunger on every moderately chilly day. Even people with a lot of canned stuff didn't dare use enough of it for a square meal; the Cantonese are careful souls and they would rather be hungry than squander anything in parlous times. That is why I was so surprised at Bubbles' invitation.

She sent word to me through a Russian girl I knew pretty well that she would like me to come to tea at the Gloucester Hotel. Olga the Russian called me up and said, "Do you know this crazy Chinese woman, Bubbles Choy? She says you do, though you've probably forgotten. Well, she's crazier than a loon, but she seems to be awfully rich and she's living at the Gloucester. I mean the Matsubara."

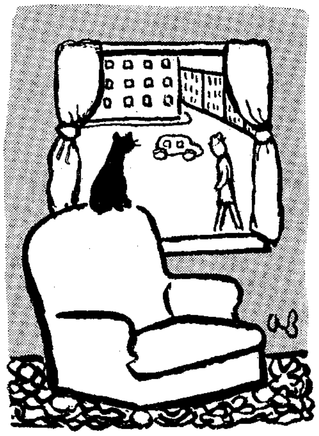
"Certainly you mean the Matsubara," I said. We all felt bitter about the Japanese changing the English names all over town, and we liked to rub it in on each other.

"So she says won't we both come to tea," Olga continued, "this afternoon at three o'clock. She's awfully keen on your coming. She's got a crush on you, I guess. Well, what do you say? She'll probably give us something to eat. She'll have to."

"It's a long walk," I said doubtfully. My flat was at mid-level on the mountainside and it would take an hour to climb up there from Bubbles' downtown hotel, now that there was no Peak tram to ride in.

"But it's food," said Olga, who was practical. "Listen, I'll meet you at the end of my street at three o'clock and we'll be a little late. I can't make it sooner; I'm teaching English to a Jap at two."

I waited till long past three for Olga, but I waited. It was not safe to walk around Hong Kong alone. Not only in deserted streets but anywhere at all, even downtown, you were likely to be held up and robbed. In time she turned up and we trotted downhill together.



"This woman is really queer," she said. "Living in a hotel at a time like this. Where does she get the money? Nothing seems to worry her. I can't make her out. But she was determined to get you to come in to tea; she's been after me for three days about it. I don't mind, myself. I'm getting the heebie-jeebies sitting around the house and thinking about my Jimmy in prison camp. And she's cheerful. She does a hula that'll knock your eye out."

The minute I was inside the door of the Matsubara, I felt irritated. The desk in the lobby was still where it had been, but somebody had been busy putting down a lot of Japanesy doormats and there was a basin of dirty water beside the lift for people to wash their hands in before they went upstairs. The Japs are always telling you to wash your hands like that.

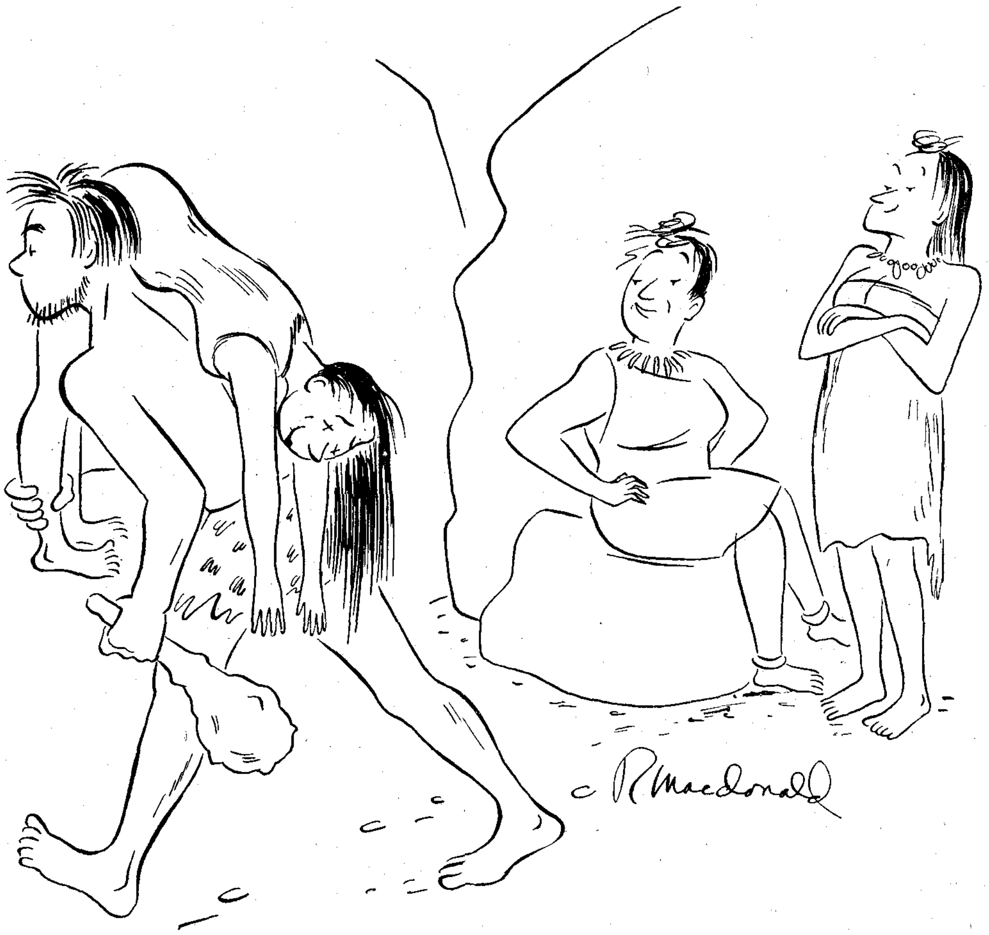
Japanese girls ran the elevators and bowed and squealed as we stepped in. I saw myself in the mirror and felt worse than ever. Olga kept up appearances; she wore a turban and had done her face and looked normal, but I didn't. I had no clothes left to speak of, so I kept putting on my one half-decent dress day after day, and my hair was growing gray and was pinned up all anyhow, and my shoes were tennis shoes. I was in no mood to like Bubbles. I didn't.

We heard her singing as she came to the door. She was short and full of curves. She wore tight black satin in the latest style affected by Chinese girls; her hair was long and flowing over her shoulders, with a curl on the forehead. Voluptuous is the word for her figure. I always called her the Chinese Mae West because she had a bosom of which she was naturally proud, for it is a possession which few of her female compatriots can boast.

"I'm certainly glad to meetcha—again," said Bubbles, speaking perfect American. "These here are the boys." The boys, three young Chinese, sat in a row on a sofa.

Bubbles phoned for tea and cakes, ordering lavishly, while the boys insisted on pouring out large glasses of brandy for us. It was all confusingly extravagant. Olga and I had been living for a month in abject poverty, like almost everyone else, and we could not relax all of a sudden. Besides, I was angry at finding myself in such a crowd. I didn't suspect them; there was no room for suspicion. It was a certainty. Bubbles couldn't and wouldn't live in the Matsubara and spend money at such a time unless she was tied up somehow with the conquerors. I wasn't surprised to find Hong Kong Chinese in such a milieu, but I was disgusted that I should be there with them. I sat stiffly in my chair and said little, while Bubbles gave me the works.

"Well, well, where are you living?" she asked. "Having a good time? I guess you have friends who look after you; you're too smart to go and starve. The



"Well, I see she finally trapped him."

• •

Chungking people wouldn't let you down, surely. I said to myself right away, 'That girl will be all right.' You must have *important* friends in this town. Listen"—in a whisper—"wouldn't you like to break out of this dump and get into, you know, Free China? I hear it's being done. Shall I ask around for you? How's the old gang?" She laughed and bounced about and looked at herself in the mirror while she did a few movements of her famous hula. All her questions were asked casually over her shoulder as she sat at the dressing table or stood over the tea table as she poured tea for herself. Meantime, I ate a lot of cakes and drank two glasses of brandy and didn't say much.

When dusk began to fall, I started to make my farewells.

"Oh, no, stay to dinner," said Bubbles. "We have parties here every night. We have more fun!"

"But I can't go home alone after dark."

"Don't go home," clamored the boys. "Stay till morning."

"There was five of them stayed last night," said Bubbles.

I insisted on going, however, and, because Olga was willing to stay on, the boys said they would take me home. "That's what I keep 'em around for," said Bubbles, "just to protect us all." They had a whispering conference in a corner before they left the room, while I waited at the threshold and looked dumb.

I HAD time to think it over as we climbed up the hill in the dark, damp air. The whole thing was difficult to swallow, even in war, but Bubbles was certainly that mythical creature, a beautiful female spy, and for the Japanese. She was investigating me! Ridiculously, I almost giggled aloud. The three boys did nothing to relieve the tension; unskillfully, they too were now asking questions. Had I heard from any of my friends in the concentration camp? Did I know any method of getting word in to them? The boys were interested, they said, on their own account, because they had so much sympathy for the prisoners. They came into the house with me and looked around sharply while they chattered. We all smiled a good deal.

It was a nasty feeling, I told Irene, one of the Eurasian girls in the apartment, later. "Things are bad enough without having these worms around underfoot," I complained. "And we've got to be polite."

"Maybe they've seen enough," she said hopefully. "Perhaps they'll drop you now. Goodness knows we look harmless enough."

It was a vain hope; Bubbles was on my trail next day. She wanted to see the baby, she said on the telephone. She loved babies. She was thinking of having one and a sight of Carola was absolutely necessary before she made up her mind. But I lived such a long way off and she hated so to walk! And even her important boy friend couldn't promote a car for her very often. Would I bring the baby down to the Matsubara for a party?

No, I said firmly, I wouldn't.

Bubbles promptly climbed the hill and came to call on us. She was the only woman in the whole city, I reflected as I saw her toiling up our steps, who wasn't wearing protective coloring—dingy black or navy blue. Bubbles flaunted brilliant mustard yellow with shoes to match. The shoes had a history. It was all over town how that woman, Bubbles Choy, before the surrender had even been announced, got into the Vogue Shoe Shop in the Gloucester Hotel and looted its stock.

She gushed about my house, appraising the furniture swiftly. She raved about the tea Ah King served her, garnished with his best scowl. She had ecstasies over Carola and the two Eurasian babies. She tried on one of my old dresses and offered to buy it. And every time I turned my back she hastily took a photograph of me with a small camera she had concealed in her handbag. It was all exactly like a second-rate spy movie. I lost patience after a while and opened the cupboard where I kept my photograph albums.

"Here," I said, tossing her a portrait of myself, "and here's one of Carola. Are they good enough?"

Bubbles calmly thanked me and started to put them away in her bag. "I want one of you, remember," I added.

"Oh, yes, I'll see that you get it," she said. "Will you autograph this, honey?"

THAT was almost the last time I had to see Bubbles professionally. I was troubled no more with her or the three boys—I mean in their capacity as spies. I was always bumping into them, just the same. Hong Kong was a small town even in peacetime; after the surrender it grew smaller and smaller.

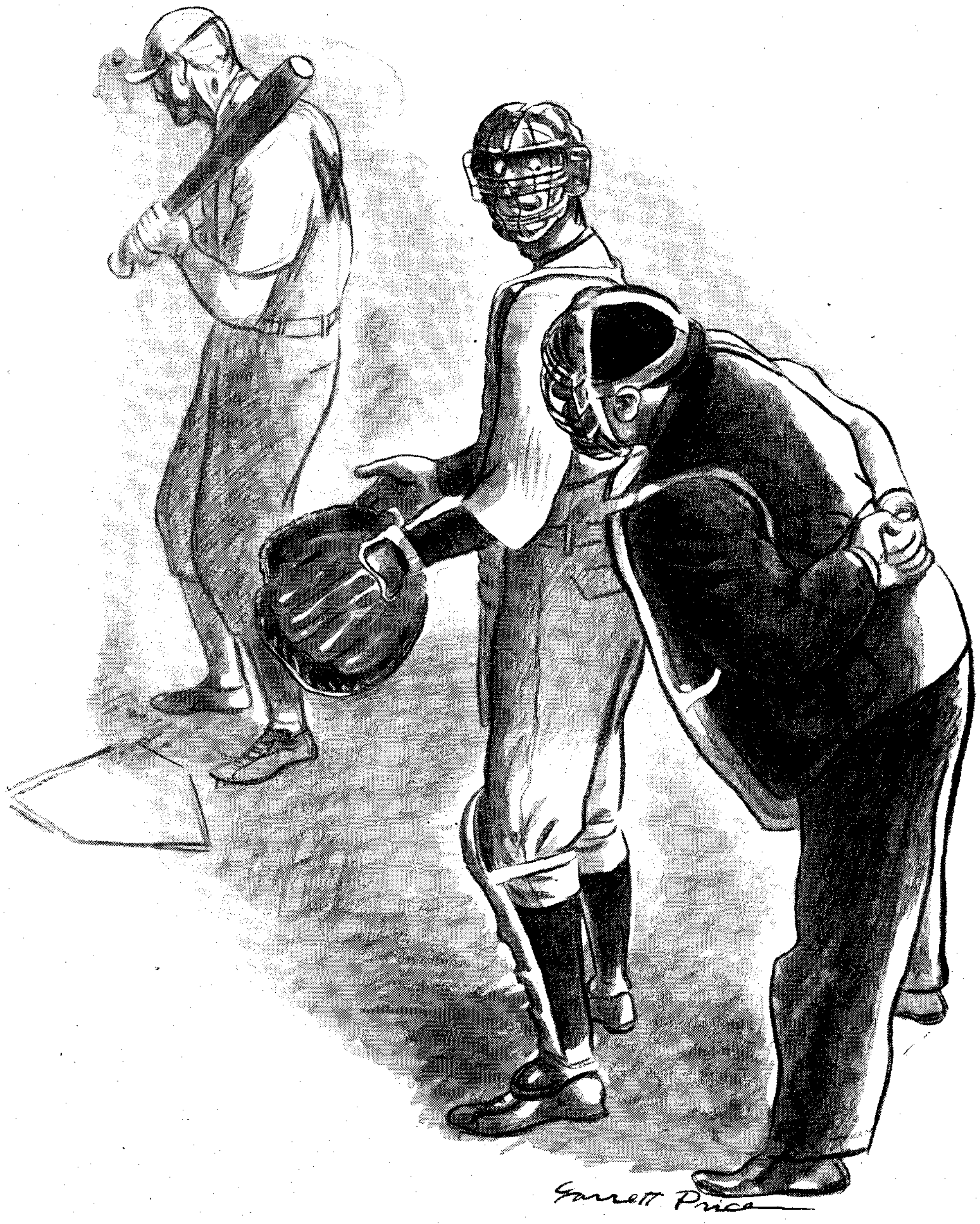
The first soreness of everything wore off after a while. I got used to the Matsubara and its new décor; I could walk around town without going into silent fits of rage over the changes I saw. There were so many people making friends with the Japanese that I took that for granted, too. Everything grew less tense and frantic. As the months wore on, Bubbles boasted to me openly about her job. One day, when I happened to meet her in a restaurant, she showed me her safe-conduct card, a little thing with her photograph on it and a lot of Japanese seals. "When I met you that time at the Matsubara," she said, "I had a real important boy friend and all those boys were hanging around me for what they would get out of it. So, of course, I got fed up with it all. I got another friend now. He's handy with his pocket. That's what I like. That first one, he ran out on me. Left me with the hotel bill. Can you imagine!"

None of this was exactly true. Bubbles' protector, I now knew, had been the Japanese manager of the city Food Control, and although he was no beauty and had filthy manners, she had showed sense in selecting the most useful man among the civilians. Bubbles had a surprisingly good head for the main chance, considering her age, which was twenty-five. I wondered why a girl with such good judgment should not see further than the Japanese victories of 1942, but then she didn't really know America or Europe. She had never been anywhere outside of China's treaty ports, and, like many other young Chinese, she couldn't even read or write the language.

I learned, too, that even before the war Bubbles must have been a Japanese agent. She had specialized in American seamen and British soldiers, young men who were inclined to credit Chinese girls, especially pretty ones, with the most impeccable romantic and patriotic sentiments. Naturally, they thought, Chinese girls would love Chiang Kai-shek and hate the Japs. They talked freely to such girls. Bubbles had been very popular in Shanghai among the foreigners; she was a jitterbug queen.

One of her important gendarme duties nowadays was to keep an eye on the American bankers. The men of all the "enemy banks," I must explain, were among those who, like myself, had not been interned. They were kept out of internment camp for more than a year in order to wind up the banks' affairs and were, little by little, as the town settled down, allowed a lot of liberty. For a time they were locked up in their hotels and banks, but even then Bubbles somehow found her way through the door and visited them. Right after the fall of the city, one of the Dutch bankers had been taken away to the camp for military prisoners because the Japs discovered that he had fought with the Volunteers. By a fluke (which never happened before or afterward to anyone) he was granted sick leave and actually got permission to go home to his wife. But he overstayed his leave and Bubbles heard about it from her American banker friends and found out where he was. The Japs promptly came and carted him off and made a bad row. Nobody but Bubbles could have reported him and we all knew it. Everyone was afraid of her after that, but nobody dared do anything but smile at her.

THEN suddenly, one day, Bubbles became a hostess at the Parisian Grill. This was a restaurant owned by a Turk and his Russian wife. Before Pearl Harbor we had liked it because it was a pleasant, informal place, and after the siege the Japs went on liking it for its red-leather, chromium, and mirrored interior. Emile, the Turk, found that he could still make a living running the place, and, what was more important, as a restaurant proprietor he could buy large quantities of strictly rationed rice and flour and oil. Thus he was able to feed his family, even when business wasn't good. The Grill found favor with the Jap Navy, but Emile was not happy about that. Naval officers, when they were drunk, sometimes misbehaved sadly and some of them made passes at Rose, Emile's wife, so it occurred to him to hire hostesses to act as lightning conductors. All Japanese restaurants had hostesses, so why not the Parisian Grill? Emile easily collected half a dozen girls,



"I can't crouch down. That's why I'm still in baseball."

Chinese and Eurasian, including Bubbles.

A hostess in China makes her money in a strangely roundabout way. There is the usual rakeoff on drinks, but besides that, the man who invites a girl to sit with him is supposed to pay her for her time. Dancing is not permitted in Japanese-occupied territory, so there was no nonsense about taxi-dancing tickets, but just the same a popular girl in the Grill collected a lot of cash just by sitting at a table. Bubbles made more than anybody.

Soon Emile complained to me that those three young men, the ones I had met in Bubbles' room at the Matsubara, were always in the Grill. "One or another of them," he grumbled, "all the time. It's almost as if they were doing guard duty. They play the piano or use the phone or pinch the girls' bottoms, but they never order anything." Whenever white people happened to come into the Grill—the enemy-national bankers or Russians who had just come to town or English members of the Health Department, who, like the bankers, were still at large—one of the three Chinese boys sauntered out of the place and a few moments later a Jap gendarme would drop in for a look around. I saw it happen often, because I used the Grill as a place to sit down and rest my feet of an evening before starting the long climb home. I wasn't expected to order anything; Emile and Rose were nice to me.

"You should get rid of them all, Emile," said Rose one night. Emile looked undecided.

"That Bubbles is too nosy," said Rose's brother, Eddie, who kept the accounts for Emile. "I'm typing every morning in that office. Well, sometimes she comes early and tries to read over my shoulder what I am doing, all the time asking me some silly question to keep her in the room. Today I said, 'Find anything interesting, Bubbles?' She just grinned and walked out. I tell you, Emile, there is something funny about it."

"Her dresses are getting too tight. Really, it's disgusting," said Rose. "Why not lay her off, Emile?"

"Because she has so many clients," the proprietor confessed.

A few days after this conversation, the blow fell on Emile. A gendarme walked into the Parisian Grill, early in the afternoon, and Bubbles was with him.

"Mr. Emile?" inquired the gendarme, in English. "I have here an order to take over the premises of this restaurant. You have defaulted on a mortgage."

THE BED

Your clothes of snow and satin and pure blood
Are surplices for many sacraments
Full of woven musk of birth and death,
Full of the wet wildflower breath of marriages,
The sweat, the slow mandragora of lust;

Meadow of sleep, table of sour sickness,
Infinite road to travel, first of graves,
Your square and subtle presence rules the house,
And little winging hurts of everyday
Clutch at your white skirt and are comforted.

What matter if you are wise or if you know?
A third of life is yours, all that we learn
We tell you, and you dream us night by night.
We take your advice, confess in sharp detail,
Add to your knowledge, yet can teach you nothing.
"Lie here," you say, and whomever we bring you, sad,
Ashamed, or delighted, you take in the spirit we give.

Let me not know too much, and let your soul
Not lead me farther on than sleep and love,
For her I marry is more white than you.
Some day, as if with ancient torches stand
And fill the walls with fires around her head,
And let your gown be fresh as April grass,
And let your prothalamium be sweet.

—Karl Shapiro

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"But that was an old affair!" cried the flabbergasted Emile. "I made an arrangement with that company before the war!"

"Sign here, please," said the gendarme.

"But—"

"You refuse?" The gendarme put the paper into his pocket. "So sorry. Please come with us to the gendarmerie. You will sign it there."

"I'll sign now," said Emile, and did so.

"Thank you. So sorry," said the gendarme. "Miss Choy, here, is the new manager. She will tell you what you can take home with you out of the building."

Thus Bubbles became proprietor of a flourishing restaurant.

THE Parisian Grill began to lose its popularity. Perhaps Bubbles didn't know how to run it, or maybe she discharged too many hostesses just when they were getting popular. At any rate, she grew tired of the place before long and sold out. I met her in the street one day as she was emerging from her favorite beauty parlor. "Come and see my new apartment!" she cried. "Yes, I'm living downtown now. I've got an awfully cute place right in the middle of town. My husband likes to be near his office."

"Husband, Bubbles?"

"Yeah," said Bubbles. "He's a real guy. Quite a lot older than me, but swell. He's a civilian connected with the Japanese Navy, a real important job. We've been to Taiwan already by plane; you've got to be big to get passage on a plane these days. Oh, it was lovely. And what do you know? I'm having a baby!"

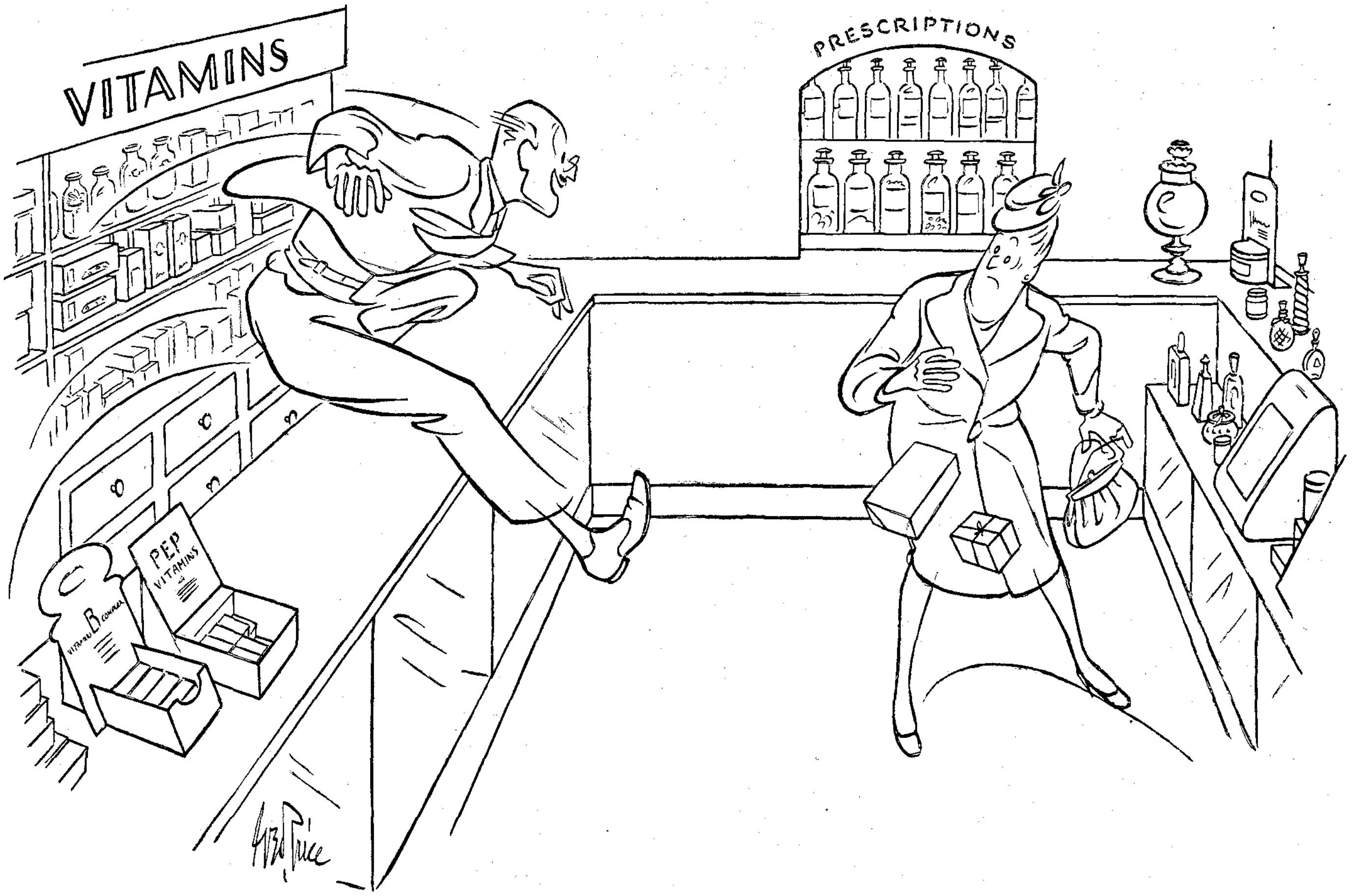
"Oh, really? When?"

"Sometime in September," said Bubbles proudly. This was in the late spring of 1943.

"September," I said thoughtfully. "Good bombing weather. Do you really think, Bubbles, that September is a good time to have a Japanese baby?"

She stared after me as I walked off and, for the first time, I saw the beginning of the end for Bubbles. So did she, I think.

I have never been particularly vengeful, but those months in occupied territory had gone a long way toward spoiling my good nature, and I confess that



"Can I help you, Madam?"

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after each of the American bombings of Hong Kong that summer I found myself wondering how Bubbles felt. I will even admit that the detonation of every bomb made me happy as I thought of her cowering in her downtown flat.

After the first raid, in July, she came by chair up the hill to see me. "Can I move in here?" she begged. "It's nice and safe up here."

I scouted her fears. "It's safe downtown too, Bubbles. They're only aiming at the dockyards. You know, where your husband has his office. They won't try to get you."

Bubbles hesitated, her fattening face troubled.

"Not yet, anyway," I said. "When did you say you were having the baby?"

"September. Tadao says he will put me on the first boat of Jap civilians for Taiwan, when they decide to move the women and children. And perhaps that will be before—I mean—"

"Oh, they won't be moving out people like you yet, Bubbles. Not *yet*."

WHEN I found out I was being repatriated, it was the beginning of September. Bubbles heard about it and sent for me to come to her apartment, as she wasn't going out very much, and I went willingly for the first time. She looked very ill and unhappy.

"So you're getting out of this," she said.

"Yes. Where's your husband?"

"He's away. He's away most of the time nowadays. I don't like being left alone so much, especially with all these raids, but he says I must be a brave woman like the Japanese and remember my duty. If I need anything, I am to go to his office. But maybe I won't have time to go to his office. But, oh well, what the hell? Listen, do you think it will be soon?"

"Will what be soon, Bubbles?"

"You know. When they come. I think I'm most afraid of the guerrillas. I've got so I don't mind so much any more about the planes. I mean, they do aim just at military objectives the way they said they would. But when the Chinese guerrillas come in, you know—I mean, what do you think will happen to me?"

I stared at her and thought of everything she had done and what I suspected. I told myself I should pity her now because of the baby, but I didn't. "I expect they'll tear you to pieces," I said. She huddled in her chair and looked at me, saying nothing.

"Still," I added, "you can probably disguise yourself. Nobody would know you for a Chinese now. You look just like a Jap."

"That might work with English or American soldiers," Bubbles said. "But guerrillas!"

"Well, I'll have to run along," I said. "Maybe we'll meet again someday. Oh, there's one thing I want from you before I sail, Bubbles. I want your picture. Autographed. Now don't forget."

Before I got home there was an air raid, but even that could not add to my sense of well-being. I felt fine already.

—EMILY HAHN

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GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*From the New Republic*]

Using a reportorial technique borrowed partly from the muckrakers, but more heavily from the innovators at Time and The New Yorker, both of which are masters at arranging facts and ignoring ideas . . .

A FOXHOLE IN WASHINGTON

When Captain Schofield, a Signal Corps officer, and Lieutenant Colonel Pierce, just out of AMG school, first met each other, at one of the beverage bars in the Pentagon Building, they were just about to go overseas. Running into each other a few evenings later at the Mayflower Hotel was an occasion, the Lieutenant Colonel insisted, that called for a drink.

"Well, are you all set, Colonel?" Schofield asked.

"As ready as a sixteen-year-old bride," Pierce said.

That was not the way Pierce normally talked, but ever since he had bought his uniforms he had felt he was on an outing. And now this going overseas any minute. It was the most exciting thing that had happened to him since he had hit one over the fence with three men on, for good old Washington U. of St. Louis, nearly thirty years before. He was a paunchy man with thinning gray hair—the remains of a good-looking fellow, Captain Schofield decided. Pierce ordered two Old-Fashioneds, one without sugar for himself. The without sugar was a concession to the rigors of Army life. While they were waiting for the drinks, Lieutenant Colonel Pierce revealed that he was an income-tax expert from St. Louis who was going to have something to do with finance in occupied territory. He didn't tell Captain Schofield where he was going, exactly, and Schofield kept his destination hush-hush too. All they let each other know was that it was a matter of days now—minutes, maybe. And both of them understood, though they didn't tell each other, exactly, that their departure had something to do with the Main Show, as Pierce had heard it described by his B.G. in the Pentagon.

"Well, here's luck to you, sir," Schofield said when the drinks arrived. They clinked glasses with self-conscious ceremony. "That goes for you too, Captain," Pierce said. Every morning for twenty-five years he had gone down to the office at nine and come home at five-thirty and he wished his wife Agnes and the folks in St. Louis could see him now. Like in the movies. The last few drinks and jokes with a fellow-officer before going over and getting into it.

Captain Schofield was a quiet, boyish man, a teacher in a boys' school in Massachusetts. He was reserved and unemotional because his schools had taught him to be reserved and unemotional, but deep down he felt edgy about this overseas business too. That last-supper feeling. That last drink.

That evening at the Mayflower the two men liked each other, or at least they liked the idea of each other. "A damn nice fellow," each one thought, and "God knows what the poor chap is getting in for." They drank with the proper note of gay desperation and everything that each of them had to say was of great interest to the other. "Here's a toast to the Jap Navy," Schofield said when the waiter brought the second round of drinks. "Bottoms up!" He had picked that up from a group of women Marines at the table next to him in a restaurant the night before. Pierce repeated it, laughing. Schofield thought it was rather good too. After all, they were both leaving any moment for overseas.

When they met in the Mayflower Lounge a few nights later it was a great joke. "Still here, Captain?" "Why, Colonel, I thought by this time you'd be God knows where!" They both laughed. The realization that this minute they might be having a drink together in a Washington hotel, the next minute be dropped down in the middle of a war, was titillating. They had three or four drinks, toasting each other's forthcoming adventures again, and the Lieutenant Colonel began to observe the legs of the women coming down the steps.

"How about those over there?" he said. "Those aren't too bad. Though god dammit, you don't see legs the way they ought to be any more! These little ones coming up look like they're set on bean poles. The way I like 'em is when you grab 'em above the knee you know you got something."

Captain Schofield had never talked about women this way and he didn't like drunks, but this was all right, this was war, the way he had heard of it, and the Lieutenant Colonel, for all his vulgarity, was certainly a square shooter. They had another drink and when they said goodbye they both felt the seriousness of the gesture.

"Well, old man, lots of luck to you again," Pierce said.

"Thank you, Colonel. Maybe we'll run into each other on the other side sometime."

Lieutenant Colonel Pierce was into his third Old-Fashioned when Captain Schofield showed up two evenings later. "Hello, Captain," said Pierce. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" This time, when Schofield's drink arrived, they didn't bother with the toasts.

"Well, any news?" Pierce said.

"Something seems to be holding it up on the other end," Schofield said. "Should be coming through any day, though. How about you, Colonel?"

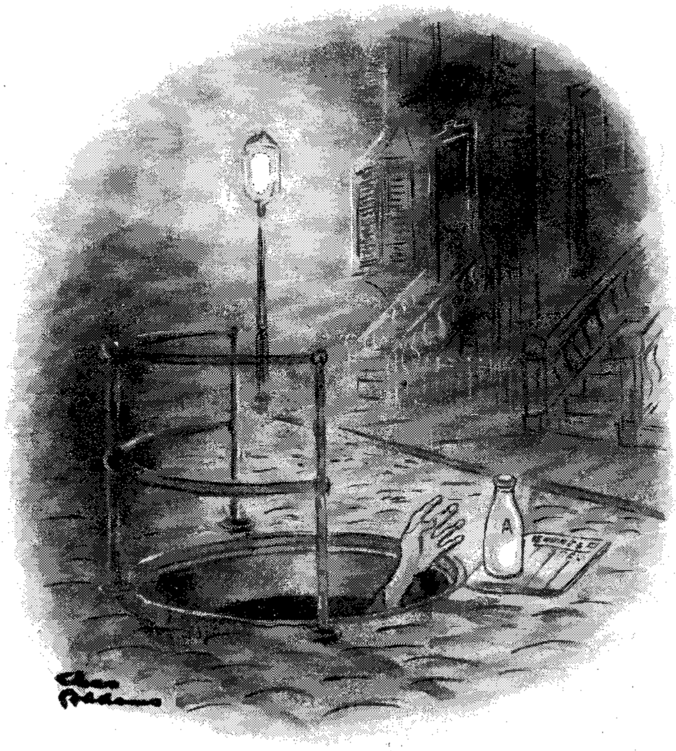
"Oh, just the usual red tape, I guess. Ironing out wrinkles in AMG policy or something. Might take a few more days."

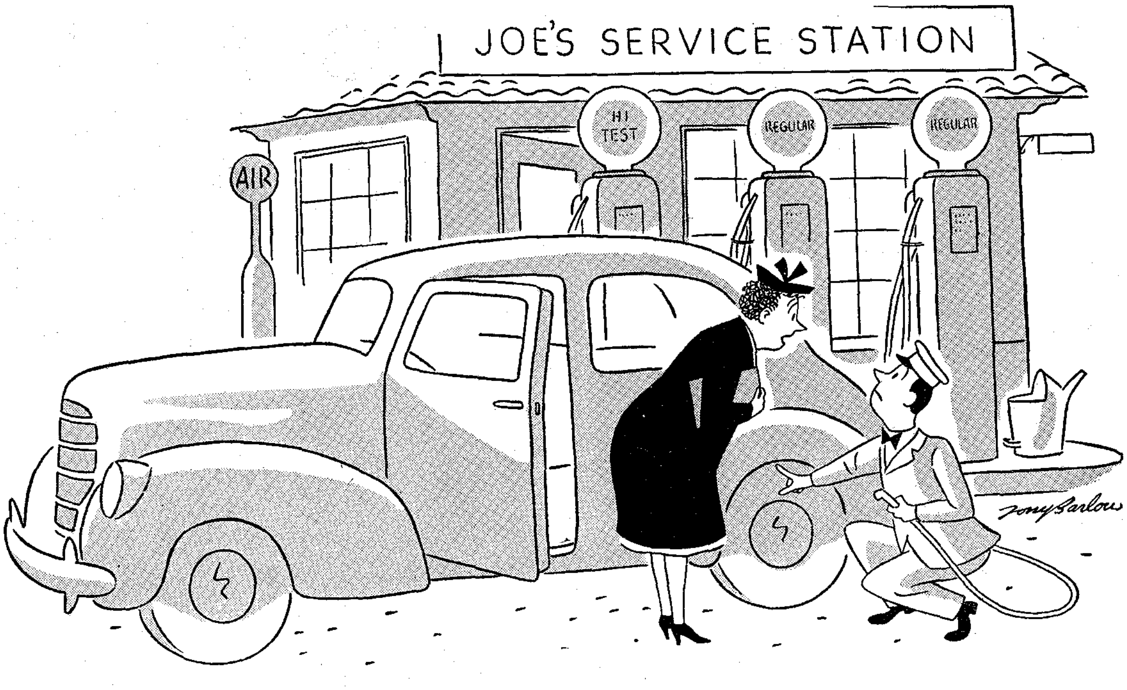
The two officers looked at each other suspiciously.

"Maybe they're saving us for the invasion," Pierce suggested.

"Or maybe they're saving the invasion for us," Schofield said.

Pierce asked Schofield if he were married. Schofield said he was. "I've been hitched to the same woman for twenty-three years," Pierce announced. They didn't come any finer than Mrs. Pierce, he said. And his son, a shavetail in the Marine Corps, was a regular chip off the old block. One of his daughters was married to an insurance





"But I don't want them to wear evenly—it's hard enough to talk the ration board out of just one *tire!"*

• •

man in Minneapolis who cleared fifteen thousand in '43. "Not that money means anything, the way this government is going."

Pierce signalled to the waiter with his empty glass. "I tell you, Captain," he said, "I'm old enough to be your father, so I know what I'm talking about. No matter how much jack you've got in the bank you're a pauper if you haven't got the love of your own family."

He reached into his billfold and pulled out a snapshot of a family group. Mrs. Pierce reminded Schofield of the typical Brookline matron. "Mrs. Pierce is a very handsome woman," he said, and held the photograph the polite length of time before handing it back.

A Wac lieutenant appeared. She was small and rather plain, with a figure that was tidy if not pin-up. Pierce studied it critically. "I hear these service gals around Washington don't mind giving it away if you're going overseas," he said.

Captain Schofield smiled to show that he was one of the boys, but his mind was far away from Lieutenant Colonel Pierce and his observations on wartime morality. He was thinking about his wife, Mignon, in Greenmeadow, Massachusetts. He was wondering if perhaps he weren't going to be around long enough to make it worth while for Mignon to come down and stay with him. Pierce was again talking about legs. A Soviet officer who reminded Schofield of a dressed-up polar bear lumbered down the steps.

"Sort of gives me a kick to see those Russian officers here in the Mayflower," Schofield said.

"I still don't trust 'em," Pierce said. "From Stalin up or down."

Schofield said nothing. He was not an argumentative man and things he felt strongly about he preferred not to discuss with Lieutenant Colonel Pierce. The future of the civilized world lies in our trusting those fellows and their trusting us, he thought.

"Now that's the kind of legs I was talking about," said Pierce, eyeing a pair that were moving past the table.

AFTER a while, when Lieutenant Colonel Pierce and Captain Schofield kept on meeting at the Mayflower, they stopped joking about still being in Washington. They stopped talking about the war because they weren't heroes any more. They didn't talk politics because after all there was no sense getting into an argument. They just sat down with each other because people don't like to sit down alone these days and there weren't many other men in Washington they knew to sit down with. Like a couple of fellows who find themselves thrown together in the same foxhole, Schofield thought. The Mayflower Lounge was a Washington foxhole papered with dollar bills, where officers going overseas any minute or any year were sweating out the war.

"I know what let's do," Pierce said one evening after a longer silence than usual. "Let's play a game. I'll bet I can count six silver leafs entering this place before you count twelve bars. And the loser picks up the check."

"Fine!" Schofield said. He thought of Mignon, pregnant in Greenmeadow, Massachusetts. He thought of the invasion and when it would open up and how much he wanted to be there in time for it, not because he aspired to heroism but because this was going to be the biggest fire the world had ever seen and men are still small boys chasing after fires. He wondered how much longer he would have to sit around the Mayflower while the orchestra played something called "Mairzy Doats" and Lieutenant Colonel Pierce tossed off Old-Fashioneds without sugar and commented on the good legs and the bad legs passing back and forth.

A youthful Air Forces lieutenant colonel with a string of ribbons, a young lady, and a cane limped down the steps. Lieutenant Colonel Pierce pulled out a pencil and drew a cross on his paper napkin. "That puts me in the lead," he said. "One to nothing, Captain."

—BUDD SCHULBERG

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THE SHOPPERS

Department-store sales are up 17 per cent over a year ago.—*News item.*

Could all the rouge in Macy's
And all the clothes in Saks
Be rubbed on women's faces
And hung on women's backs,

Could Cartier's last necklace
And Tiffany's final vase
Be added to the reckless
Accretion of their days,

There'd still be hordes of ladies
Astir on Monday morn
To smell out where the trade is
And sound the shopping horn.

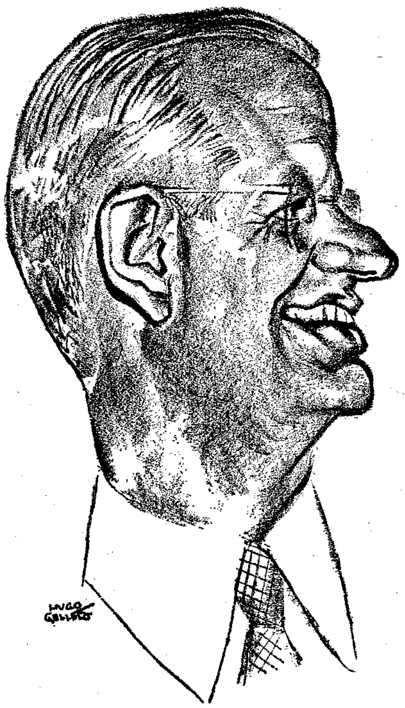
So speak not of inflation!
While yet there blooms a tweed
The females of the nation
Buy *only* what they need.

And though their eyes grow mirthless
Their hopes will not go dead
Until the dollar's worthless
And they must shop for bread.

—E. B. W.

PROFILES

THE TESTIMONY OF A SINNER



J. B. Matthews

PUBLIC confession of past errors is the stock in trade of the reformed transgressor. The ex-streetwalker talks complacently of her old beaux, the redeemed criminal electrifies revival meetings with violent reminiscences. Their past misdeeds are not stumbling blocks which may one day trip them up but are the very foundation stones of their present respectability; for them the unexpected knock at the door, the plain envelope in the morning mail, the telephone call in the middle of the night have no terrors. The cat is out of the bag once and for all, and the sinners have the cozy assurance that their redemption is more to be valued than the humdrum, in-and-out efforts of the average citizen to behave himself, or at least to keep out of trouble. All this is sometimes terribly annoying to the average citizen, but there doesn't seem to be anything he can do about it.

A case in point is that of a federal employee named J. B. Matthews, who has admittedly engaged in liberal activities of the kind now described by the Federal Bureau of Investigation as prematurely anti-Fascist but who enjoys a special, almost unique immunity from persecution by the Special Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives, better known to newspaper readers as the Dies Committee. Mr. Matthews has cleansed his soul by public confession. Six years ago he voluntarily appeared before the Dies Committee and told of his association with such un-American arch-conspirators as Norman Thomas and Heywood Broun. "I hope it will not appear immodest, but for a period of years I was probably more closely associated with the Communist Party's united-front movements than any other individual in this country," he informed the protectors of Americanism. Since, by Mr. Matthews' definition, the Communist Party's united-front movements include every organization whose members have ever deplored Hitler or condoned Roosevelt (as well as such freelance conspirators as Miss Shirley Temple and William Allen White), there is a possibility that Mr. Matthews *was* being a bit immodest, but then, it has always been a foible of the recently purified to boast of the depth and blackness of the pit out of which they have struggled. Nevertheless, Congressman Dies was greatly impressed. With his encouragement, Matthews denounced the united-front movements from the lecture platform and in a book entitled "Odyssey of a Fellow Traveller." Within a year he had moved in with the Dies Committee as a salaried employee, with the resounding title of Director of Research. Representative Casey, a minority member of the Committee, once referred to Matthews, somewhat more bluntly, as an informer. The duty of the impartial biographer is to avoid the use of these polar terms and say that J. B. Matthews is Martin Dies' idea man and the Dies Committee's consulting expert on who is and who is not a good American. It is quite a responsibility.

ON May 26, 1938, the House of Representatives passed, with no particular fanfare, a resolution bringing into existence a seven-man committee empowered to gather, for the purpose of helping Congress to prepare remedial laws, information on "the diffusion within the United States of subversive and un-American propaganda that is instigated from foreign countries or of a domestic origin that attacks the principle of the form of government as guaranteed by our Constitution." "Subversive" and "un-American" apparently seemed to the legislators to be clear-cut terms not requiring further definition. The idea of a heresy-hunting body was nothing new; Ham Fish, for example, had headed a similar committee a few years earlier. The Dies Committee received an appropriation of $25,000 and proceeded to hold daily hearings in an air-cooled room in the old House Office Building. The few newspapermen who dropped in to escape momentarily the fierce temperatures of a Washington summer reported to their colleagues that the proceedings were the usual thing, ranging from the eccentric to the obvious; nobody was surprised, for instance, when a conservative A.F.L. man testified that, to the best of his belief, the C.I.O. was dominated by the Communists.

On the morning of August 20th, a larger gathering than usual appeared in the room where the hearings were being held. Mr. Dies had passed the word around that something big had turned up. Chewing gum, as usual, he opened the meeting and hustled through the testimony of several minor witnesses who had come to report on subversive goings on within the WPA. He said he was anxious to get to "the meat in the coconut, as the saying goes." This, it turned out, was J. B. Matthews, a tall, professorial-looking fellow with pale eyes, a long nose, and a high, square forehead. Speaking in a cultivated tenor, Mr. Matthews unfolded, with an air of earnest humility, the details of a lurid political past. He had delved into Marxian literature, travelled in Russia, and been active in at least twenty organizations dominated by the Communists. He had been one of the revolutionary inner circle, and he gave his listeners to understand that he and Earl Browder had called each other "Comrade."

This was sensational enough—none of the previous witnesses had actually confessed to subversive or un-American activities—but the witness had further surprises to unfold. He explained the united-front principle, by which, he said, the Communists planned to regiment the political thinking of millions of Americans. The Communists were insidiously at work behind a façade of anti-Fascist and other liberal activities; deceived by the apparent worthiness of the causes espoused by these organizations, clergymen, university presidents, actors, writers, governors, and congressmen had become the tools of Moscow. The nation was full of helpless dupes who, by such gestures as donating a quarter to the Spanish Loyalists or eating a chop-suey dinner for the benefit of China, had advanced this nation a step nearer to Communism. Matthews quoted chapter and verse, too, reading into the record excerpts from the *Com-*

munist and other Party publications in which the usually cunning revolutionaries spoke artlessly of their plans, hopes, and accomplishments to date. Any well-stocked public library could have supplied Dies and his colleagues with these sources, but this fact does not seem to have emerged during the hearings. Dies went so far as to furnish his witness with a bodyguard during his stay in Washington, lest he be struck down by a Russian assassin before telling all.

Matthews' testimony was an apocalyptic revelation. At that time in this country there were supposedly about fifty thousand card-holding Communist Party members, who, whatever their intentions may have been, could hardly be said to have constituted a full-dress menace to the American way of life. But Matthews showed the awestruck Dies a vast happy hunting ground filled with Communists who were not Party members—the fellow-travellers—and, best of all, Communists who didn't even know that they were Communists—the members of the united-front organizations. When someone on the Committee expressed surprise that anybody could persuade prominent citizens to lend their names to the support of a Communist-backed enterprise, Matthews exclaimed largely, "I have done it so many times that I couldn't begin to number them or tell you the number of times. There is nothing simpler than to approach men and women, prominent people in the whole country, and get them to put their signatures to things about which they have not the remotest idea." The Dies Committee, Congress, the press, and the nation shuddered at the gullibility of the prematurely anti-Fascist.

Formally, in the person of Congressmen Dies, the nation thanked Mr. Matthews for his services. Across the Atlantic, his testimony was translated into German and printed in *Contra Komintern*, a Nazi propaganda organ published in Berlin and subsidized by Goebbels. At the next session of Congress, the Dies Committee's appropriation was jacked up to a hundred thousand dollars a year. Matthews went on the Committee's payroll at a salary of $3,600. In 1940 this was raised to $6,000 and in 1941 to $7,200.

As Matthews prospered, so did the Dies Committee. Stepping up its investigations to the mass-production basis required by Matthews' continuing wholesale denunciations and made possible by its increased appropriation, the Committee settled down, as theatrical people say, for a run. Today it is an institution. There are many young voters who don't know that the Committee is a temporary one whose powers and appropriation must be renewed from year to year, or that it has no power to indict, try, or dismiss anybody from public office. For all practical purposes, it has taken on the character of a permanent tribunal. For Dies, it has become a career; it is what he does.

The semantics of the Dies Committee's activities is a study in itself. Attorney General Biddle, after he had, in 1942, investigated 1,121 federal employees on the Committee's complaint and found only two of them guilty of anything that could be called subversive activity, complained somewhat bitterly that the word "subversive" seemed never to have been properly defined by Congress or Dies. While no legal definition exists on paper, there seems to be a working definition, probably arrived at by a syllogism which, as logic goes in Congress these days, is impeccably logical: No conservative is a Communist; most New Dealers are not conservatives; therefore most New Dealers are Communists. As for the reactionary, or Fascist, side of subversive activity, it has been neglected for several reasons, the most obvious of which is simply that Matthews is an expert Communist-spotter, not a Fascist-spotter.

The word "investigate" isn't what it was before 1938, either. The sentence "He was investigated by the Dies Committee" now has the awful finality of "He was sent to Alcatraz." There is nobody naïve enough to ask, upon hearing that So-and-So has been investigated, "Well, how did it turn out?"

MATTHEWS' autobiography, "Odyssey of a Fellow Traveller," published late in 1938 at the price of a dollar and a half, now sells at a premium of two or three hundred per cent. It is, in the booksellers' ambiguous phrase, a "curious work." Matthews presents himself as a complex, almost psychopathic character—"a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," as he has neatly put it himself, adding, so that no doubt will be left in the reader's mind, that Mr. Hyde represents his liberal activities.

"I had an inheritance of conservative traditions," Matthews wrote in his book, and devoted five pages of it to listing his ancestors, Americans since 1700, right down to his father, a pious chief of police in the small town of Hopkinsville, Kentucky. There, in the heart of what is called the Bible Belt, Joseph Brown

"And look, Papa, he shaves."

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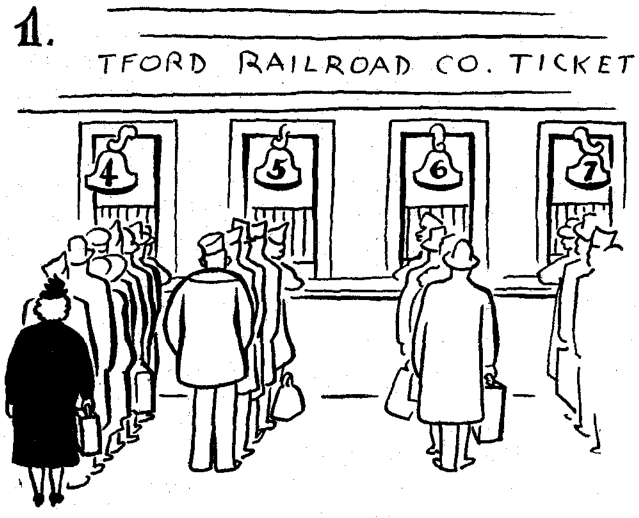

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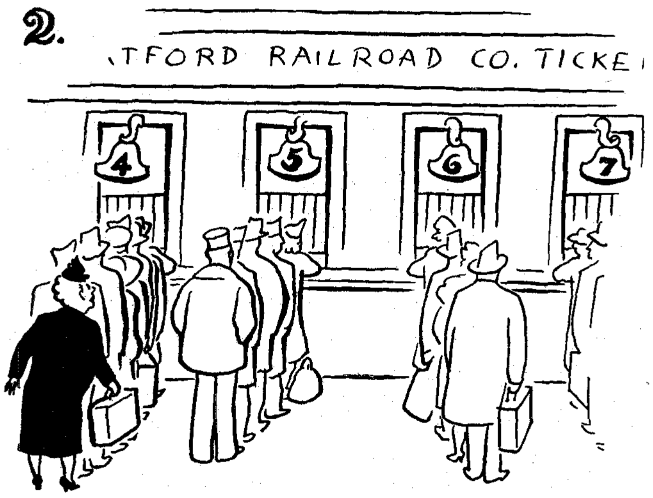

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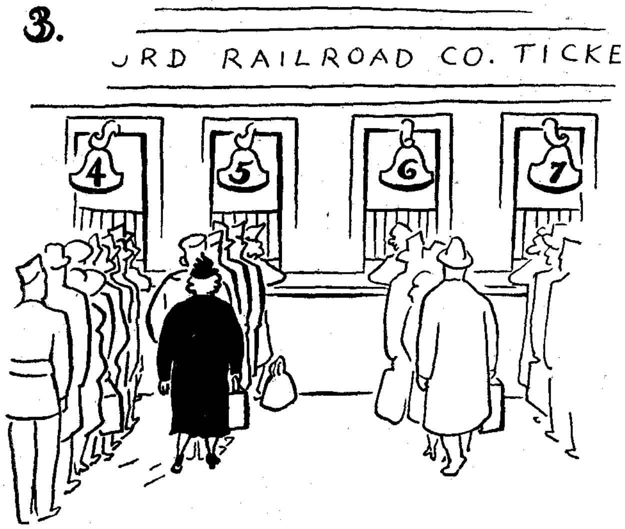

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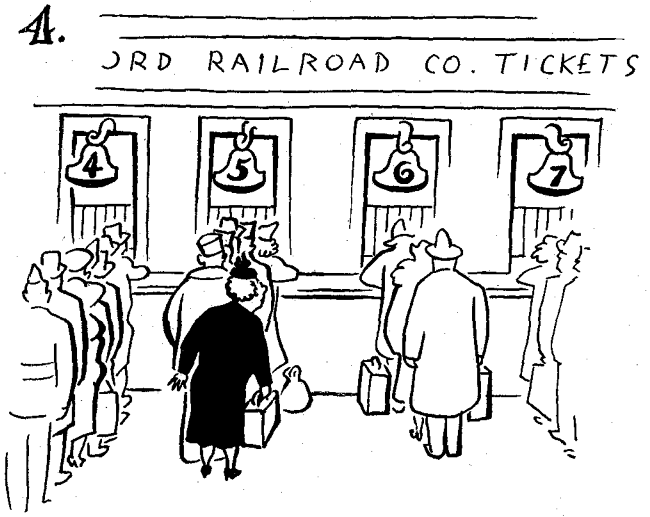

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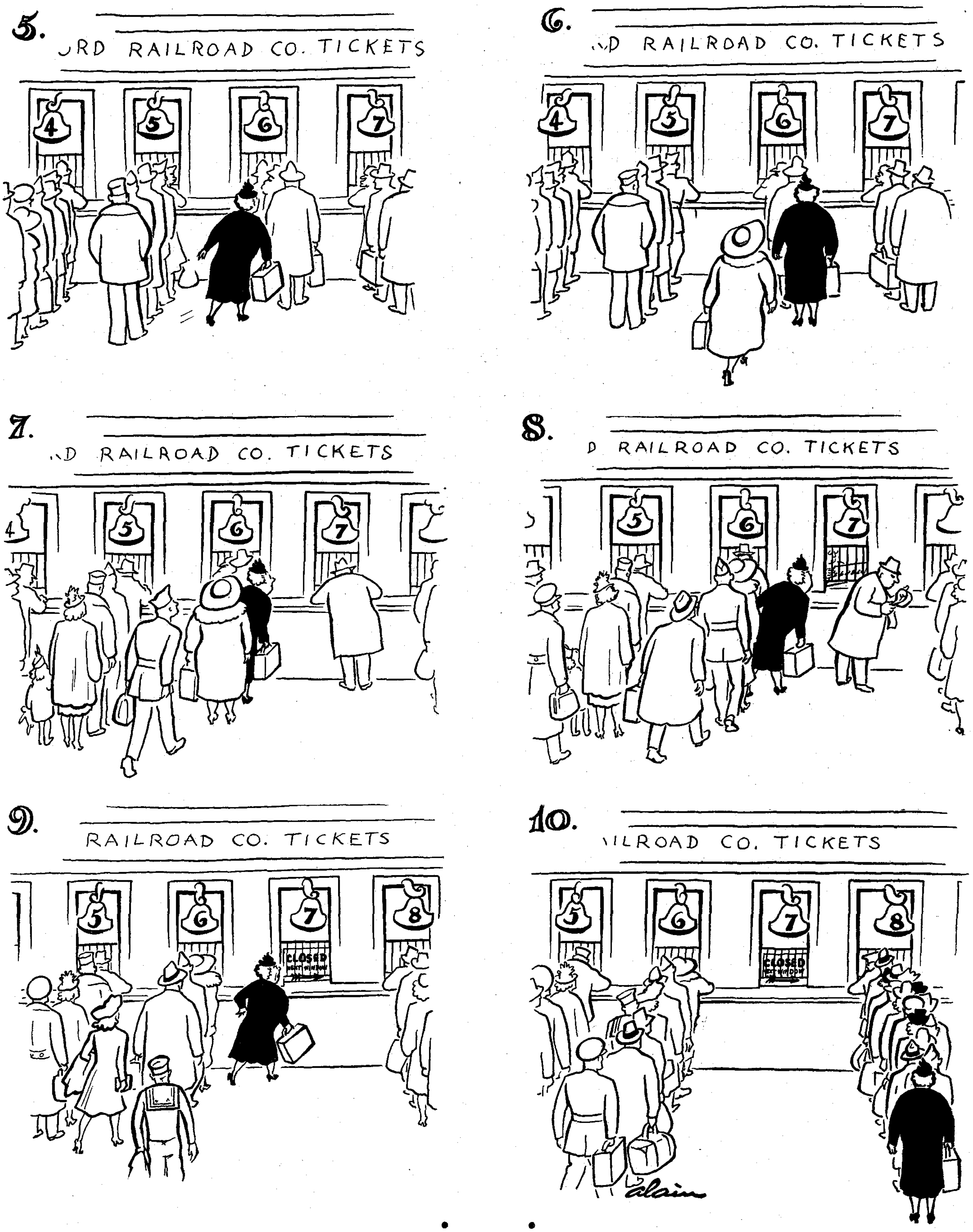
Matthews was born, on June 28, 1894, the third of a brood that eventually grew to seven. He did not have an unrelievedly happy childhood; in fact, he wrote that he was once beaten with a hickory switch for laughing at an itinerant preacher who wore white flannel trousers in the pulpit and that, at the age of six, he was put to work, in after-school hours, as a water boy in a limestone quarry owned by his father. His parents wanted him to be a minister, and he accordingly finished his studies at Asbury College, a small Fundamentalist institution in Wilmore, Kentucky, where, in five years, he earned an A.B. and a diploma in theology. (Matthews' doctorate was conferred on him by Dies.) At Asbury College, Matthews was known as a good athlete and debater. His classmates remember Jekyll-and-Hyde struggles between Matthews' worldly and pious sides. In his worldly moods he would flaunt a gaudy necktie, part his hair in the middle, and in general comport himself as a man-about-Wilmore. Revival meetings, fortunately, were frequent, and Matthews always repented; he would then hide his gaudy tie, rearrange his hair, and devote himself again to the word of God.

Dr. Jekyll having usually had the upper hand, Matthews received, in 1915, a contract to do missionary work in Java, at a salary of $1,200 a year. He stayed there for six years, teaching English and mathematics to natives and translating part of the Methodist Hymnal into Malayan. He was ordained a minister of the Gospel early in this period and married a fellow-missionary from Kentucky, Grace Doswell Ison, who had also gone out to Java. This union proved fruitful, two sons and a daughter arriving while the couple was still in Java and a second daughter after they had come back to the United States, in 1921.

On his return, Matthews plunged into the dedicated life of a student, taking courses successively at Drew University, in Madison, New Jersey; Union Theological Seminary, and Columbia. He specialized in the history of religion and in ancient and Oriental languages, acquiring a nodding acquaintance with some sixteen tongues. At the end of three years, during which his family lived somewhat precariously on grants of money from church foundations and the proceeds of his part-time ministerial work, Matthews had earned the right to style himself a B.D., an M.A., and a Master of Sacred Theology. These qualifications, and the publication of a book of sermons entitled "Christianity, the Way," won him a teaching appointment at Scarritt College, in Nashville, where for the next four years he instructed students training for lay religious work. A contemporary tribute in a church publication says of his efforts, "J. B. Matthews brought each day a message fresh from his communion with God . . . classical in thought . . . powerful in delivery, tender in appeal." Somewhere or other, however, the young divine had picked up ideas about politics, economics, and racial equality that were scarcely in accord with theology as preached in Nashville. In 1924 he took the stump in support of Robert LaFollette's Presidential campaign. He preached sermons urging the abolition of child labor and went so far as to suggest that colored and white students should eat and work together. The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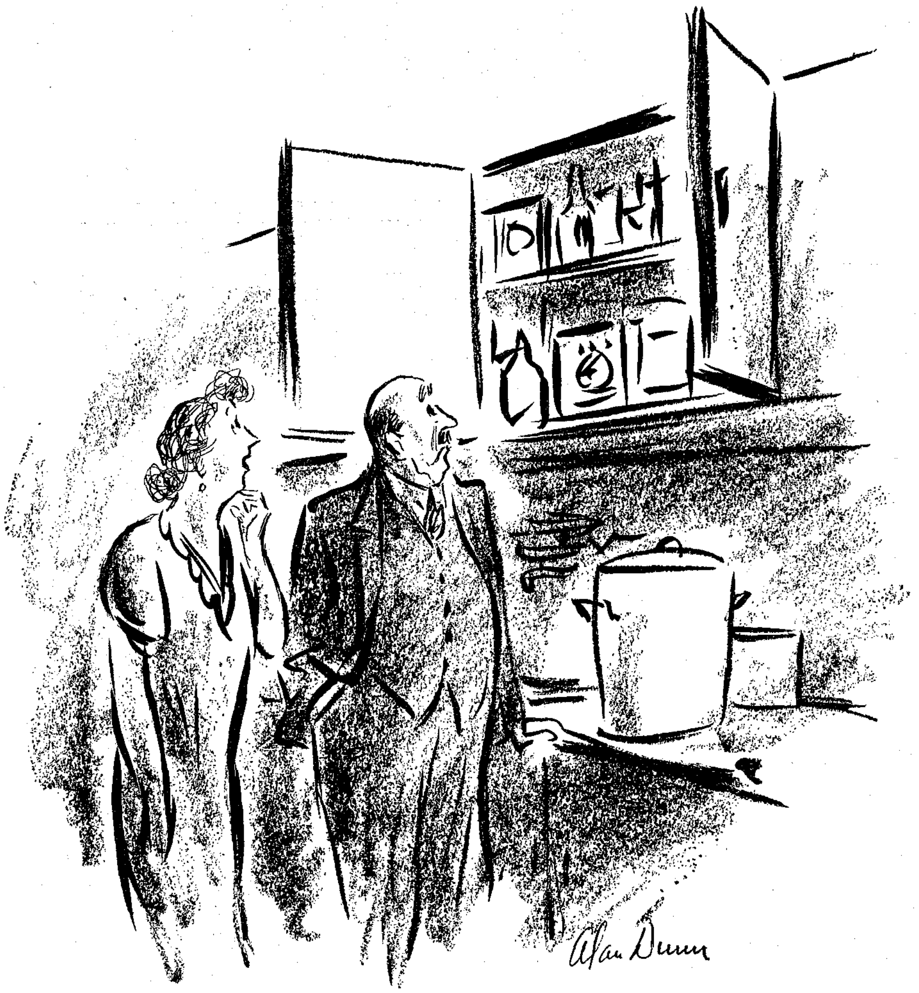
trustees of Scarritt College, all conservative Southern gentlemen, tried to persuade him to abandon this unorthodox concept of a minister's duties. The renegade merely quoted Jesus Christ in rebuttal, and finally, in response to broad hints, handed in his resignation.

At the age of thirty-four, Matthews found himself out of a job, with a wife and four children to support. The next two years he spent teaching in ill-paid posts at two Negro universities—Fisk, in Nashville, and Howard, in Washington, D. C. In the summer of 1929, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a religious organization dedicated to Christian pacifism, social reform, and the improvement of relations between races and religious denominations, brought Matthews to New York City, at a salary of $3,600 a year. He acted as an executive secretary for the Fellowship, lecturing, writing pamphlets, and doing administrative work. It was a good job, but all was not well with Matthews; Mr. Hyde was once more beginning to stir.

"I found myself a dissenter again" is a statement that occurs often in Matthews' memoirs. After brooding for a couple of months about the stock-market crash and coming to the conclusion that the teachings of Jesus were impractical as far as getting our tangled economy straightened out was concerned, he became an active member of the Socialist Party. Thereafter, at church forums and public meetings sponsored by the Fellowship, he urged upon his startled audiences the Marxian interpretation of racial and religious problems. He confided to a member of the Fellowship's board of directors that he "considered religion as a mere instrumentality, and the Fellowship as a means of preaching Socialism and of drawing a salary." In April, 1933, addressing a meeting of fifteen thousand Communist sympathizers at Madison Square Garden, he came out for the dictatorship of the proletariat as a counter-force to Hitlerism. The conservative element within the Fellowship got busy and, after a bitter row, Matthews was dropped from the payroll. Since then he has had nothing to do with religion.

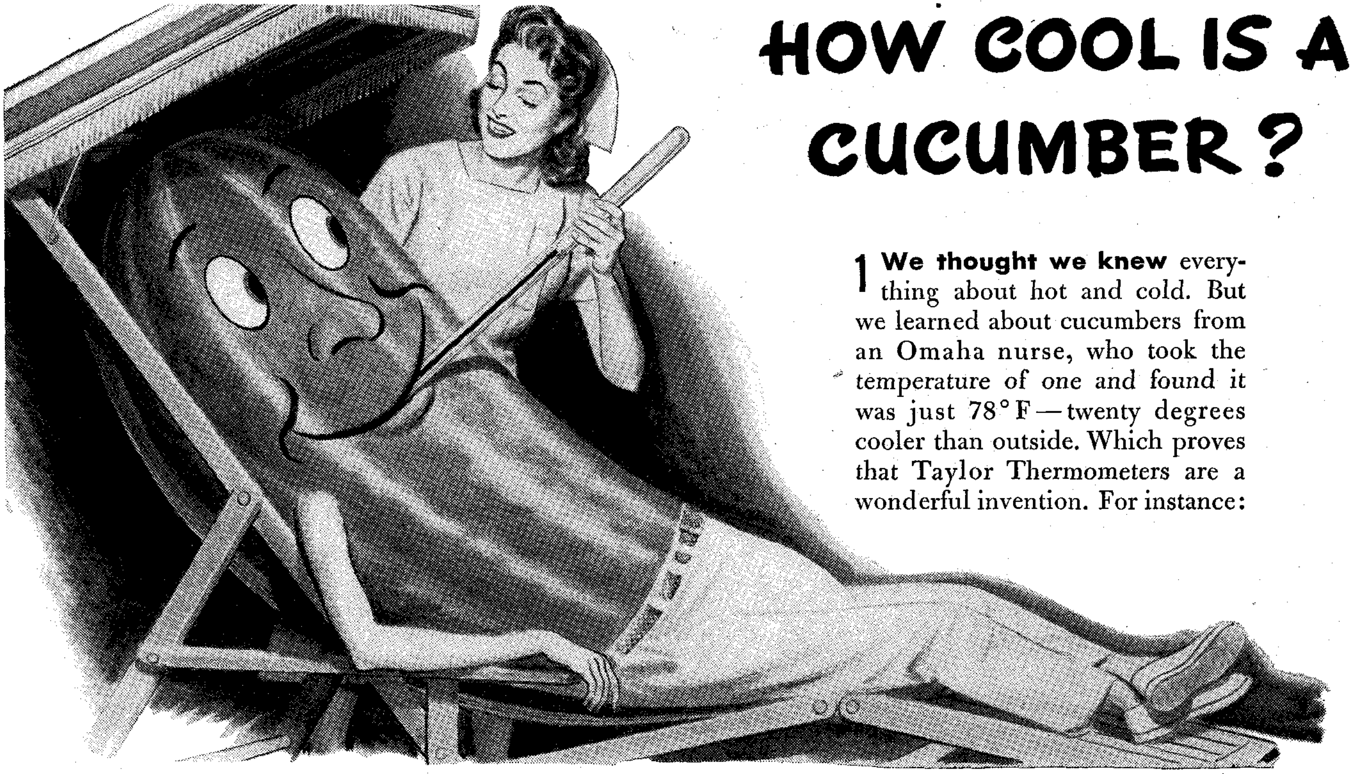
THE ex-Methodist celebrated his first evening of freedom from the religion of his forefathers by inviting his new Leftist friends to a party. As the party became lively, he entertained them with a nasal-voiced burlesque of his former colleagues. In the succeeding months, Mr. Hyde was rampant. Restrained, perhaps by some aesthetic impulse, from parting his hair in the middle or wearing a gaudy necktie, Matthews nevertheless kept late hours, collected smoking-room anecdotes, went around the city streets in shorts, and consorted openly with Heywood Broun and Norman Thomas. He supported himself by lecturing for the League for Industrial Democracy, a Socialist educational bureau. His talks were fluent, well delivered, and full of such strikingly expressed thoughts as "Fascism is nothing but capitalism gone nudist." But again, yet again, he found himself a dissenter. Before long he was allied with an extremist Socialist group called the Militants, which favored close coöperation with the Communist Party.


"Now, let's see. As I remember it, we used to take raisins and yeast, and then . . ."

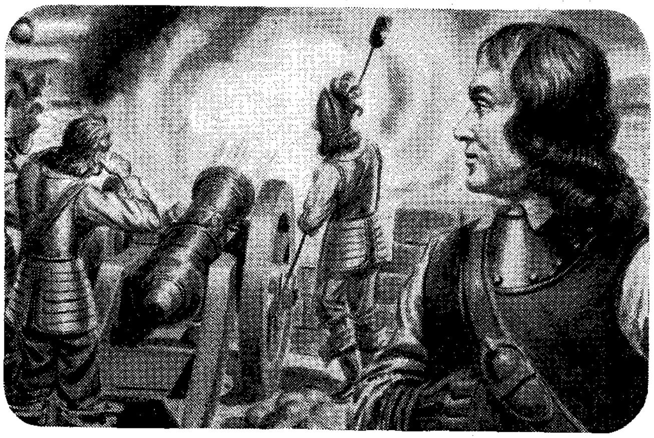
Though it may constitute a peculiar form of reflection on Matthews to say so, there is some doubt that he was ever very closely allied with the Communists. "As I look back upon that work, it seems that I had a finger in almost everything radical," Matthews exclaims in his autobiography. The comrades, however, claim that he was merely tolerated by the Communist Party as a useful contact between it and other Leftist groups. In 1933 he was chosen national chairman of the American League Against War and Fascism, theoretically a non-partisan organization, with the consent of both the Socialist and Communist elements in the group. Later the Central Committee of the Socialist Party formally reprimanded him for his Communistic tendencies. With some other dissident Socialists, he formed a Revolutionary Policy Committee aimed at bringing about a united front. It must be admitted that in those days it was pretty hard to tell just how radical any given radical might be. There were Socialists of all degrees of conservatism, Stalinite and Trotskyite Communists, Cannonites, Musteites, Lovestoneites, and other so-called splinter groups, all warring as ardently with one another as with capitalism. "Left-wingers generally are enamored of the conspiratorial life," Matthews says in his book, and the bewildered biographer can only add a fervent "Amen." Certainly it is true that Matthews, at this period, led the conspiratorial life, flitting from one splinter group to another, stopping up an ideological chink here, peering through a peephole there. Norman Thomas and Earl Browder both became convinced that he was politically untrustworthy, according to current accounts, but, for devious reasons of policy, neither of them said so. To a friend who tried to get from Matthews some explanation of his frenzied but nebulous activity, he darkly answered, "We must sow confusion among the capitalists."

There is one bit of evidence that, up to the end of his radical phase, Matthews considered himself a Socialist rather than a Communist. In February, 1934, at a rally staged by the Socialists and trade-unionists at Madison Square Garden to raise funds for the Socialists of Vienna, who were then being harried by the Dollfuss regime, a small riot broke out between the Socialists and some Communists who had also showed up. The two parties severed relations as a result, and Matthews resigned from the League Against War and Fascism because there were Communists in its membership. This action, however, did

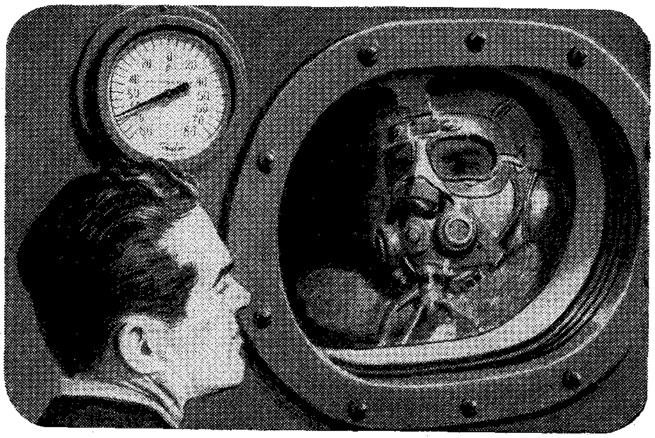
HOW COOL IS A CUCUMBER?



1 **We thought we knew** everything about hot and cold. But we learned about cucumbers from an Omaha nurse, who took the temperature of one and found it was just 78° F—twenty degrees cooler than outside. Which proves that Taylor Thermometers are a wonderful invention. For instance:

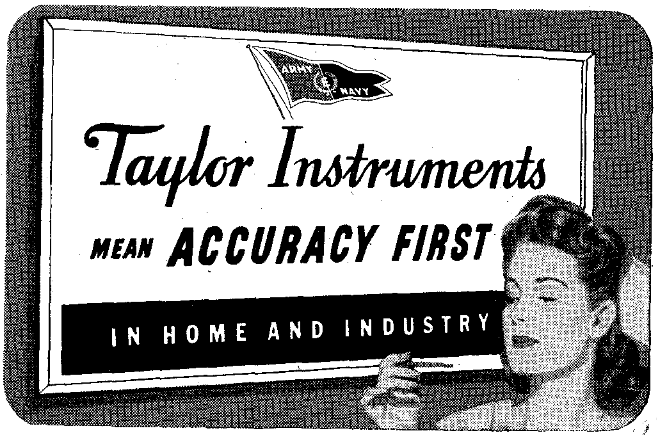


2 **Take gunpowder.** Oliver Cromwell said, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." He might have added, "and keep it cool." Today Taylor thermometers help make powder in the first place, help keep it safe, and help gunners compensate for temperature changes.



3 **Or take this new Curtiss altitude chamber,** largest in the world, where Taylor Instruments reproduce the below-zero temperatures and barometric pressures of the substratosphere for Air Force experiments. Here Taylor *has* to mean "Accuracy First."

4 **So while we're doing our small part** toward cooling the Axis, we hope *you* keep cool when your favorite store is fresh out of Taylor thermometers and barometers. Keep buying extra War Bonds. We'll be back soon!



5 **You can still buy** a Taylor fever thermometer (and a good idea too, with doctors so busy). And if you're in *industry*, we may have good news for you! Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y. and Toronto, Canada.

not entirely set the Socialists at rest on the question of his orthodoxy, and shortly afterward they suspended him from the Party for a year. Matthews did not mind this as much as he might have, since he was already following another star, the consumer-research movement. He still subscribed to the doctrine that the truth shall make you free, but the truth, he now saw, was not the writings of Marx or the word of God; it was data on the chemical formulae of cosmetics and the tensile strength of bed sheets.

THE organization called Consumers' Research had been set up in New York in the halcyon days of 1928 by Fred J. Schlink, an engineer who was co-author, with Arthur Kallet, of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," a best-selling exposé of the woefully weak position of the American consumer. Schlink and Matthews met, inevitably, and in 1933 Matthews went on the payroll as vice president and a member of the board, starting at a salary of $3,850 a year. In 1934, the editorial and research staff moved out to Washington, New Jersey, fifty miles west of the Hudson. Matthews, who by now was just about to divorce the wife he had married in his missionary days and marry a girl he had met during his Socialist days, lived in a white frame cottage, played ping-pong in the employees' recreation room, went on lecture tours to whip up interest in the consumer-research movement, and edited various Consumers' Research reports and publications. He also found time to write, in collaboration, a book, "Partners in Plunder," published in 1935, which recapitulated the woes of the consumer. The book brought him some $3,000 in royalties. It was at about this time, perhaps coincidentally, that he began to see that the capitalist system had much to be said for it. Ancestral voices dating back to 1700 began to murmur in his ear, and he listened.

In August, 1935, the Consumers' Research staff, which had got itself organized under an A.F.L. charter as Local 20,055 of the Technical, Editorial, and Office Assistants' Union, presented to the officers of the company a number of grievances and demands. Shortly afterward three of the staff were dismissed—the president of the local and two of his most active henchmen. Around forty employees went out on strike, and Matthews, parting forever with the liberals, denounced the union as "irresponsible" and a "Communist conspiracy." Snubbing offers by his liberal friends to arbitrate the dispute, as well as a similar offer by a Department of Labor mediator, Matthews shouted loudly for police protection and had a cordon thrown around the Consumers' Research building. Trouble between the guards and pickets finally grew into a full-blown riot when a girl picket was injured and a mob from the town stoned the building for three hours. Led by Matthews, the non-striking employees answered with tear gas and blank cartridges. After the smoke blew away, the strikers were ordered reinstated, with back pay, by the National Labor Relations Board. The victory didn't amount to much, however, as the strikers merely accepted an offer of settlement on their back pay and went off and started Consumers Union, which is still giving the parent body competition. In spite of the fact that Matthews was read out of practically all the liberal organizations to which he had ever belonged, he announced that he was prouder of the outcome of the strike than of anything else he had ever accomplished. He stayed with Consumers' Research for two more years, brooding about the duplicity of Norman Thomas, Roger Baldwin, and other former associates who, he said, had made it impossible for him to get further lecture bookings or break into politics. They had achieved this by acting as character assassins, he said.

THE Dies Committee's Director of Research makes his headquarters in one of a suite of rooms assigned to the Committee on the fifth floor of the old House Office Building. His private office is furnished with a dingy green carpet and a plain desk and chair. All about him, filling the Committee rooms and spilling out into the corridors, are filing cases containing the names of subversive Americans and data on their activities. The offices are, in fact, so crowded with un-Americana that three of the Committee's secretaries have to work at desks out in the corridor. Matthews makes this material available to business concerns and government bureaus anxious to check on the Americanism of their personnel.

Officially, Matthews shares his authority with the Committee's chief investigator, a constituent of Dies whom the Congressman brought to Washington. The chief investigator, Robert Stripling, employs seven men designated as special investigators. The newspapermen all go to Matthews for their stories, however. One of them said recently, "For four years the activities of the Dies Committee have been a reflection of the mind of J. B. Matthews, of his suspicions and hunches." Matthews himself, when he is talking informally with friends, does little to disprove this statement. With his feet on his desk, speaking in a soft, easy voice quite different from the clipped speech he adopts for public appearances, he will discuss the Dies Committee affairs as if he ran them. He speaks of the Committee members with indulgence, as if he were a fond parent of backward children.

Some commentators have said that the program of the Dies Committee might be said to be a dramatization of the career of J. B. Matthews. In his early days as Dies' idea man, Matthews simply refreshed his memory by consulting the letterheads of various liberal organizations to which he had belonged, among which were some whose policies he had helped form and whose literature he had helped write. He would then instruct Mr. Stripling as to the proper people to subpoena, or indicate offices where a raid might unearth some subversive literature. He has always made a point of turning up to take a hand in the interrogation of men with whom he used to be associated. Some of these encounters would have embarrassed a lesser man. For instance, when Professor Harry Ward, then of the Union Theological Seminary, Matthews' successor as chairman of the American League Against War and Fascism, was haled before the Committee, Matthews brought the questioning around to certain phrases he said he had found in literature circulated by the League. "You should know, Mr. Matthews. You were there," the Professor replied. "I was told that you wrote those so-called left-wing words and phrases in it, and we cut those words out." Pressed by Matthews to explain various shifts in the League's policy, Ward said, somewhat pointedly, "Mr. Matthews, you ought to realize that Communists, like Republicans and even Methodists, can change. I am a Methodist, and believe in repentance, and also in the possibility of backsliding." Matthews' attitude toward people who say things like that is forgiving, as befits one who has placed himself forever beyond any evil thoughts. He even offered to shake

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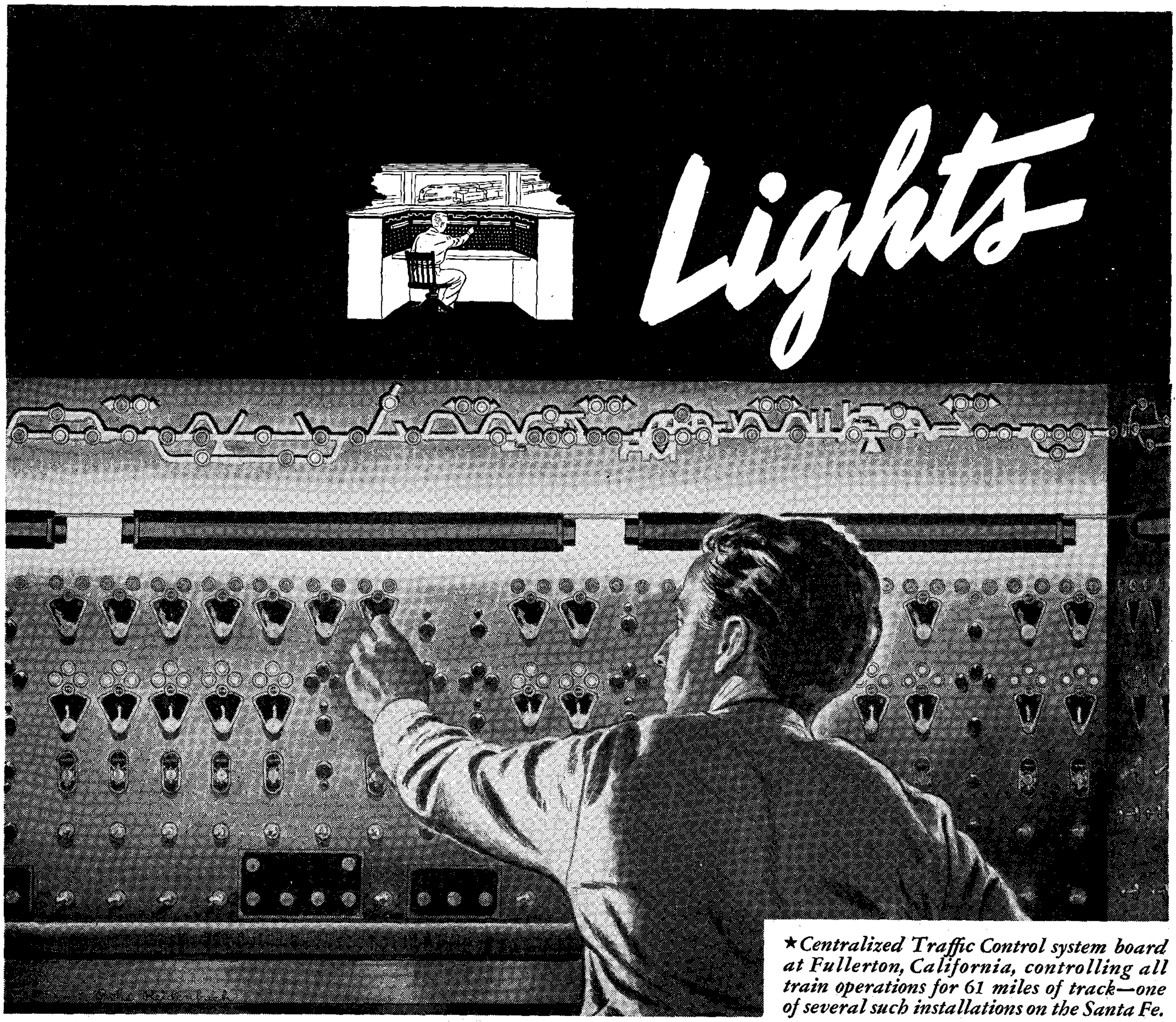
Stainless steel streamliner El Capitan of the Santa Fe Railway, in Cajon Pass of the San Bernardino Mountains in California.



★*Centralized Traffic Control system board at Fullerton, California, controlling all train operations for 61 miles of track—one of several such installations on the Santa Fe.*

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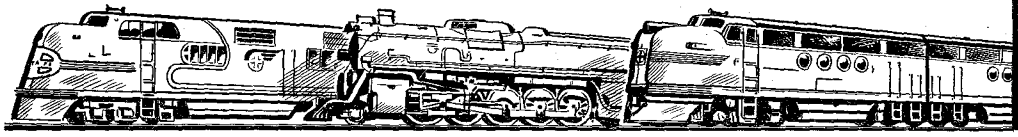

Santa Fe

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ROBERT REUD presents
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Winged Victory
by MOSS HART
Curtain 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp
44TH ST. THEA. Every Evening Except Monday Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

hands with Heywood Broun when he met him just after testifying against him during his, Matthews', historic first appearance before the Dies Committee, but the unregenerate Broun shuffled away, muttering, "I wouldn't shake the hand of a man like you."

As Director of Research of the Dies Committee, Matthews eventually got around to the consumer-research movement which had let him down so badly. In December, 1939, the Dies Committee released to the press a report indicating that the Communists were in control of farmers' coöperatives, shoppers' leagues, and consumers' services in general, with the exception of Consumers' Research, with which Matthews had parted on good terms. The worst Communist outfit in the field, the report said, was Consumers Union, the offshoot set up by the dissatisfied officials of Consumers' Research. Representative Jerry Voorhis, a left-wing member of the Committee, was a little fretful because Matthews and Dies were the only ones who had seen the report before it was made public. It also turned out that several big firms unfriendly to the consumer movement had received copies of the report before it was generally released to the press by Dies. The President, asked to comment on the incident, said it "spoke for itself."

The Dies Committee has not conducted open hearings since 1942. It is now run principally as a clearinghouse for subversive-activity information, which appears in reports issued for the information of Congress and then made public. Sometimes, however, Dies sends information directly to the press, though not as often as he did before he got involved in a libel suit. In an open letter to Vice President Wallace, written by Matthews, Dies accused thirty-five members of the Board of Economic Warfare of being fellow-travellers. The name of David Vaughan was included in the list. Mr. Vaughan, an economist and a pillar of the Methodist Church, realized that Congressional immunity did not cover letters to newspapers and filed suit against Dies for $75,000 and expenses. He enjoyed a victory that must be reluctantly described as Pyrrhic:

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Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
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The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
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Production designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones
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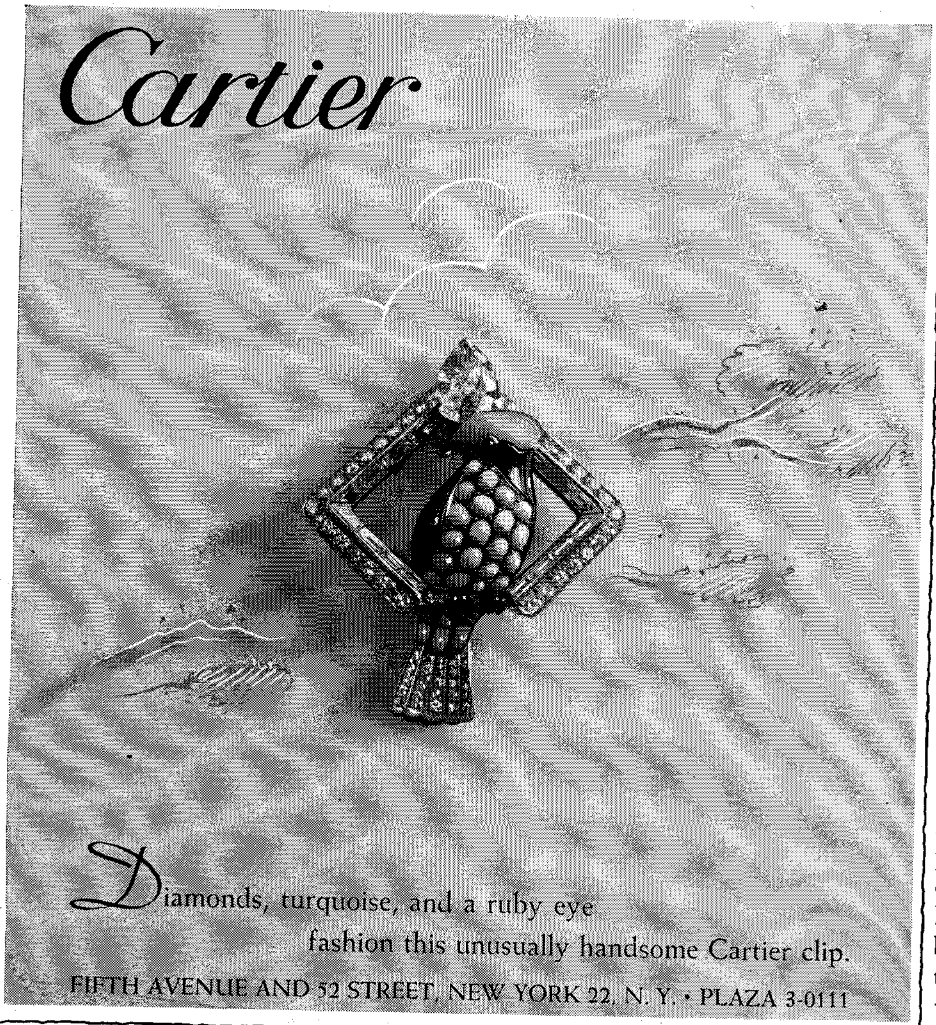
Additional Amusement Advertising on page 50



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fashion this unusually handsome Cartier clip.
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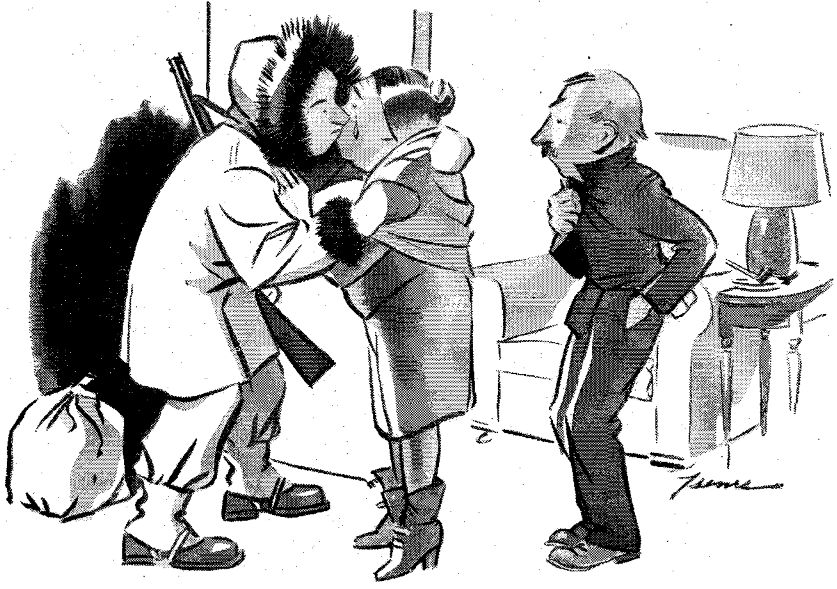

"Goodbye, folks! I'm going back to Alaska where it's warm!"

"The Aleutians are a tropical paradise compared to this apartment. When I come back after the war, I hope we move to a **modern** apartment with the new system of 'personalized' heating control I just heard about. It was developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell, the heating and air conditioning control folks; gives every apartment-dweller just the temperature he wants, when he wants it, automatically."

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Dies retracted the libel, apologized, and paid the expenses ($600), which he got through a Congressional appropriation. His confidence in Matthews remains unshaken. Recently he was overheard remarking to his colleague Congressman Joe Starnes of Alabama, "It's amazing how a man like Matthews can be so *useful*."

It is merely ignorant to say that the Dies Committee has no policy for dealing with native Fascists. In spite of many charges to the contrary, Dies has investigated a good many Bundists, Silver Shirters, and the like. A box score would show that he has lately devoted about a third of his time to examining the menace of Fascism. Dies' records of native Fascist outfits remain in his hands, however. Once, when he was asked if he was going to follow his procedure with the united-front organizations and make public the names in the records of various Fascist and anti-Semitic organizations whose files he had seized, he said, "There are a great many letters here, including letters from many prominent people. We ought to determine which ones we shall make public. . . . There have been so many who have been duped by the Nazi and Fascist organizations that if we should mention them all it would make a tremendous record." It seems a pity, in a way, that Matthews never had occasion to get sore at the Fascists. It might have given him an even higher place in history.

—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON
and RUSSELL MALONEY

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Dove Creek (Colo.) Press*]

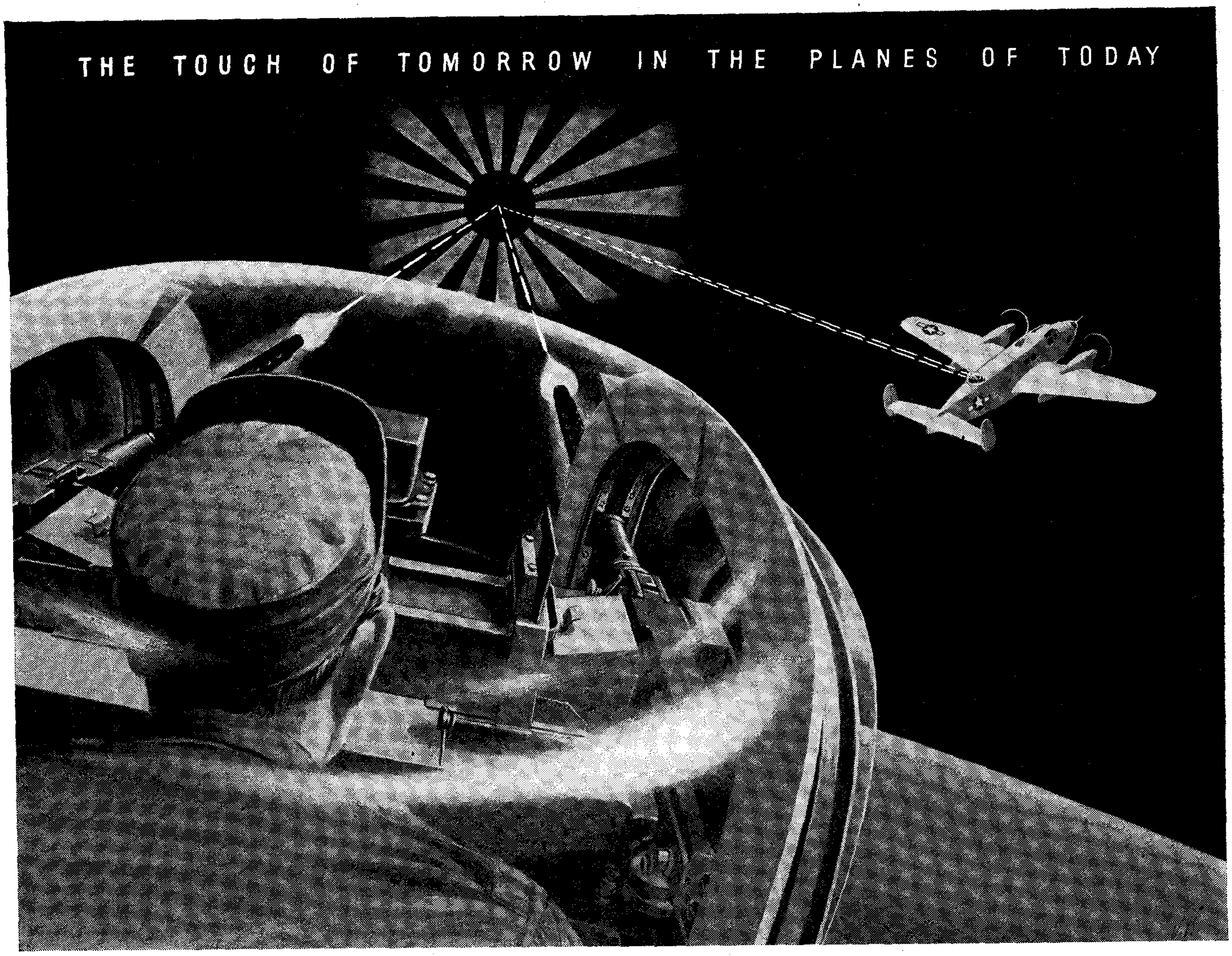
THE BOWER OF BLISS

On January, 29th, as the moon's silvery light so pale and faint like some ozier's wand in a fairy hand, touched the holy pane of Santa Rosa's old cathedral, Miss Marie Baird, and Air Pilot, Tyle Tobin, mounted the dais of this sacred fane all burnished and embroidered with gold. Beneath a portal archway these two were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock, and as the gold and amber moonlight shed a halo of brightness around them, they stepped forth from the creeping vines and twining ivy, as husband and wife.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baird of Dove Creek, Colorado, the groom hails from Michigan, and has thirty four months over-sea duty chalked on his wings.

May an ang l tower high above this young couple, making their lives trinmphant and divine with love!

'Thus it is, our daughters leave us, Those we love and those who love us, When wer'e old and lean up on them; there comes a youth with launting feathers, and she leaves us, to fo low the stranger."


THE TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN THE PLANES OF TODAY

Setting The Sun in His Sights

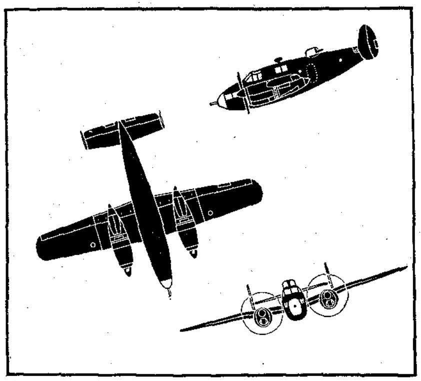
To be in on the setting of the "rising sun"...to take an active part in the demise of Tojo's far-flung empire... is the fond dream of many a neophyte aerial gunner. But it takes more than dreams to turn a kid from Main Street into a skilled warrior of the skies, who must one day knock down the best the Japs can throw at him. It takes training. Training so close to the real thing that the difference is scarcely perceptible.

That is why the Army Air Forces is using the Fairchild twin-motored trainer, known as the GUNNER, for advanced instruction of the thousands of new gunners needed this year.

With equipment similar in many respects to that of Liberators and Fortresses, the GUNNER accommodates an instruction pilot, a student pilot, a nose gunner, a power-turret gunner and a gunnery instructor. And best of all it provides ample room for students and instructors alike to make training under simulated combat conditions easy to accomplish.

In designing and building the GUNNER great pains were taken to incorporate the essential details of heavy combat ships. It is the only gunnery trainer having a tricycle landing gear to provide takeoff and landing characteristics similar to the big bombers.

For that indicative "touch of tomorrow in the planes of today," this product of Fairchild engineering takes an honored place in a long line of outstanding aviation achievements.



AT-21 GUNNER, with Duramolded skin of plastic-bonded plywood, is powered by two 520 hp. Ranger engines. Ceiling 22,150 feet, normal range 905 miles, top speed 223 mph. Army test pilots call it "one of the sweetest flying ships we ever handled."

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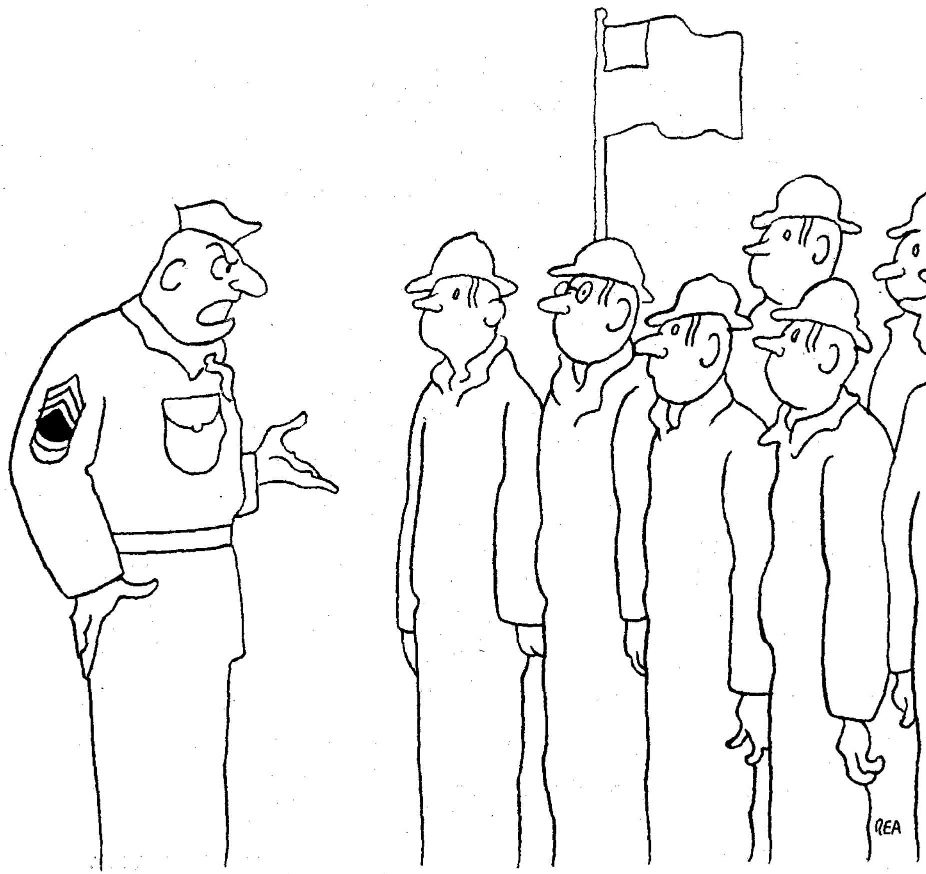
THE THEATRE

MISS HELLMAN NODS

I HAVE to say that Lillian Hellman, for a long time a considerable enthusiasm of mine, has written what to me looks like a pretty bad play in "The Searching Wind," now at the Fulton. Reliable authorities tell me that Miss Hellman has purposely abandoned her usual precision of construction in order to deal more convincingly with ideas. There can be no question, I guess, that she is not as concerned with form as she has been in the past, since "The Searching Wind," generally speaking, is as loose as a haystack, but the gain may be debatable. It is a play alternating or combining, or perhaps just mixing up, love and politics, but I am far from sure that Miss Hellman has anything especially new or valuable to say about either one. Politically, as presumably everybody knows, this playwright is an advanced or indignant woman, and her theory this time seems to be that there was something shameful in anyone's failure to grasp at once the full implications of Mussolini's march on Rome.

On this subject, I can't help feeling that social omniscience is the property of the very few and that when Miss Hellman's hero, in 1922, remarked that the Italians were merely exchanging one bad gang for another, he was just interpreting the available facts in terms of the most prevalent, if not the most enlightened, American opinion of the time. As a diplomat (and as a character in one of Miss Hellman's plays), Alexander Hazen, which happens to have been this character's name, perhaps should have realized that the beginning of Fascism meant the end of the world, but I doubt that the nature of total government, which had not yet taken any identifiable shape, was then clear to anybody except possibly Ernest Hemingway, a man very closely in touch with God.

Anyway, Miss Hellman starts her play chronologically with the capitulation of Rome and ends it in Washington in 1944. (The action in time goes back and forth, but these are the limiting dates.) At this latter date, Mr. Hazen's son, wounded in Italy, is at home and in what seems to me a very intemperate mood. He says that he is ashamed of his father for his behavior in Rome, for his behavior at the time of the Munich sellout (when, as ambassador to France, he sent home a report recommending that concessions to Germany end with the Sudetenland but adding that Mr. Chamberlain should not be blamed too strongly for hoping for peace in our time), and ashamed of his mother for entertaining a bunch of fashionable exiles. This young man has lost a leg and most of his friends on the Anzio beachhead, but it is still possible that his conversation is more a reflection of Miss Hellman's general impatience with, or contempt for, people less elaborately informed than herself than any reproduction of conceivable human speech. He is the author talking, and more transparently than is generally considered permissible in art. Considering it sheerly as theatre, I think Miss Hellman has presented her problem in such special or knowledgeable terms that the audience is never precisely sure where its sympathies are supposed to lie. It is frequently very interesting and eloquent writing, but I suspect it defeats itself by a too subtle shading of character, an error that has overtaken notable playwrights before, specifically Mr. S. N. Behrman.



"Do you think I enjoy finding fault?"

Out of Miss Hellman's love affair, I can make little or nothing. There are two girls who for twenty years appear to have been in love with the same man. One (Cornelia Otis Skinner) marries him; the other (Barbara O'Neil) meets him for lunch or dinner every now and then, and on these occasions love is hotly discussed, though nothing much is ever done about it. In the end, it turns out that Miss O'Neil keeps putting in her singularly antiseptic appearances—she shows up in Rome, Berlin, Paris, and Washington—almost entirely for the purpose of annoying Miss Skinner, whom she dislikes for stealing her beau and also maybe for being rich and secure and entertaining ladies like Elsa Maxwell. A young woman who ought to know assures me that this sort of conduct is entirely possible in her sex, but it is outside my experience, and the girls' reiterated meetings all over the world began to look silly to me around the middle of the second act, leaving the management with a frivolous spectator on its hands, clearly no man to be attending a serious play.

The reason for the presence of these two essentially unrelated themes in "The Searching Wind" is a mystery to me. As a rule, Miss Hellman's works are highly keyed—any character in them is

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Through the Roof

The whole vast area of conquered Europe is a Nazi stronghold. Massive walls and powerful fortifications defend it—all as nearly impregnable as Hitler can make them.

But overhead there are no walls. It is *through the roof* that Allied bombers have inflicted the heaviest blows on Germany's war-making machine.

To the valiant young Americans who man the Boeing Flying Fortresses, "through the roof" now has an added significance. On days when there was a thick overcast, Europe was once safe from precision bombing. Today new navigation devices enable the Fortress bombardier to hit his target through dense cloud cover with almost the same uncanny accuracy as in clear air. The first raid by the Forts on Berlin was made under just such conditions.

The deadly bombing done by the big Boeing planes has become a matter of wonder, not only to our Allies but to the enemy. After Flying Fortresses had demolished the Messerschmitt plant at Regensburg without allowing a single bomb to fall on a hospital which was practically a part of the factory area, our Eighth Air Force fliers got a special radio message from the Luftwaffe. The net of it was: "Congratulations on your accuracy. We don't know how you do it!"

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guaranteed to have a secondary or political purpose—but as far as these warring ladies go, I am in the dark. I can only assume that this play started out as a drama of ideas, seemed in this state either too special or didactic, and that a sort of reversed love story was added for commercial reasons. This is certainly unlike Miss Hellman, but I can account in no other way for the arbitrary addition of such a strange piece of work as a romance that apparently exists only in order to confuse the main issues of the evening. The opening-night audience was respectful, but obviously confused about just exactly what was on the author's mind, and I am embarrassed to say that I was, too.

Herman Shumlin's production was, as usual, impressive, but in my opinion often strangely old-fashioned. There were handsome sets, but too much detail was much too clearly painted on the walls; there were nice sound effects, but the cannonading in Rome could have been achieved by nobody but a man with a drum; there were beautiful performances in minor parts, especially by Arnold Korff as a German diplomat, but some remarkably mannered and frequently irritating ones by the principals. Being a polite man, I won't go into this any further. The cast at the Fulton included Dudley Digges, Montgomery Clift, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Dennis King, and Barbara O'Neil.

"BUT NOT GOODBYE," practically overlooked in all the excitement, is one of those plays about a couple of ghosts who are permitted to return and tamper with the goings on of the living. This is a thought that has always discouraged me profoundly, except when it turned up in "Blithe Spirit," and I can't say that the offering at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre brought on any particular change of heart. The principal character, a lovable old incompetent, dies and then comes back as ectoplasm to collect a debt that would support his family. He is abetted in this by his father, also a spirit, who seems to be an expert on the proper conduct of spooks. There is a great deal of business about a check dropped by the villain and visible only to the two visiting haunts, but the whole thing, I'm afraid, remains a moderately dismal and fabricated entertainment.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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—*Headline in the Chicago Tribune.*

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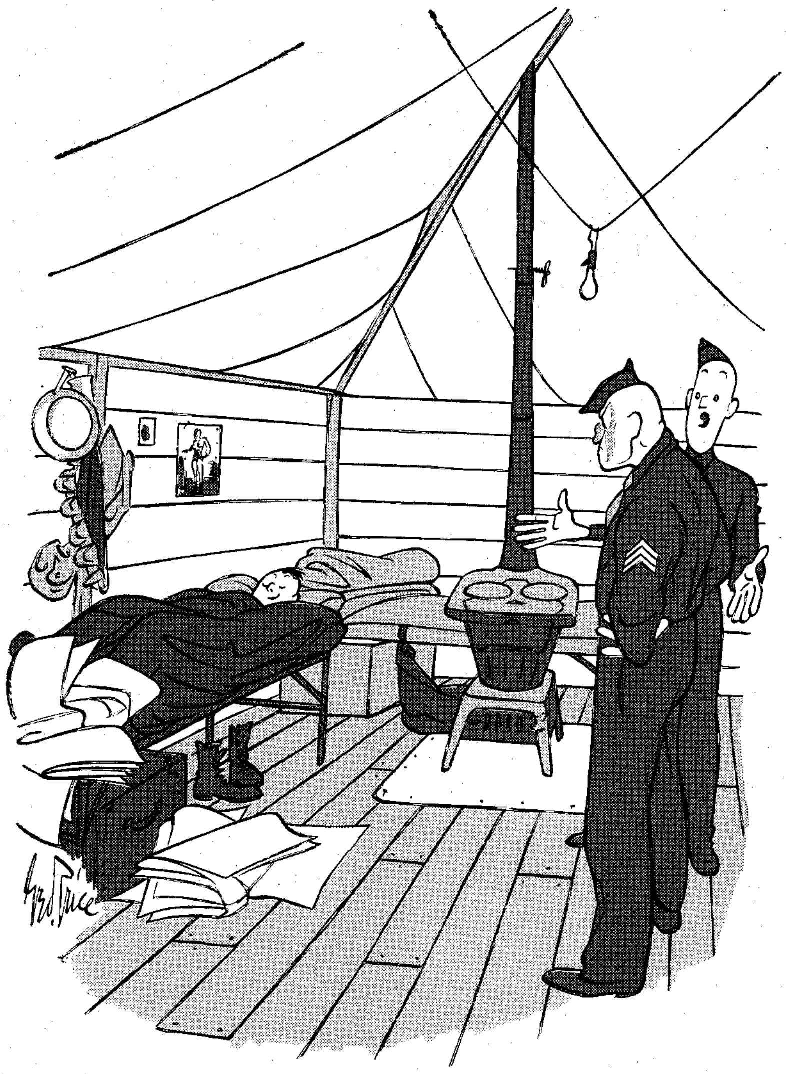

"He was up till 4 A. M. reading his home town paper, the Buffalo Evening News, which certainly does a wonderful job of complete and accurate reporting of local news."*

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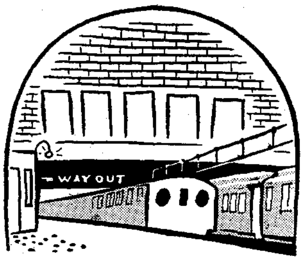
LETTER FROM LONDON

April 16 (by cable)

THE customary official injunction to stay home over the Easter weekend, on which trains are usually packed with people who seem to imagine the government is talking to a couple of other fellows, really worked this year. The ban placed on coastal areas, forbidding them to civilians, certainly helped, but it's just as likely that prudence really turned the trick. Naturally, few people fancied getting stranded as the result of some sudden clamp-down on all civilian travel, so the travellers on the railways were mainly military. The only big civilian exodus recently was to the Bank Holiday Windsor race meeting, at which thousands of racegoers, making the short trip by every sort of conveyance, from river steamers to one-horse shays, saw the Derby favorite, Orestes, unexpectedly lose by a neck to The Solicitor and then descended on the local food supplies like hungry locusts. Even that day, however, the majority of Londoners, virtuously staying in town, strolled in the parks, took the kids to the zoo, queued up for things to eat and drink, and endlessly discussed the invasion. This still remains the preoccupation of the press and the public. Even for those who haven't a personal stake in the coming operations—and such people are extremely few—this sense of being on the brink is hard on the nerves. People are inclined to fret over the continuing quietness on the Western front and the Russian non-stop advance is gloomily contrasted with the deadlock at Cassino. Londoners have been telling each other a crop of wry jokes, such as the one in which Stalin rings up from Dieppe and says, "Come on over, the bathing's fine." Nevertheless, most people, particularly since the big softening-up assault on French railheads, believe that the word to go will soon be given. The fact that Moscow hasn't been critical of any delay has also been taken as reassuring by people here.



Meanwhile, there have been angry words over the Yorkshire miners' strike, which, coming at this juncture, has caused them an almost irreparable loss of public sympathy. Other important domestic news, however, such as the passage of the education and health bills, which will alter millions of British lives if they go through, might be about happenings on Mars, for all the interest Britons are apparently taking in it. Right now almost every Londoner's fidgety and completely uninformed chat is of moons and tides.

THE fact that local interest is concentrated on one topic accounts for the scarcity of comment on the Wisconsin defeat of Wendell Willkie. Such conversation as it has made has been of a slightly dismayed sort, a situation that many of the newspapers have done their best to correct with cautious buildups of Governor Dewey, a relatively unknown personage here. Britons, who bought Willkie's book as eagerly as paper restrictions would allow, have always regarded him as a friend whose emphatic notions about what ought to be done with their property didn't make him any less likeable.

While the more thoughtful section of the adult population was wondering how the postwar Anglo-American landscape might be changed as a result of what happened to Willkie, the younger generation, whose business it will be to cultivate that landscape, was last week doing a little preliminary spadework. Parties of highly interested and critical schoolchildren were turning up at the beautiful old Westminster School to look at an exhibit of excellent photographs showing the school life and home life of young Americans, put on by Toc H and the OWI, and to join in some accompanying "Information Please" sessions in which the experts were repatriated young Britons who had been evacuated to the United States early in the war. Archibald MacLeish spoke at the opening of the show, which included, along with the photographs, some spirited paintings by untravelled British boys and girls of what they thought America looked like. Judging by their conception of it as a place covered with skyscrapers ten miles high and populated mainly by very black mammies and very red cowboys in checked shirts, the young artists must have benefited quite a bit from the photographs. The returned kids did extremely well with their audience's searching questions on such varied topics as whether American children really lunched in chemist shops, how the Constitution works, whether Americans were more friendly than the English (definitely, said the sages), and what they liked best about growing up there. One little girl, confronted by this

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last question, unhesitatingly plumped for hot dogs, hamburgers, and ice cream, at which reply there was a tiny, unmistakable sound of dozens of small internationalists enviously licking their lips. It was all very earnest and rather heartening.

EVERY now and then, in lulls such as this one, somebody in Parliament brings up the question of reviving the "no-treating" alcoholic order of the last war. It's up for discussion again, even though recently Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, flatly refused to add this restrictive load to the back of the already much hampered citizen. The average Briton, who nowadays hesitates to call his soul his own without asking some government department if he may do so and who last week was finding it hard to recognize his own pay envelope after the first installment of the pay-as-you-earn income tax had been subtracted from it, would thank Morrison for holding out and allowing him to keep one of his few remaining private pleasures—standing a pint to a crony in the Dog and Duck. It's argued by those who want to see the order restored that the young military men and women who are stuck in some remote town and who drift into the pubs looking for company find that the sociable treating habit makes them drink more than they want or can afford. Though beer today is weak, and scarce enough to make its dangers seem fairly mild, social workers are grave about the big increase in drinking (as distinct from drunkenness) brought about by war conditions. Also, the pub owners themselves would probably favor any ban which made it unnecessary for them to hang the "Not a Drop Left" card on the door so frequently. Even those who hope the order is introduced again, however, gloomily recall that it was persistently dodged by ingenious drinkers during the last war and that similar rules have been broken by hospitable Britons right back to the days of Charles II.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

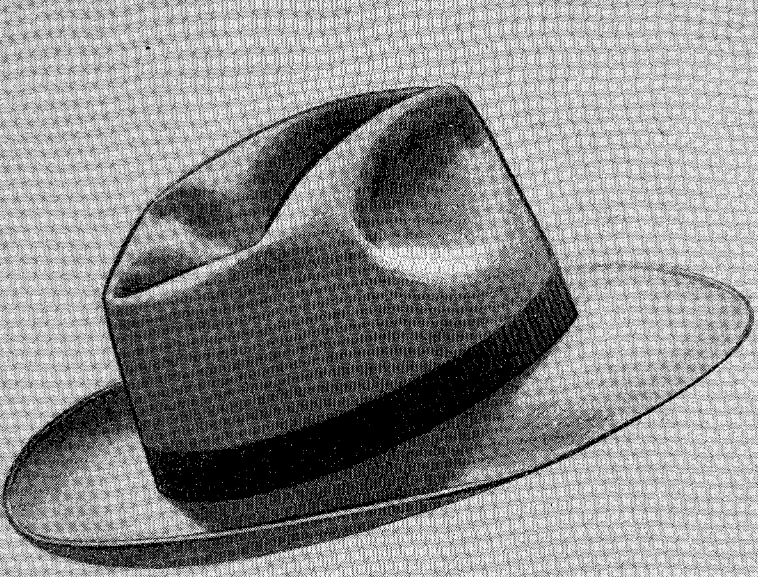
•

The investigation of "Peace Now," an organization advocating negotiated peace, already is under way, Dies disclosed, as is an inquiry into practices of the Civil Service Commission. During the last year, the committee has devoted most of its time to checking

U. S. NURSES IN BURMA JUNGLE

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

And if *that* isn't being snoopy . . .



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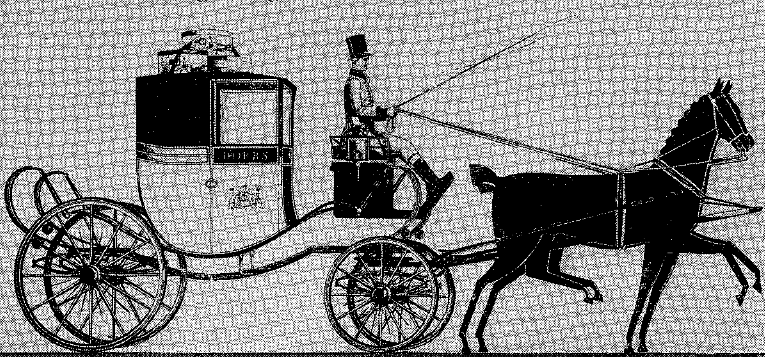

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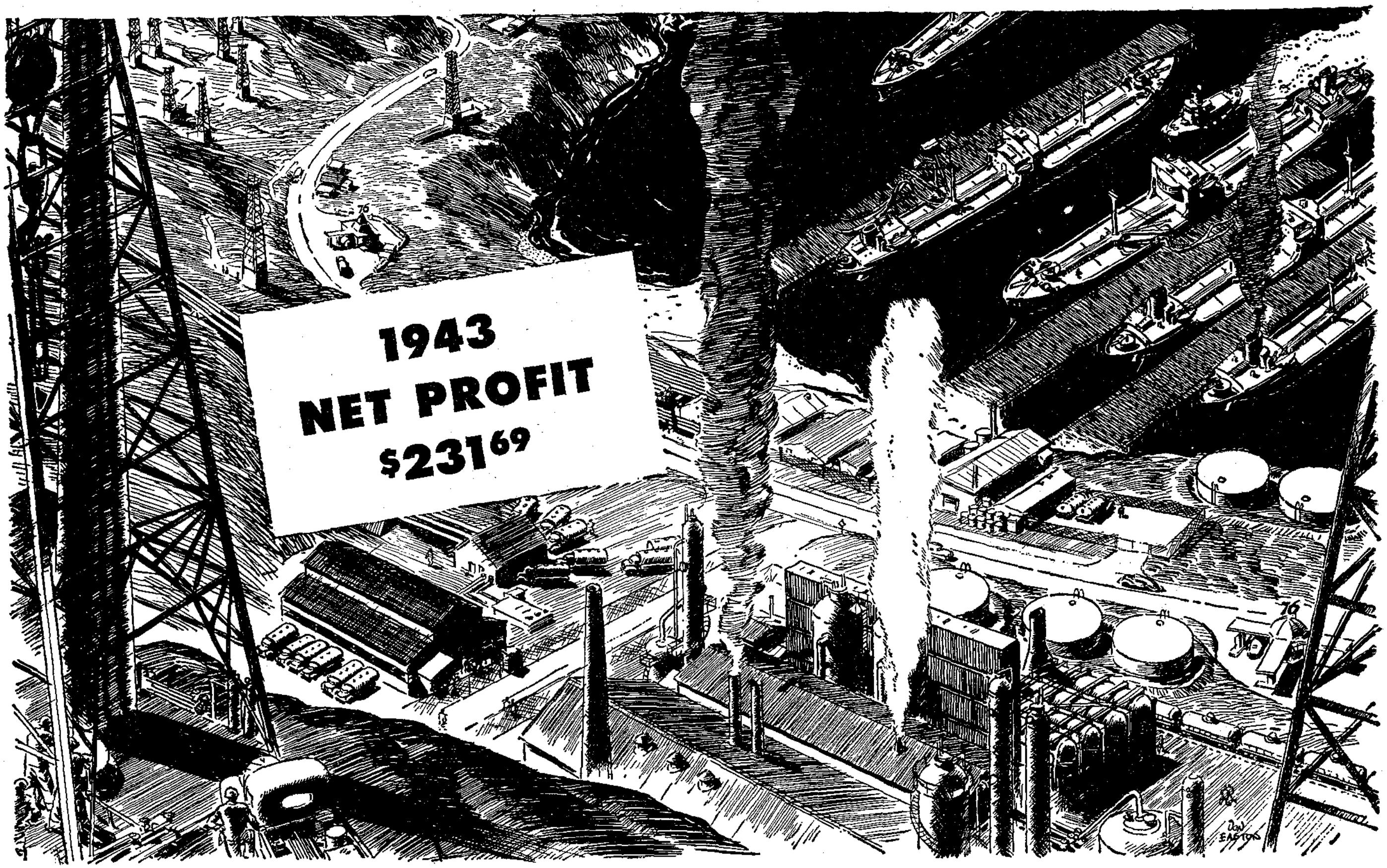
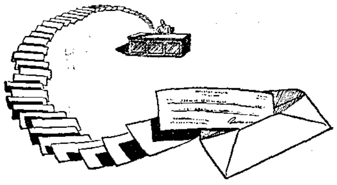
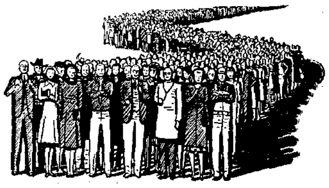


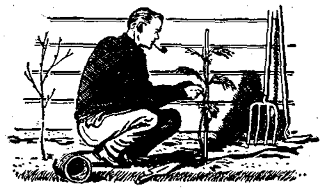


1 Last year Union Oil Company made a net profit of $7,269,199. At first glance, that looks like a lot of money. But what many of us *overlook* is that in Union's case—as in the case of most corporations—that money was divided among a lot of people.

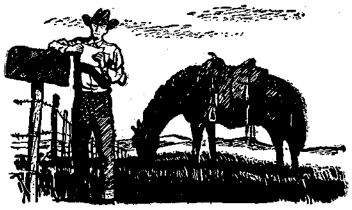


2 Union Oil Company is owned by 31,375 stockholders. Divided among that many owners, the net profits amounted to just $231.69 apiece. Even that sum wasn't all paid out in dividends. $2,602,929 of the net profits were plowed back into the business.

3 So dividends paid out *averaged* just $148.73 per stockholder—$12.39 per month. In contrast to this, wages and salaries averaged $252.00 per employee per month. Even government got more out of the company than the owners. $4,666,270 were paid out in dividends, $6,354,200 in taxes.



4 This is not pointed out as a complaint, but rather to show you that while Union Oil Company today consists of about 145 million dollars' worth of buildings, oil wells, refineries, ships, etc., it is owned by ordinary Americans like you and your neighbor next door.



5 77% of the owners live in the West—389 in Seattle, 16 in Medford, Oregon, 3,570 in San Francisco, etc. 2,716 are Union employees. The average stockholder owns 149 shares. Some hold fewer, some more; but the largest owns less than 1½% of the total shares outstanding.

6 So it is not the investments of a few millionaires, but the combined savings of thousands of average citizens, that make Union Oil—and most American corporations—possible. And without some such method of financing heavy equipment, American mass production, with free competition, could never have been achieved.

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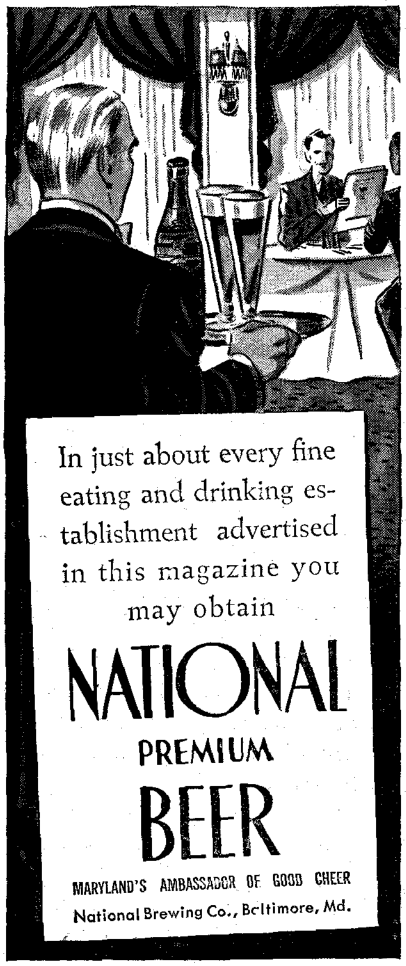

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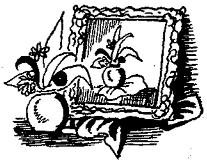
THE ART GALLERIES

Subjective, Objective

TWO subjects that artists have always liked to paint are themselves and the ballet, and it happens that both are covered this week in shows around town, the first in an exhibition of contemporary self-portraits at the American British Art Center and the second in the large Five Centuries of Ballet loan affair, for the benefit of the French Hospital, at Wildenstein. I found the latter so big and so scattered in its effect as to be confusing, and I think the trouble lies in a sort of split personality, or at least a divided purpose, throughout the show. On the one hand, it sets out to provide a kind of pictorial history of the ballet, from the sixteenth century to the present. This it does very competently and certainly very compendiously, though to one who, like myself, is no more than a part-time ballet addict, there is a certain repetitiousness in the vast array of old prints and drawings of costumes, décors, and so on that it sets before you. In addition, it attempts to reveal some of the pictorial beauty that artists have found in the subject, and in this its touch is decidedly more hesitant. Degas is not the only modern artist who has painted the ballet, although, viewing this show, you might almost think so. A good many others have found inspiration in the subject, at least temporarily, and such men as Picasso, Braque, Juan Gris, and Léger designed settings and costumes during that great flowering ballet had in Paris after the last war.

All this the show hardly touches on, and in many ways its modern section, which might well have been the richest in interest, is the weakest. There are some nice gouache sketches by Eugène Berman of his designs for "Romeo and Juliet," however, and two or three of the Degas pastels are magnificent, while a couple of his early oils, "Le Ballet de l'Opéra Robert le Diable" and "Mlle. Fiocre: La Source," both done while he was still under the influence of Ingres, may surprise you with their dark, pre-Impressionist coloring. Among the earlier works, there are a lively Nicolas Lancret—"Les Indes Galantes"—and a pleasantly dreamy Watteau, called "Fêtes au Dieu Pan," that are worth looking up. If you're a ballet enthusiast, and even to a certain extent if you're not, the engravings of old ballets and fêtes, with their fantastic costumes and elaborate settings, are both amusing and interesting.



WHEN an artist sets up his easel in front of a mirror and starts to paint his own portrait, he is confronted by a curious problem as well as by his own image. He is asking himself to be introspective and objective simultaneously. He must bring his emotions to the surface and at the same time be coldly analytical of them, and it is a constant source of wonder to me how well painters pull the trick off. There are no masterpieces among the seventy-four paintings and sculptures in the self-portrait exhibition at the American British Art Center. Indeed, since a number of the items were done especially for the show, some of them hastily, there is a slight air of flimsiness, of the quickly contrived, that at first may bother you. It is more apparent than real, and if you look again you will find a better than fair average of sound observation and crisp invention. It is interesting to note how the various artists approached their problem—Milton Avery, Rose Kuper, and Mané Katz humorously; others (mainly the women, oddly) with satiric self-criticism; still others, such as Julian Levi and Moses Soyer, with the matter-of-fact honesty of a man taking a passport photograph. You will notice, in some quarters, a slight tendency toward self-aggrandizement, either in the direction of the broodingly poetic (heavy shadows, moonlight coloring, attenuated features) or the massively muscular. But it's fun, anyway, and if an artist isn't to be permitted to exalt his ego, who is?

TORMENT and violence have been twin dominants in Walter Quirt's painting, and they appear again, overwhelmingly, in his current collection, at Durlacher. In fact, as his style strengthens and acquires authority, which it unquestionably has done in the past few years, his expression of these emotions gains power, too, and it is not too much to say that this is both his best show to date and his bitterest. Just running through the titles—"Vortex," "The Crucified," "Shipwreck," "The Damned," "The Hard Woman," "Unending Torment"—will give a clue to the prevailing mood. Many, even, of the canvases on ostensibly pleasanter subjects—"The Toilet of Venus," for example—have the same roiled, angry design. Whatever the causes of his obsession, it has given rise to some startlingly fine painting, and if in some of his more ambitious pieces, such as "The Crucified" and the battle scene called "Compulsion to Anger," the composition seems almost to fly apart because of the vehemence behind it, there are others, such as "The Hard Woman," "Carnival," and "Three People," which are completely successful. No matter what else may be said of him, Walter Quirt is one of the most impassioned artists alive today.

THERE are several excellent group shows around. At Art of This Century, in a collection of French and American paintings that are alike in that none of them has been exhibited before in this country, there is a beautifully verdant and springlike "L'Homme au Jardin" by André Masson, a handsome Miró called "The Flight of the Bird over the Plain," and a pleasantly unpyrotechnical Kandinsky called "Rayé." I liked, too, an abstraction—"The Entombment," by Rothko—and a slyly sardonic commentary on crowds called "Mon Repos," in collage, by Laurence Vail. . . . Since he came to this country, Paul Rosenberg has gradually acquired a small group of American painters, now on display at his gallery in a combined showing. They are Milton Avery, the late Marsden Hartley, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber, and they look pretty good, both in combination and individually. A swell Max Weber (one of his East Side studies, called "Whither Now"), and the brilliant "Blue Cow" by Milton Avery are especially to be noted. . . . The Lee Ault Collection, now on view at Valentine, for the benefit of the American Field Service, proves that you don't have to buy a lot of pictures to get together a group of considerable range and variety. This one comprises only about thirty oils, all moderns, in addition to a number of drawings and water colors and some sculptures. But from the Cézanne "L'Orée du Bois" and the Matisse still life called "Citrons" to the fine Rufino Tamayo "Woman Calling," it manages to give a generally coherent and comprehensive survey of almost everything in the modern movement. —ROBERT M. COATES

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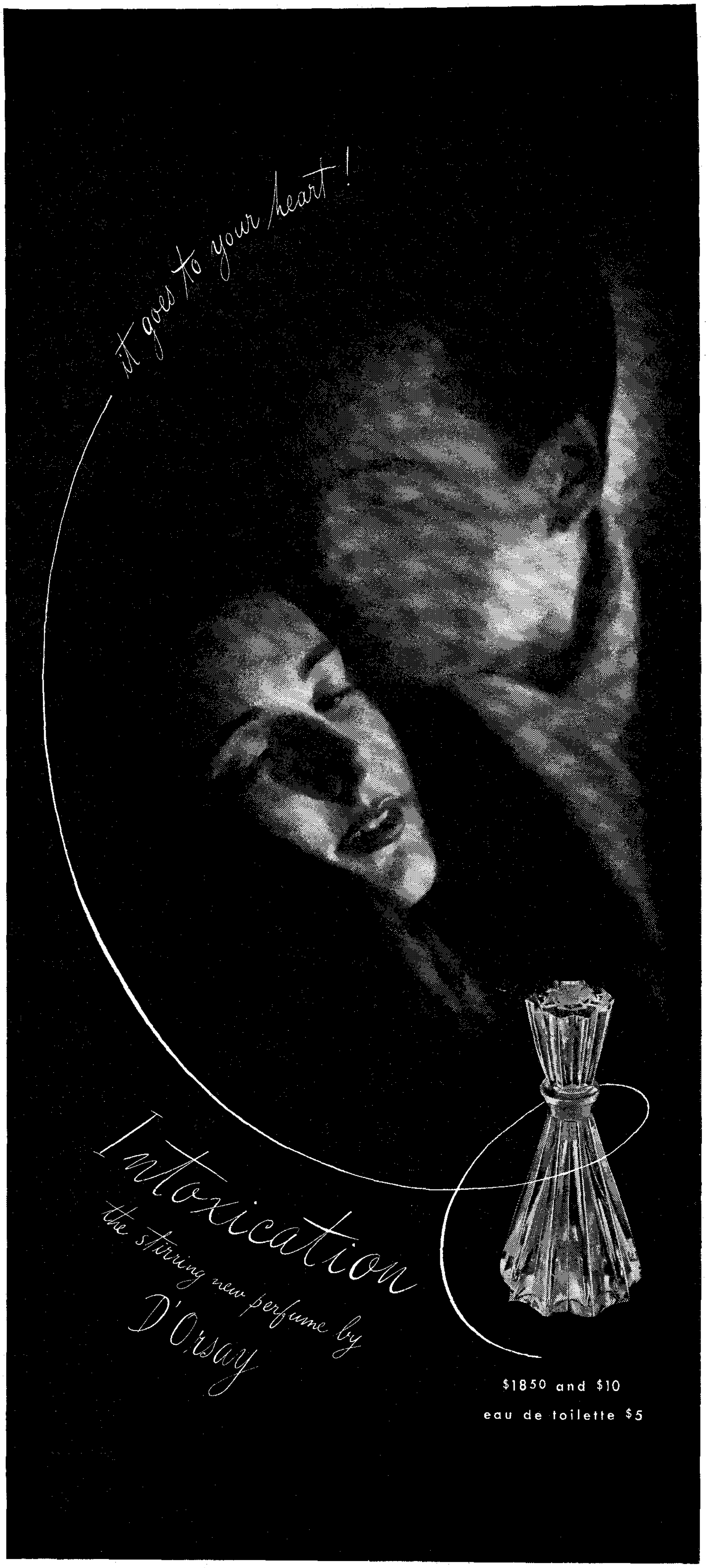
DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From Time, beautiful in distress*]

Sitting stiffly, but beautiful in tails, on a wooden bench near the coatracks were Dmitri Shostakovich and his wife.

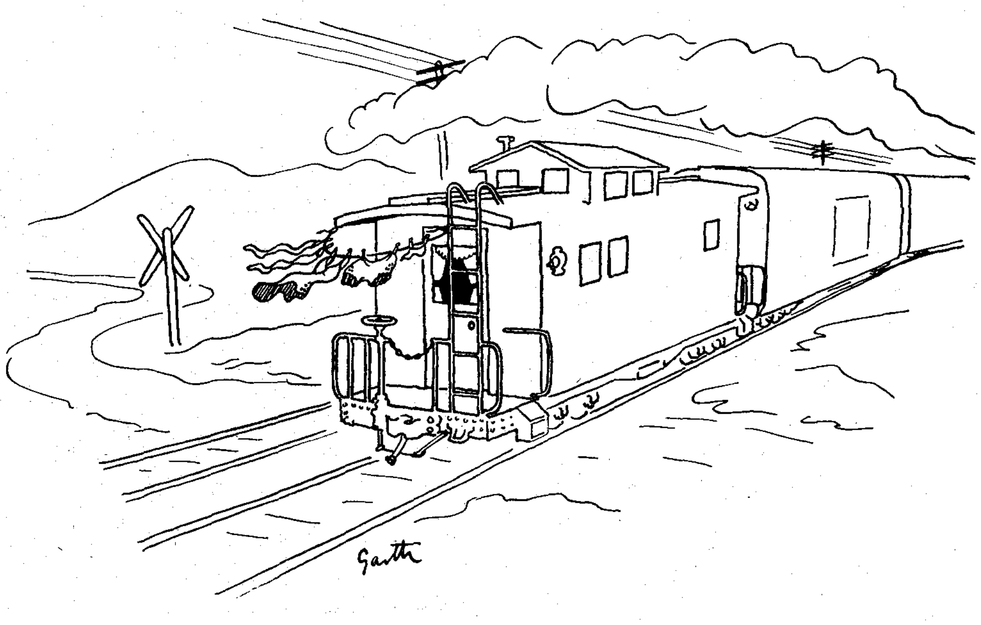


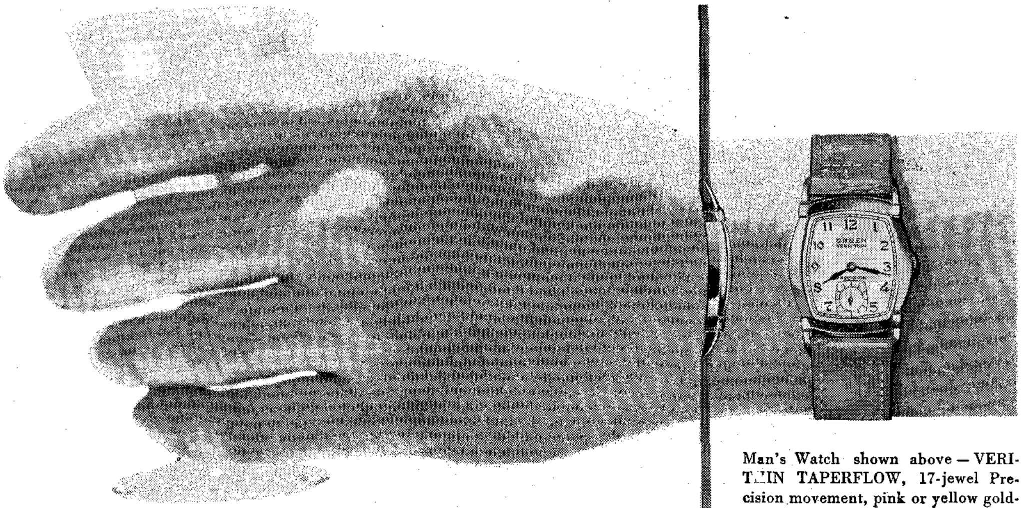
A REPORTER AT LARGE

NOTES FROM THE KIDNAP HOUSE—II

THE secret newspapers of France do not give French people much news of the outside world. That is left to the British radio and the Algiers radio, which do not have the paper and distribution problems of the journals in enemy-occupied territory. Since most of the resistance newspapers are no larger than a sheet of typewriter paper and have only four pages, they concentrate on local news and editorial comment. The three largest groups of publications—those in each group are loosely affiliated—are Communist, Socialist, and Mur, this last name being short for Mouvements Unis de Résistance. Mur is an organization of "new men," men who are not connected with the old political parties, and is strongly de Gaullist. The masthead of all Mur papers carries the slogan "One chief, de Gaulle; one struggle, for our liberties." Mur is for "social as well as political democracy," by which it means the nationalization of banks and probably of heavy industry, ruthless punishment of the rich men and Vichy politicians who collaborated openly or tacitly, and the guidance of France by a "new élite" of men who have made their way up through the resistance movements. The editorials in its papers maintain that "the shame of Vichy does not excuse the shortcomings of preceding governments." Some editorials in the Mur papers oppose the presence in Algiers of men like Pierre Cot, Vincent Auriol, and other pre-Vichy government figures, although conceding that in the interest of unity they must be tolerated for a brief while. Mur is nationalistic, occasionally to the point of xenophobia, whereas the Socialist and the Communist newspaper groups place more emphasis on the class struggle and less on the personal leadership of de Gaulle and new élites. Yet these, too, endorse de Gaulle and the Algiers government, and Mur endorses in some degree the class struggle. The difference lies in the importance each faction gives the different aspects of the fight. The Socialists, the largest single party in France before the armistice, defend most of their party record, and the heroic attitude of Léon Blum since his arrest, especially at the Riom trial, has added weight to this defense. Blum, like Edouard Herriot, has become a martyr in his own lifetime. *Populaire*, Blum's old newspaper, has seven regional editions, all clandestine, and reaches at least a million readers. Its preoccupation with the party record sometimes makes it seem to look backward too much. Recently it published a noble but nostalgic appeal to President Roosevelt to vindicate the New Deal by disregarding the demands of American capitalists. The editorialist, in his hide-out, apparently had not heard that the term "New Deal" is now in the same limbo as "Popular Front." In almost every issue, *Populaire* runs, under the heading of "Our Martyrs," a list of Socialist resistants shot by the Gestapo or murdered by the Vichy militia, as if to emphasize the fact that the Socialists have at last become a party of action. The Communist press, headed by the several editions of *L'Humanité* and comprising a number of newspapers for various vocational groups of intellectuals and workers, benefits not only from the present prestige of Russia but from the name that Communist resistants have won for courage and austerity.

There are dozens of other resistance papers, of political shades more difficult to classify, ranging from *L'Aurore*, the organ of conservative Republican resistance, to a little sheet called *Le Soviet*, which carries at its masthead the line "Long live Trotsky and Lenin! Down with Stalin, gravedigger of the Third International!" All, however, agree on at least two points. The first of these is the French refusal to be patronized or treated as a decadent nation, especially by the English-speaking nations, whom the French blame for rebuilding Germany between the two great wars, before leaving France to fend for herself in 1939. The resistants look forward to liberation not as a favor but as the first small installment due them on a debt of blood. Smuts' speech last November served to intensify this feeling, which crystallized in the streamer headline of one clandestine paper, *Libération*: "Pétain, Badoglio, Smuts Examples of Intelligence of Marshals." "Great Britain three years ago carried all the hopes of our people; these are things one does not forget, in spite of the Smutses," an editorialist, in hiding from the Gestapo, wrote in *Libération*. "France decadent? Really? Well, if all France were in ruins, if there survived of all her decimated people only a few women and old men, the representative of France, whoever he might be, would have the right to sit with Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin and be treated with the most profound respect, because, if there hadn't been a certain nation called France and a certain battle called Verdun, Monsieur Smuts might now, with a little luck, be a junior native customs official in South Africa. . . . With or without Smuts, the European resistance movement is going to remake the Continent into a free Europe of free citizens. Taught by our common experience of slavery, we have more in common with the men of Free Belgium, of Tito or Ribar, than with most Francophile diplomats. Who knows if the greatest service Smuts could render us is not to awaken our compatriots to the true mission of France: to remake Europe and open Africa?" Another clandestine paper, *Franc-Tireur*, says, "The countries that hoped to save themselves the horrors of war by neutrality and those who could organize for victory out of the reach of the enemy while for nine months we held the line—haven't they also their responsibilities? Didn't they





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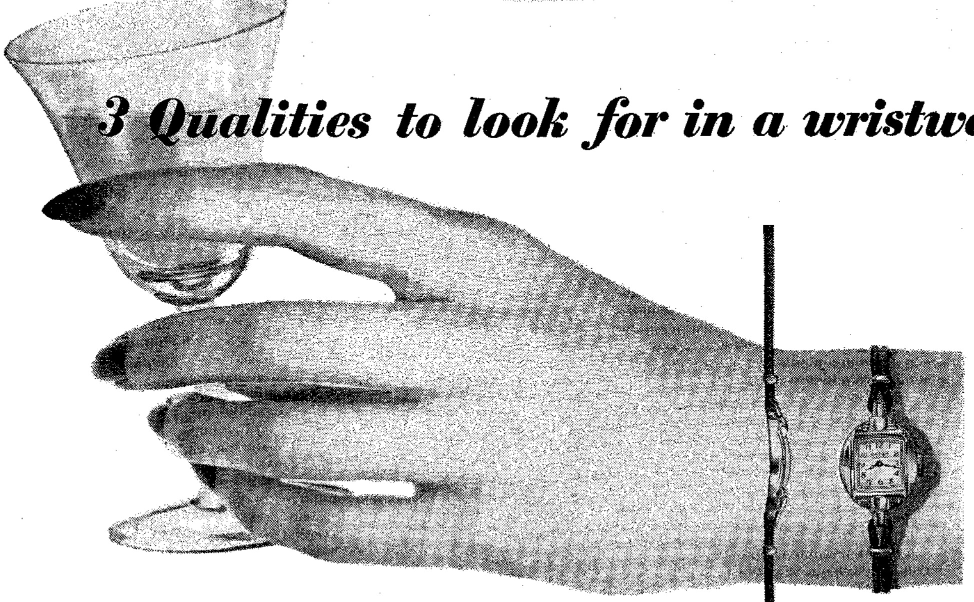

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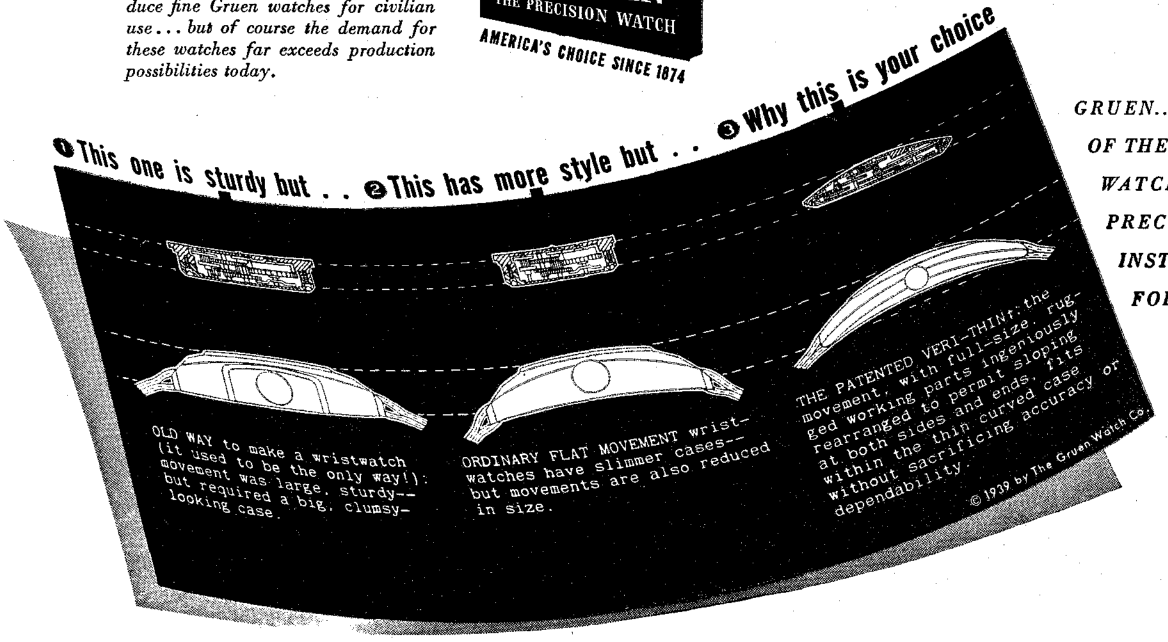
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count too much on France and her Army, on the military qualities of her people, to conquer a force they had allowed to develop? This war, in which we were the sacrificed advance guard, has been waged against a racial dictatorship which intended to hold the world underfoot. It is unthinkable that it should end in another dictatorship, nationalistic or plutocratic. France, even defeated, remains great enough and has enough claims to gratitude not to merit the treatment of a vassal or a servant." This feeling was also revealed in a statement Daladier made to the German police who a year ago came to the prison of Bourrassol to remove him to the Reich. "I congratulate myself," he said, "for having declared war in 1939. A year later you would have won the war. Today I have the pleasure of telling you that you are irretrievably lost."

The second point of universal agreement is that France remains intrinsically great. These two basic sentiments make the resistance press hypersensitive to any hint of infringement on French sovereignty. A recent report from Washington that General Eisenhower would choose the Frenchmen with whom the Allies would treat meant to many resistants that the Americans would attempt to choose the rulers of France. Since, in the minds of French workingmen, America has always stood for big business and since the de Gaullists feel that the State Department has always worked against them, there is an almost universal fear that the English-speaking powers will try to impose a Kolchak government in striped pants, headed by a shifty *type* like Georges Bonnet. Bonnet was not allowed to participate officially in the Vichy regime because of his association with the Jewish bank of Lazard Frères, and therefore he could now be presented as being free of the Vichy taint. Camille Chautemps, who has been in Washington long enough to be able to disclaim any connection with the "later excesses" of the Vichy regime, is another bogey of the resistance men. The recollection of the high favor Bonnet and his friends enjoyed, back in the Munich days, with men still prominent in the British government, such as Halifax, Hoare, and Simon, does not dispose resistants to look forward to receiving British support against the tendency they think they see in American policy. An extreme statement of the frame of mind that has resulted from the refusal of the Allied governments to commit themselves is the following, in *Combat*: "We think it would be criminal and absurd to have complete confidence in foreign military staffs, in foreign military representatives, or in officers of the French Army of the colonial type to set up a republic and let the citizens of France express themselves. To say everything—if a choice has to be made one day between 'terrorism' and AMG, our choice is made. Of ourselves we are sure, of 'practical men' we are not."

MORE interesting to me than the editorial opinion of these journalists—who, since they live in constant danger of being captured, tortured to make them give information about their colleagues (usually by having their fingernails torn out), and then shot, lack the calm detachment of, say, Arthur Krock—are the pictures of French life presented, at least by implication, in such publications as *Bulletin des Chemins de Fer*, the clandestine organ of the railroad workers. Railroad men have perhaps the hardest rôle in the resistance movement. A factory saboteur faces the danger of detection and arrest, but when a railroad worker wrecks a train he may not even survive to be arrested. Furthermore, trains and freight yards are constant targets of bombing attacks; a railroader takes the same risks as the German troops among whom he finds himself. There are no air-raid shelters in freight trains as there are in factories. Moreover, railroaders furnish much of the information about troop and ammunition movements that leads to air attacks, and thus they call down the lightning on themselves. These dangers are superimposed upon conditions which are difficult enough in themselves—"overwork, long hours, pathetic remnants of rolling stock left by the Boche, coal dust that hardly burns in place of the good fuel of other days"—and upon the psychological strain of having to work for the Germans. "I know your suffering at feeling yourselves unarmed executioners of your countrymen when you drive trains toward Germany heavy with conscripted French workmen," one writer in *Bulletin* tells his comrades. (Many times, it may be noted, train crews have managed to stop somewhere and give the deportees a chance to escape through the windows of the cars.) "I know how you feel when you drive toward Germany freight trains loaded with all the substance that the Boche has drained from our rich land," the writer continues, "but you must endure, because you alone can on the great day, you eight hundred thousand rail workers, prevent the German from applying his strategy, paralyze his troop movements, isolate his units, immobilize his

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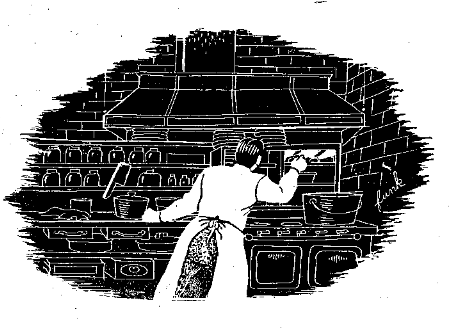
supplies, break his power, and precipitate his defeat."

The remainder of the same issue of *Bulletin* is more matter-of-fact. There is a prescription for getting rid of a fellow-employee who appears to be spying on resistance activities (accidentally drop a packing case on his toes), a list of the past month's railroad wrecks, and a note on a low *type*, an assistant stationmaster at the Perrache station, in Lyons, who curries favor with the German police. This *type* was present when political prisoners in a train passing through were throwing notes to friends on the platform. He saw a man on the platform cover a note with his foot. "The swine pointed the man out to a cop," *Bulletin* records. "He will not be overlooked." There is also the story of the wrecking of three civilian express passenger trains, with a heavy loss of life. These wrecks were the work not of any resistance group, readers are informed, but of *agents provocateurs* trying to twist public opinion against patriots. Patriot saboteurs do not molest trains of no military importance, especially passenger trains.

Another publication I always like to find in a packet that a friend in the underground movement now and then brings to my flat in London is *La Terre*, which calls itself "the organ of peasant resistance." Farmers, as a group, have always had the temperament and the facilities for resisting official pressure. Readers of *La Terre* are continually enjoined to delay threshing, to hide their harvests until they can be turned over to the *Maquis*, or at least to sell their crops privately to other Frenchmen, since any food delivered to Vichy authorities will be siphoned off to the Germans and sent out of the country. The government has inspectors to check up on agricultural production and delivery. Some of the inspectors, of course, are "reasonable," shutting their eyes to all discrepancies, since they are at heart as anti-Boche as anybody else. Others, not "reasonable," are mobbed or ambushed and beaten up with farm implements. In a Breton village, my latest *La Terre* informs me, three hundred people gathered around an inspector who had complained of the light weight of some pigs delivered by a farmer, and chased him into the mayor's office, from which the gendarmes had to rescue him. In another village, also in Brittany, an officious gendarme tried to make the farm wives stop baking, because the farmers are supposed to deliver all their flour to the government. Enraged women dumped him into a horse trough. In the Yonne department, farmers hide requisitioned horses and cows; in Loir-et-Cher, the farmers deliver no eggs, insisting that the hens stopped laying in 1940. In Seine-et-Oise, the peasants have formed committees to demand high grain prices. Everywhere the peasants unite to hunt informers, just as farmers in Iowa, not long ago, used to chase process servers. *La Terre* holds up the example of the scorched earth set by the Russian peasants. Incidentally, "Le Père Milon," de Maupassant's story of a Norman peasant who spent his nights killing German soldiers during the 1871 occupation, has been republished, according to *La Terre*, as a resistance pamphlet.



THERE are labor papers of all political shades. One, *Les Informations Sociales*, analyzes for French workers, in the tone of the *New Republic*, the Beveridge Plan and the differences between the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. *Les Informations* describes itself as "the bulletin of information for militant unionists." In addition to publishing informative articles, it has reprinted, without comment, Stalin's decree dissolving the Third International. It reports feelingly the arrest and deportation to Germany of Léon Jouhaux, president of the Confédération Général du Travail, for a time a fellow-prisoner of Herriot in the fortress of Bourrassol, and it denounces several prewar labor leaders who had accepted posts in fake labor unions set up by Vichy and are now trying to hedge against the defeat of Germany. It gives a long list of leaders of miners' unions sentenced for starting a strike against the Germans and it praises miners for bearing so much of labor's struggle against the enemy.

C.G.T., clandestine journal of the now submerged but still powerful Confédération, argues the necessity of beginning at once to rebuild a world labor movement and cites an index of prices which have made life almost impossible for French workmen in the last few years. In October, 1942, bread was up, over prewar prices, a hundred and forty per cent, potatoes two hundred per cent, wine two hundred and thirty per cent,

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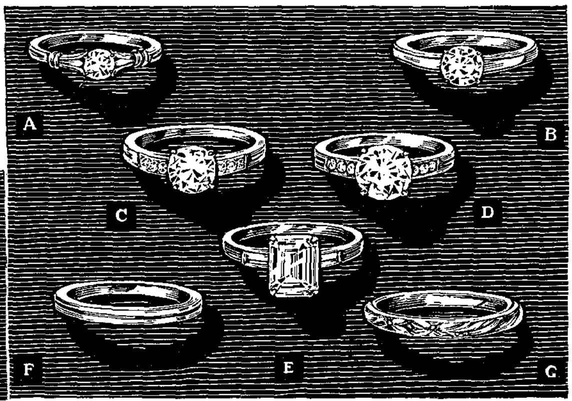
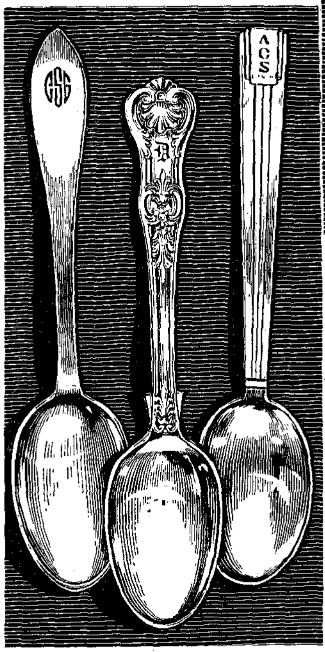
and shoes three hundred and twenty-five per cent. *Mouvement Ouvrier Français*, another labor publication, says that the working class is the main object of German attack: the employers continue to eat well, even though they must pay high prices, but workers have the choice of producing goods for the conqueror at starvation wages in France or of being deported to Germany, where, on rations almost as scanty, they will be killed by Allied bombers. *Combat*, the most widely circulated Mur paper, notes, apropos of the deaths of French workmen in air raids in the Reich, that the French censor forbids the phrase "Died in Germany" in the death notices that relatives insert in French papers, although the German papers, with their usual maudlin bad taste, carry long accounts of ceremonies held over the graves of French workers killed in the Reich. Germans put pansies on the graves of Frenchmen they have brought to Germany for forced labor, a proof, *Combat* says, of the well-known Boche sensibility.

One of the leading publications in the resistance press is *Cahiers du Témoignage Chrétien*, an excellently printed monthly which sets forth the Catholic arguments in favor of resistance. One issue, discussing whether collaboration is permissible for a Christian, decides that "collaboration with Nazism, perverse in itself, is against the interests and soul of France. Conclusion: *non possumus*." *Cahiers*, which reaches a large portion of the clergy and Catholic intellectuals, presents religious arguments against racism and anti-Semitism. It is interesting to observe the parallel reactions to Nazism in publications of sections of the clandestine press representing widely divergent groups. *Lettres Françaises*, the underground organ of French writers, charges that "a high proportion of pederasts among the collaborationists is to be expected, for to be against one's own country is against nature." The same sort of thought on the depravity of collaboration occurs in one of the regional clandestine publications, *Combat du Languedoc*. "That the Boche tortures and massacres accords with his business of being a Boche, but that a Frenchman sells other Frenchmen to the enemy, that is the ultimate depth of abjection. On the day of liberation, patriots . . . will sweep away the obscure rabble of informers for the Gestapo. Not even the memory of their crimes must survive in free France."

The regional publications have the strongest and most acrid odor of conflict. One issue of *Combat du Languedoc*, for





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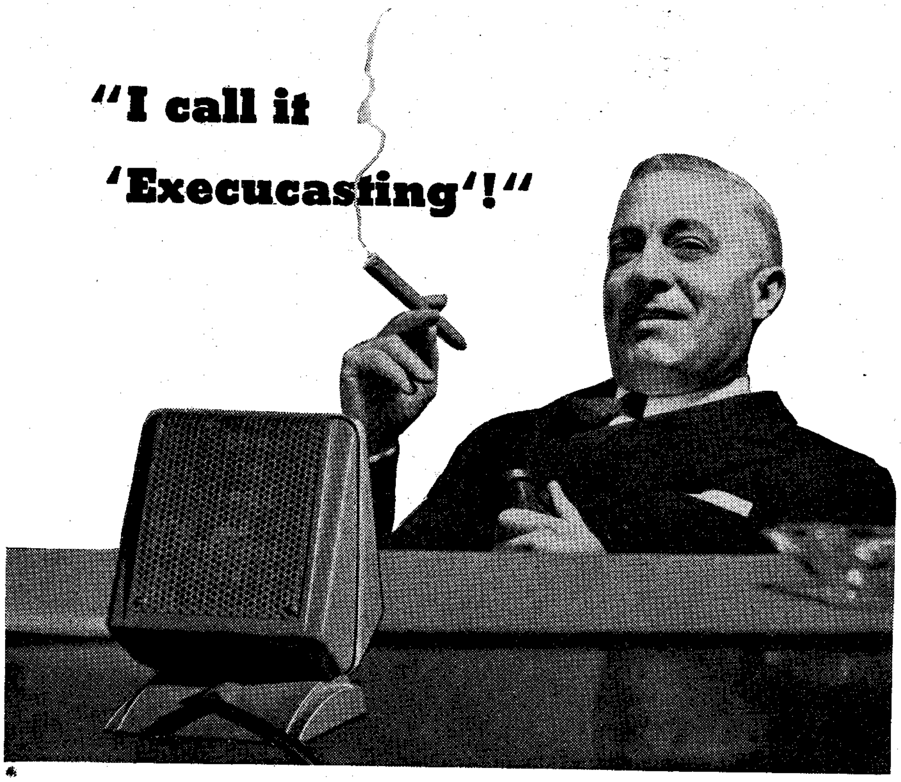

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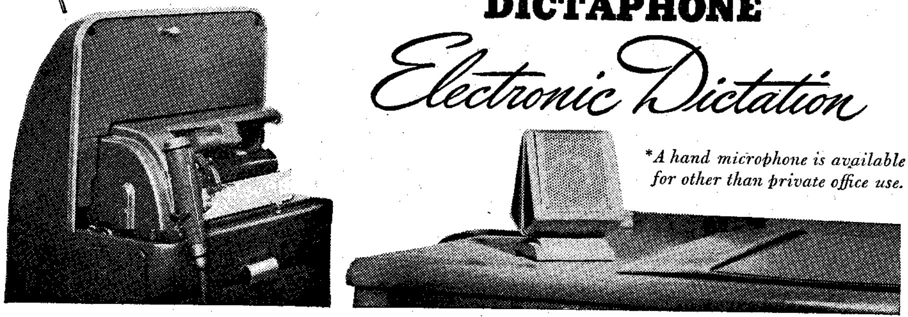

**A hand microphone is available for other than private office use.*

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example, contains a long blacklist of the traitors in surrounding towns and departments. There is in one town an ex-Republican priest who now informs against other clergymen who harbor Jews and *Maquis*; in another there is a Negro doctor, "forgetful of Nazi doctrines," who spies, and "a woman who sent her husband to forced labor and remained with a German soldier." There is a man who took money to betray the place where patriots had hidden the Strasbourg Cathedral's bells, removed to southwest France in 1939. Another man listed was a gunrunner for the Spanish Republicans in the civil war who has now turned coat and informs against refugees escaping across the Pyrenees. There is the president of a chamber of commerce who toasted a German victory, the Germanophile prefect kept by the widow of a former president of the Republic, the French colonel who sent his son to a Schutzstaffel cadet camp. Collaborators are named in print, even down to a man who was seen to tear a Lorraine cross from the neck of a young girl. From another regional publication I cite this excerpt: "Clermont-Ferrand—Our comrade ——— was arrested at sixteen-thirty, October 26th. He was brought to the morgue at two o'clock the next afternoon. His face was swollen almost beyond recognition; his neck bore marks of strangulation. All his fingernails had been torn out. One foot was swollen, enormous. He had two bullet holes in his temple. The executioners are known. They will not be tortured. They will be shot like dogs."

"LA VOIX DU NORD," the oldest and most powerful regional underground publication in the north of France, which has been occupied by the Germans since 1940, begins the latest issue I have received with a eulogy of Cardinal Lienart, Archbishop of Lille, who in a sermon defended the refusal of labor to work for Germans. This, in strongly Catholic Flanders, is news of the greatest importance. *Le Patriote de l'Oise*, another regional paper, thanks the Bishop of Beauvais for his steadfastness, and *La France Unie*, published in Brittany, praises the leading Catholic preacher of Rennes for his sermons on resistance; he has, the paper says, proved that deportation contradicts the doctrines of Christ. The first two of these publications have a strong Communist tinge, which indicates that the Germans and Laval have brought the French church and the French Communist

Party into agreement for the first time in history. *La Voix du Nord* cites as a less appetizing example the local Catholic official of Secours National, a Pétain version of *Winterhilfe,* who takes, for his nephews and nieces, the best shoes and clothes donated to this charity. His sister, *La Voix* declares, then distributes the remainder to the needy, but only to the needy who attend mass regularly. Another local petty grafter it names is a police adjutant who stops people carrying small parcels of food in the streets and confiscates them unless the people can prove that they have been bought legally but who himself levies an illegal tribute of a pound of butter every week from each farm wife. It notifies people living on the coast that Germans billeted in coastal villages have been provided with civilian clothing in which to escape if a surprise landing is made by the Allies. *La Voix* urges its readers to memorize the faces of these Germans, so that they will be able to point them out to Allied troops.

Le Patriote de l'Oise, which appears to be Communist, tells of police raids on "our de Gaullist friends" in the district in which it is published. It warns of the presence of Vichy state police in the town of Creil and advises readers to "leave cafés when these *types* enter." *La Voix* tells how gendarmes surrounded a house in which they knew a Communist was hiding, in a village in Flanders; it was his own house, in the town of his birth, and it was a public secret that he had returned there. The man tried to escape by an attic window and the gendarmes shot him off the roof. "We know them," *La Voix* concludes simply. Until some assurance to the contrary is received, many writers in the resistance papers seem to fear that the Allies are coming to rescue the gendarmes.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second of three articles on the French underground press.*)

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BLESSED Eventer feature of WWDC Washington will move to the Alexandria (Va.) Hospital when Mrs. Nora Lamborn, who for the past six months has been giving practical "blessed event" advice to the mothers of the WWDC audience, continues her Monday through Friday broadcasts during her confinement and the birth of her third child. Her aid and advice on the problems and worries of mothers will continue from the hospital and from her home, with a factual account of her own experiences relating to the birth and development of her own "blessed event."

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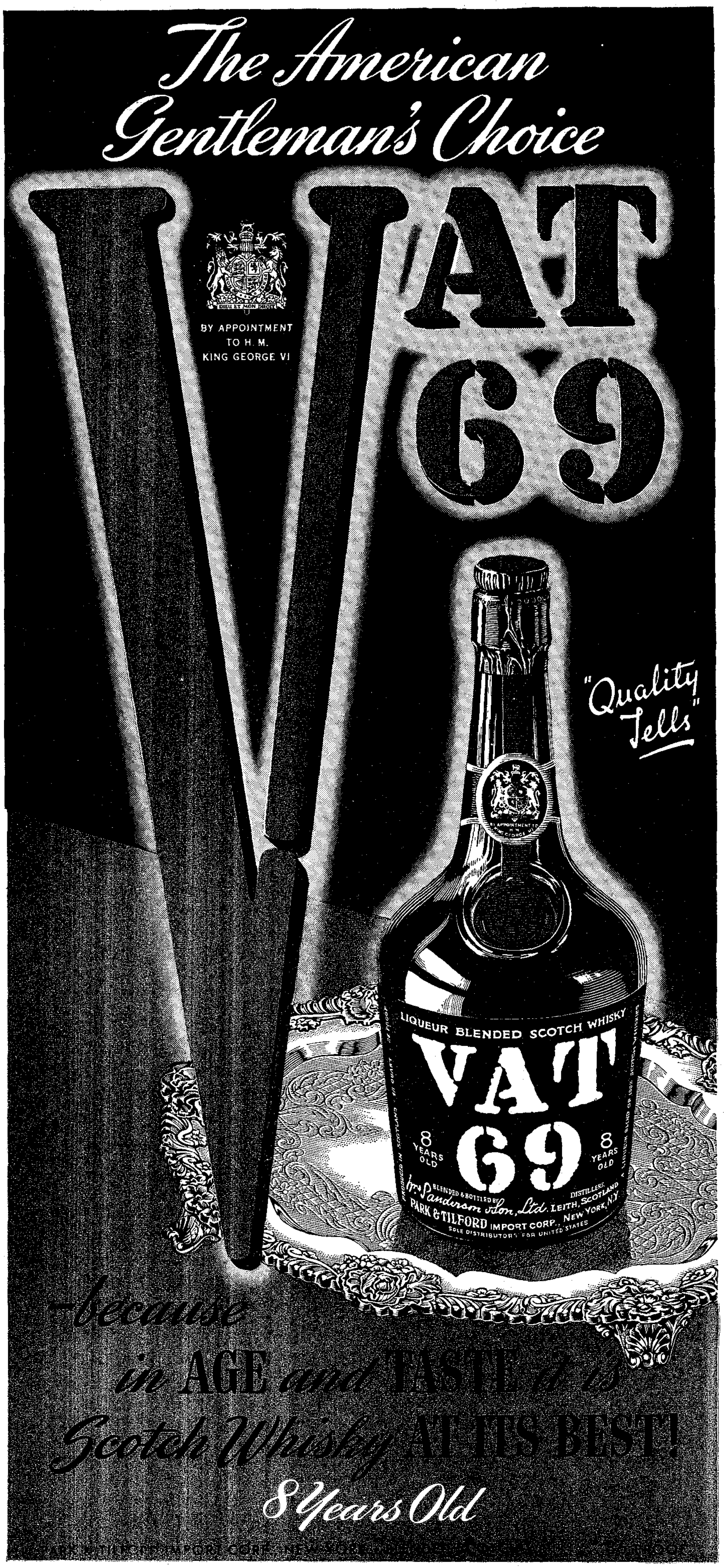
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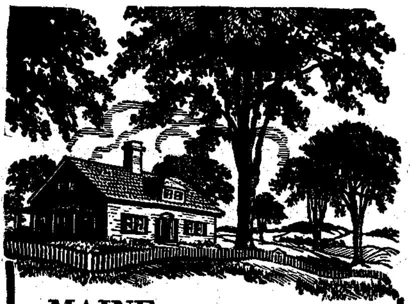

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THE RACE TRACK

Rain and Taxes

MAYBE the three-year-olds aren't what they used to be, but neither are the older horses. As a matter of fact, it was the three-year-olds who put on the best show at Jamaica last week. So many of them came out for the Experimental Handicap, which is only a $5,000 race, that it had to be run in two sections. On the other hand, the Excelsior Handicap, with a purse of $10,000, brought out only three older horses, possibly because it was raining and the other eligibles forgot their rubbers.

It's probably needless to say that Stir Up was the best colt in his section of the Experimental. He simply had too much of everything for the opposition. A horseman I know says that Stir Up runs more like War Admiral than anything he has seen in years. It's small wonder that he is now a 4–1 favorite for the Kentucky Derby. Nonetheless, as one who likes to file minority reports, I'm going to pick Pukka Gin to beat Stir Up in the Wood Stakes on Saturday. Although Pukka Gin finished second in the other division of the Experimental, he ran well. It was his first start in six months, he got away slowly and into close quarters twice, lost ground turning for home, yet he was beaten only a neck by Stronghold, to whom he gave eighteen pounds. Besides, Stir Up, who will be Pukka Gin's chief contender, will have to carry twelve pounds more than he did in the Experimental.

IT'S too bad that so few horses are running at Jamaica. The Excelsior, which Alex Barth won from Grey Wing and Boysy, was the only bright spot in the racing last weekend. The three horses skittered together through the mud and the rain, of which there was plenty, and Alex Barth got ahead in the last stride. Some thirty thousand rather chilled customers bet more than two million hot dollars on the seven races on Saturday. It seems as though this ought to be a record for something—endurance and optimism, perhaps.

NOT much rumpus has been raised by horsemen over the Compensating Use Tax for Occasional Transactions, as Mayor LaGuardia's little bouquet of welcome to local racing is called, which levies a tax of one per cent on the value of horses at Jamaica and Aqueduct. Owners either fill out the forms and pay the tax or else keep their beasts at Belmont, out of the City Collector's way. The tax with the long name isn't new. It's four years old and it's the one that used to be slapped on automobiles people bought in Connecticut or Jersey to evade the city sales tax back in the days when automobiles were things you could buy.

The tax people determine the value of a thoroughbred by its purchase price, the amount for which it's insured, or its entered price in a claiming race. I've been told that they have been understanding in their dealings with horsemen, allowing them to estimate the value of young, untried racers and to write off depreciation in older ones who aren't so good as they used to be. You'd suppose that William Helis, for example, who gave $66,000 for Pericles last year, would have to pay a $660 tax if his colt ran at Jamaica, but, if you did, you'd be wrong. Exactly how much he will have to pay on Pericles is a matter between him and the Bureau of City Collections, but he has so many expensive two-year-olds who are unknown quantities that he probably can get a rate on the batch.

I believe that the most heavily insured racer in the country is Count Fleet. Last year John Hertz, who owns him, asked Lloyds to go its limit. He wanted to insure Count Fleet for at least a quarter of a million—a million wouldn't buy him—but, what with the war and everything, all Lloyds would put on the colt was $175,000.

IF you're thinking of playing horses by numbers at Jamaica—as who doesn't?—four No. 1's on the program came in first one afternoon, and later in the week five No. 5's did the same thing. Bobby Permane, the Florida wonder child, rode four winners last week. Not bad going, but nothing like Tropical Park. —AUDAX MINOR

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PHILADELPHIA—(AP)—Historic Lindenhurst, the 80-acre $750,000 former estate of John Wanamaker, will be converted into a Boy Scout camp.

. . . But there's no decision about what the Scouts will do with the estate's 50-room, French chateau-type mansion, done in elaborate Louis XVI style. The chateau, the council said, isn't suitable for camping. *—Pittsburgh Post Gazette.*

Not even with the windows open?

OF ALL THINGS

AT this writing, we do not know how many of the German and Rumanian troops will manage to escape from Sevastopol. We can be sure, however, that the Axis warriors will try even harder to get out than they tried to get in.

•

The reign of Victor Emmanuel seems to be nearing its close. The little king will always be remembered as a man who began at the top and worked his way down.

•

The Germans must be chuckling over the clever trick they are playing on the Russians. They are making Stalin use up all his gunpowder to fire victory salutes.

•

It is revealed that the Nazi leaders have huge fortunes stowed away in other countries. The boys are evidently preparing for another of their masterly disengaging movements.

•

The intimation that Douglas MacArthur might be induced to go to Washington has surprised many of his admirers. They had always supposed that the General was dead set on returning to Bataan.

•

German fliers are bombarding our lines in Italy with leaflets designed to make the American soldiers wish that they were back home having a good time. The enemy may soon find out just how hard our men are willing to fight to make this wish come true.

•

Mussolini pretends to believe that the Allies planned to ship him to this country, where he would have been exhibited for a fee. He should have known that the freaks in our side shows have to be entertaining.

•

The New York State Democratic Committee has endorsed a fourth term for Roosevelt. Furthermore, it has re-elected Jim Farley chairman, just in case anybody thought the Committee really meant it.

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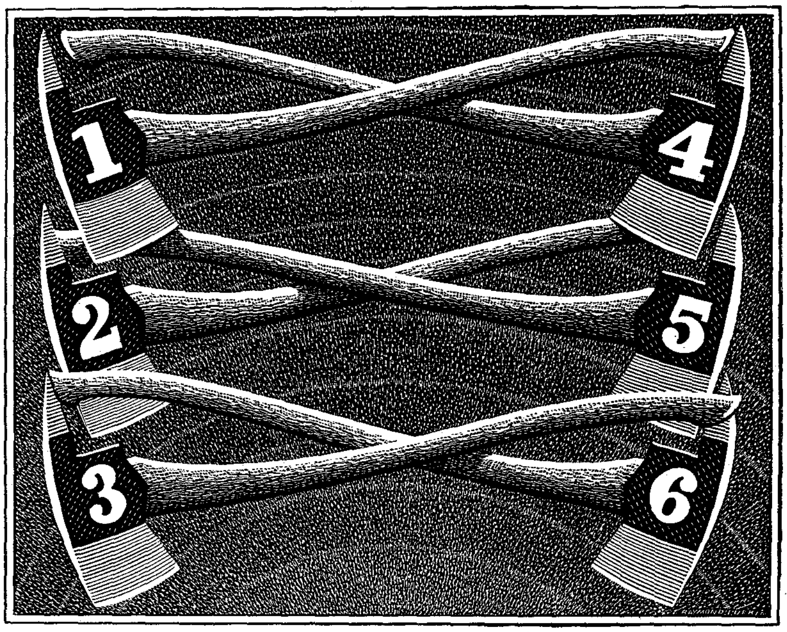
The trial of Kimmel and Short for neglect of duty has been indefinitely postponed. The authorities seem to feel that it is more important to pursue the Japanese than to pursue an investigation.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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If you do not have all these advantages, ask your own broker or agent about Atlantic coverage. He is impartial. His experience in serving hundreds of policyholders through scores of different insurance companies qualifies him to tell you how and why those six points protect you. Personal property and other forms of insurance too—as listed below.

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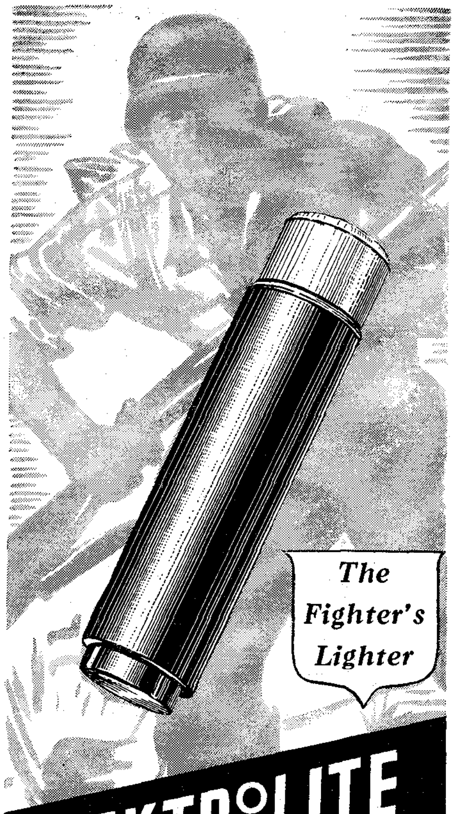

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Flameless Cigarette Lighters

NEEDS
NO PAMPERING • NO TAMPERING

LEKTR°LITE is the fighter's cigarette lighter because it needs no pampering. It works anywhere, anytime, under any conditions because it's FLAMELESS. NO FLAME to blow out in the wind, gale or slipstream. It needs no tampering, either—no wheels to spin, no spark to fail. And in the dark, there's no revealing flame, flare or glare, thus enabling our boys to smoke at night. *That's* the kind of cigarette lighter service men need*—and they're getting it! Every LEKTR°LITE goes to the front into the hands of a fighting man!

*Reprints of letters we have received from service men overseas are available on request

There is plenty of LEKTR°LITE FLUID for those owning pre-war LEKTR°LITES. So fuel up your lighter—the more you use it, the better it works!

IT'S THE FIGHTER'S LIGHTER
TODAY...YOURS TOMORROW
LEKTR°LITE
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BUY MORE WAR BONDS
LEKTR°LITE CORP., 1907 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 35, N. Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Buffalo Man

FACT and fiction, as usual, are given about equal representation in "Buffalo Bill," another Hollywood version of the life of a notable figure. According to the record, William F. Cody was not altogether the elementary, homespun fellow portrayed in Technicolor by Joel McCrea. However, maybe the picture will give a certain number of people enough interest in the man to send them to the library to find out what he was really like. This is a function of screen biographies that I have just thought up, and I pass it along to the promotion departments for nothing. "Thrill, chill, and become curious at 'The Life of Daniel Boone'!" some future ad may read. "Your local lending library will supply you with the real dope later."

In addition to McCrea, the cast of "Buffalo Bill" includes Maureen O'Hara as Mrs. Cody, Linda Darnell as a Cheyenne lady named Dawn Starlight, and Thomas Mitchell as Ned Buntline, the pulp writer who put Cody on the newsstands. Naturally, a good deal of the picture is about Indians and buffaloes, since the Western phase of Cody's career was the most photogenic. Then the action moves East, where some of Cody's troubles are dealt with, and also the organization of his Wild West Show. In the end, he is giving his last performance, with Teddy Roosevelt in the audience to say "Bully." The idea of the Wild West Show, according to the picture, was to give Easterners a better understanding of the Indian, whereas the chances are that Cody's actual purpose had something to do with making money. Well, at least we aren't told that he warned everybody to look out for the Japs.

"ADDRESS UNKNOWN," the small but widely sold book of a few years ago, has finally appeared as a vehicle for Paul Lukas, who is supported by Morris Carnovsky, Mady Christians, and others. Although extravagant changes have been made, the story still has to do with the punishment, by remote control in America, of a Nazi in Germany. As you may remember, the method is to shower the man with confidential letters signed with a Jewish name, so that the German censors will put the Gestapo onto him. This broad summation is about the only one that will embrace both the book's plot and the movie's. There is one hitch in the movie which it seems to me was somehow taken care of in the book, and that is that the Nazi would probably have explained right away to the Gestapo that the letters were a frameup. The character in the movie says simply that he was afraid to, and it isn't very convincing. Mainly, though, the difference between the two lies in the abandonment, in the screen version, of politics in favor of apolitical horror. Lukas becomes just a tormented, hunted man, surrounded by artistically photographed shadows, into which anti-Semitism has sort of disappeared from view. He does a good job, but it turns into a rather inconsequential one.

EVEN the English melodrama, though still a good institution, is getting stereotyped. The latest one, "The Yellow Canary," goes to show you. The minute a man attacks the Nazis, you know he is really a Nazi spy, and the minute a girl gets the reputation of being a Nazi sympathizer, you know she is really a British spy. You know that certain casual passers-by are going to turn up later as members of one spy ring or another, and you even have a hunch that somebody who gets shot dead may not be dead at all. Still, the usual fast pace is there, as well as the usual careful development of minor characters and the usual plausible, if improbable, accounting for everything that happens. Anna Neagle and Richard Greene are the principals, and Nova Pilbeam, the girl with the Wodehouse name, has a small part.

"BROADWAY RHYTHM," with George Murphy, Ginny Simms, Charles Winninger, Lena Horne, Hazel Scott, and everybody else, is just one more of those backstage musicals. It has occasional specialties that are good and dozens of absurdities and inanities that are murder. The Atlantic Charter should have had a clause ruling backstage musicals out of the postwar world.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Headline in the Times*]

ODESSA FACES FLANKING

Zenith's Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing Brings High Quality within Reach of All!

The New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid

Another Zenith "First"!

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL THERAPY

DAILY, all over America, hard of hearing persons who had given up hope of being helped, or who could not afford an adequate hearing aid, are finding a new world of happiness. They are discovering the thrill of "Radionic Hearing" with this high quality precision instrument at about one-quarter the price of other vacuum-tube instruments on the market today!

Zenith, pioneer in radionics and world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, has brought the hard of hearing "Another Zenith First." It places the fine precision quality that modern science and engineering can produce within reach of *all* who need it.

If we at Zenith never made a dollar on the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid, we would feel repaid a thousandfold by the expressions of delight, the smiles and in many cases the tears, of sheer gladness on the faces of these grateful people.

For the first time, many of them are able to hold vital wartime jobs and do their rightful share in Uncle Sam's wartime emergency. Many are hearing, *for the first time in years,* the voices of their children, their families, their friends. Handicapped youngsters, too, can now be saved from lives of failure and misunderstanding due to hearing deficiencies. 78% of all who are buying this revolutionary new instrument have never owned an adequate hearing aid before!

If you are hard of hearing, you owe it to yourself—your friends—and your country—to see a demonstration of the great advantages which ONLY ZENITH offers in a hearing aid. If you have a relative or friend who is hard of hearing, *you owe it to them* to urge attending a demonstration now going on at your local optical establishment franchised by Zenith. Let *their* ears be the judge. No one is pressed to buy. No salesman calls at the home. For free descriptive booklet, mail the convenient coupon below—today.

*

To Physicians: A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

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READY TO WEAR
Complete with Radionic Tubes, Crystal Microphone, Magnetic Earphone and Batteries. One model—no "decoys"... One price—$40... One quality—our best. Covered by a liberal guarantee.

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ONLY ZENITH GIVES YOU:

1 **The fine precision quality that modern knowledge and engineering make possible in a hearing aid, yet priced at only $40,** complete, ready to wear. *One model*—no "decoys"... *One price*—$40 . . . *One quality*—our best. You need not pay more or accept less.

2 **Four-Position Tone Control.** The flick of your finger instantly adjusts it to the most effective combination of low, medium and high tones for individual needs in varying surroundings, hearing deficiencies in various ranges. No further adjustments necessary.

3 **Special Battery-Saver Circuit.** Insures economy in battery consumption . . . results in substantial saving of battery life and battery replacement expense.

4 **Zenith Quality—Zenith Guarantee.** Zenith, world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, is fortunate in having the knowledge of precision production that makes possible this quality hearing aid at a remarkably low price. Guaranteed for a full year, with unique service insurance plan.

The Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is available through reputable optical establishments franchised by Zenith.

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•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

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There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

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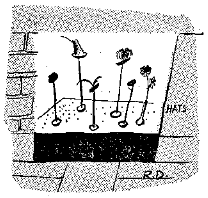
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

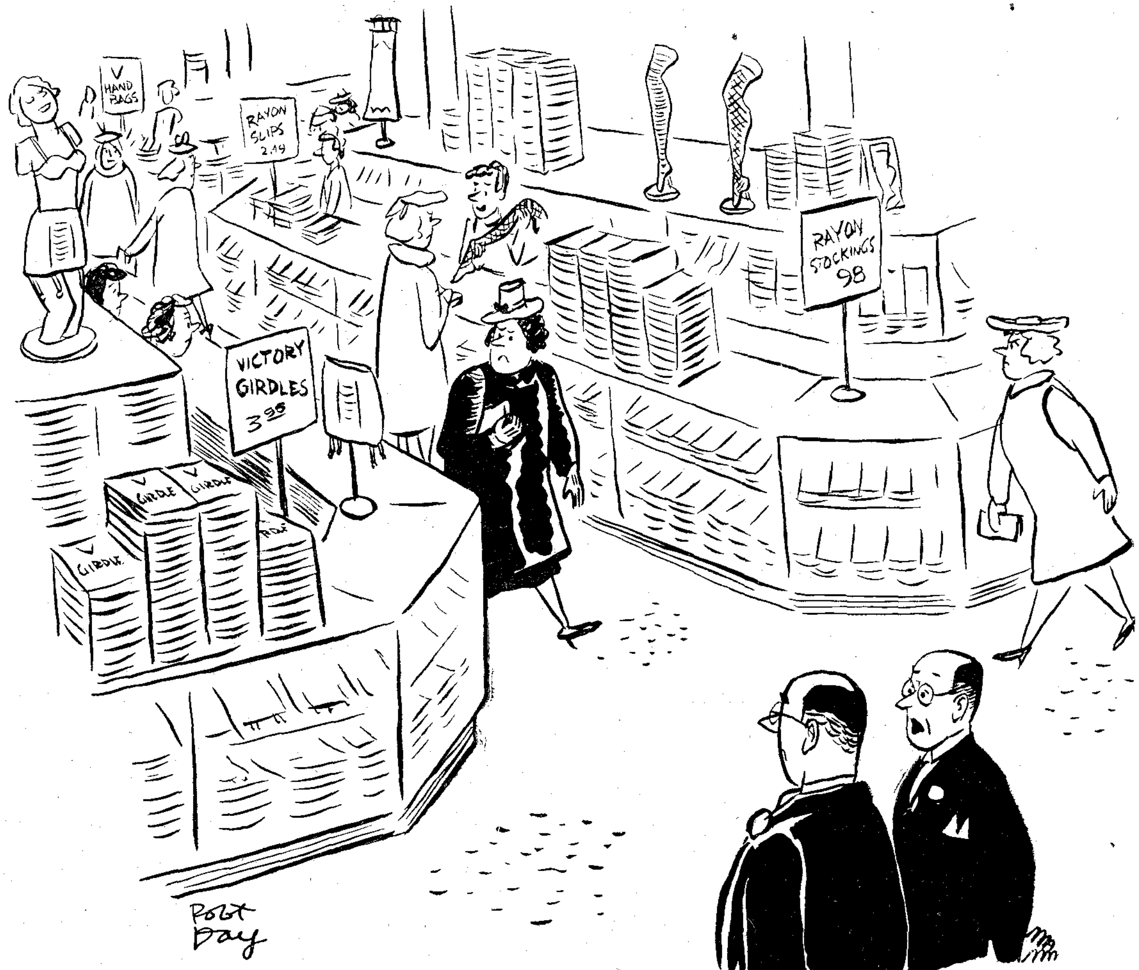
FEMININE FASHIONS



WHEN, a generation or more ago, girls entered their teens, mothers donned a look of martyrdom (the while their daughters donned various ill-fitting versions of the middy blouse) and prepared to sit out the horrors of the "awkward age" with a resignation occasionally punctuated by peels of derisive laughter, a practice that did little to give adolescent girls grace and poise. It wasn't until the late twenties that anything was done to dress these young ladies properly, and even then the condescending words "awkward age" were still tossed about and Mother, with a great air of why-bother, still did the selecting. Only very recently were the girls themselves consulted about their likes. Nowadays, sympathetic and expert work goes into the production of clothes for growing girls, and designers and mothers have actually taken the time to find out that girls in their early teens hate pigtails, curls, high-waisted dresses, and other so-called ingenue dresses (except for evening, when they yearn to be romantic) and want, instead, well-tailored clothes of the type they call (alas, don't we all?) "sophisticated." Saks-Fifth Avenue has quantities of the kind of suits the children like in a new department known as the Young Circle Shop, which caters to the ten-to-sixteen age bracket. There are nice tailored wool jersey suits with short, single-breasted, fitted jackets and skirts with kick pleats, in aqua, maize, caramel, and rambler rose. There are darker suits, too, such as a navy-and-white wool shepherd-check affair whose jacket fastens with pearl buttons, for $29.95 (a representative price). There are wool gabardine suits in several colors, including Air Force blue, and others with blazer-type jackets, one of red wool bound with blue. The slacks around the place are in flannel or in wool gabardine, with zipper side openings, and their tailoring is masculine. Cotton dresses are here in abundance. There are also some of blue-and-white ticking, trimmed with red rickrack braid and silver-metal buttons. This same ticking makes a dirndl skirt with a huge patch pocket that is suspended from the waistband; it also makes princesse jumper dresses with wide shoulder straps and two-piece dresses that have nipped-in jackets and skirts with unpressed pleats in front.

BONWIT TELLER'S Teen Shop is showing ready-to-wear originals, designed by Emily Wilkens and beautifully made up in Everfast cottons. There are things for (as the saying goes) every occasion, but the play clothes are particularly fine. An ensemble called Hayseed, for instance, consists of a blue, white, and brown plaid gingham blouse with padded shoulders and ruffles on the turnover collar and cuffs ($5.95), a pale-blue cotton overall, just above knee length, with plaid cuffs ($10.95), and a blue cotton wrap-around dirndl skirt ($5.95). A four-piece affair that could see you through a whole country weekend has a blue-and-white striped chambray blouse, a striped, wrap-around dirndl skirt, a white embroidery bra top with striped shoulder straps, and striped, cuffed shorts. The business named Mexican Hayride, of strawberry-pink and black checked gingham, shows a good inch of bare midriff (aren't the young ladies getting a little *too* emancipated all of a sudden?). Its pinafore-type bra top buttons onto old-fashioned knickerbockers and there is a matching dirndl skirt with a black cotton hem.

SIZES nine to seventeen are on hand in Altman's Young Colony Shop, where you can pick up charming cotton



"I'll tell you one thing about the postwar world that's got me worried, B. L.—how are we ever going to unload those Victory girdles?"

Laughter—to give you strength

LAUGHTER for enjoyment? For merriment and just plain fun? Certainly. But with the shadows of war ever present over the world—over your land—in your street and in your home—laughter can bring you much more.

It brings to your life release from tension—a respite from wondering and worrying—refreshment and courage and strength to tackle tomorrow's job with new zest and vigor—new hope and courage. Laughter—to give you strength.

Laughter—from the jesters of a nation—over your radio, with its funny men and women, its witty, well-turned phrases . . . its puns . . . its comical songs and situations.

Laughter is a pretty important part of life.

Laughter is a pretty important part of radio.

It's a pretty important part of the Blue Network.

There's wit in plenty, too, on many Blue programs—though wit is but one of the ingredients of this round-up of the great of the entertainment world.

You are the one that makes these and all the rest of radio's comedy possible. You in your home . . . you in your job . . . you on your ship . . . you in barracks, and tents and on the battlefields of the world.

You—and your chuckles and laughs that can't be ordered or ordained or dictated—no, and sometimes not even predicted.

Your tired nerves need the balm of humor. When your spirits need the lift of sly wit . . . when you want to laugh freely, wholeheartedly, joyously—listen to your radio.

THIS IS THE Blue NETWORK

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WHEN THEY GRADUATE INTO A WORLD OF PEACE!
Today every Hamilton Watch is going to American boys to help guide their ships, planes. When peace comes, Hamilton will again make the finest graduation gift a girl or boy could want, a watch worth waiting for, a Hamilton!

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A WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR

Smart Hose

FOR MEN

Sizes 9½ to 12

Exceptional in Quality—far superior to average grades—Hand-embroidered Clockings or Smart Patterns.

Lisle Hose of the quality for which Sulka's are famous—various shades —*$2.50 to $4.25 a pair*

We will be pleased to send an assortment for your selection

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dresses that are Victorian without being either coy or fussy. They are done in pastels—pink, yellow, blue, lilac, and gray—and most of them are trimmed with narrow white eyelet-embroidered ruffles. They cost from $10.95 up and no one else has them. For afternoons, there are, to begin with, pinafore types with deep, square necks and bows on the shoulders. Some are princesse, with the square necks outlined with beading threaded with contrasting grosgrain ribbon; some are sleeveless and very décolleté, with grosgrain shoulder straps, and have a tiny bolero, tying in a bow at the front, to put on when you feel that you'd like more coverage. Rickrack appears occasionally; for example, one dress has a low, round-neck basque top with rickrack edging and a full skirt with big triangles of rickrack on it.

THIS year, so I hear, girls are demanding romantic evening gowns, ingenue but as naked as possible. Best has lots of answers to this battle cry. One is a pink rayon marquisette affair with appliquéd black lace flowers sprawling diagonally from the bosom well down on the skirt. It is so constructed that it can be worn strapless, if the young owner insists. A pale-blue rayon marquisette dress has rosebuds scattered on the full skirt and going across the neckline in front; another model, of black rayon marquisette over white rayon taffeta, has white taffeta flowers outlining the peplum. Frothy things like these cost around $40. Best also has dinner dresses that should appeal to practically any age, such as a rayon crêpe with a high back, a deep V neckline in front, a split skirt, and puffs of rayon taffeta that can be snapped on across the front of the belt to give a peg-top look if you like. This comes in various color combinations—greige and turquoise, for one—and costs $29.95. There are prints, square-necked in front, with wrap-around skirts cascading down one side, also at $29.95, and there are navy and black chiffons, the tops softly draped, the midriffs fitted, the skirts full, at $49.95. Among Best's evening coats you will see white marabou jackets or capes and—for those who think marabou belongs only on bed jackets—white or pastel flannel jackets with bows of self-material at either side of the yoke; these are all $19.95. There are also black rayon velvet box jackets, at $15.

IF your problem is children who are a lot younger, you might turn to De Pinna, who has a stock of exceptional things for such small people. Play clothes in sizes three to six include checked gingham play suits with frilled white organdie at the neck and making the edging on the shorts, which are pleated to look like skirts. These suits have a sash tying in a big bow, and the only word I can think of to describe them is, I'm afraid, "adorable." They're $4.95. There are pin-dotted white cotton dresses with ruffles and suspender backs like pinafores; these have attached pants and the price is the same. Unbleached muslin pinafores have bands of embroidery that give an apron effect to the skirt. Sturdy navy cotton overalls, in sizes one to three, fasten with bright red buttons; $2.50.

IT'S time now, I think, to give grown-ups a break. Let's start with Chez Rosette, at 10 East 56th Street. For the hot weather that is inevitably on its way (and you'll probably be spending more time in the city than you used to, remember), Chez Rosette has a rayon linen dressmaker suit. Plastic buttons adorn the short, fitted jacket and the skirt is gored. This comes in black, navy, gray, Kelly green, or lavender, and it costs $29.95. In general, however, clothes in cottons and rayon linens range more modestly from $10.95 to $19.95, and in this group are such treasures as violet rayon linen dresses, buttoned down the front, with a square neck trimmed with wide bands of guimpure, or a chartreuse rayon sharkskin affair with a Chinese collar and a set-in belt. Spun rayon, printed with contrasting bowknots, makes a dress fastened with pearl ball buttons; a daisy-print cotton number has an oval neck trimmed with self-scallops and fastens with topaz glass buttons. There are also lots of simple but perfect dark street and afternoon dresses. A two-piece dress or suit of rayon faille is $15; others go up to about $50.

The hats, either custom or ready-to-wear, cost from $5 up and up and are really quite gay. A "chignon veil" consists of a band of flowers across the back

of the head with a veil that either covers the back hair, or chignon, or comes forward to cover your front hair. There are vast straw cartwheels and feather bands to wear across the centre of the head. For evening, there are net plaques trimmed with roses across the front. Speaking of roses, this shop has a talent for finding for its hats inexpensive flowers that are as subtle in color as the French ones used to be.

KATHLEEN, at 118 East 60th Street, is ready for grownups, too, in sizes from twelve all the way to forty-two. She has a collection that should suit nearly everyone's ideas and budget, but she is, of course, most noted for her ensembles for exacting older women. Dresses, both printed and plain, with fine detail, come in rayon crêpes and thin wools. Coats to accompany them are usually full length and in a heavier and darker wool, so that they can also be worn over a variety of other costumes. Kathleen's clothes are not inexpensive, except to the people who have found out how thoroughly satisfactory they are for a variety of occasions. They cost around, say, $110 for an ensemble. I don't know of anyone in town who has a better selection of this type.

WHEN it comes to accessories, the Lenthéric salon, at 761 Fifth Avenue (58th), is a spot to keep in mind. Take negligees. There are fine seersucker robes in green, red, or navy-and-white checked fabric, with lace-edged, frilled collars and cuffs to make them feminine despite all their practicality; there are rayon shantung wrap-arounds dotted with rosebuds and trimmed with tiny lace ruffles; there are white rayon brocade fitted housecoats. The group runs from $15.75 to $22.75. Among the ready-to-wear blouses you have striped seersucker ones with fishnet loops at the collarless neck ($9.50) and others of men's figured cotton shirting with eyelet embroidery on the convertible collar. Striped pure-silk affairs with frilled collars and jabots are $26.95. Gilets, either ruffly or plain, come in handkerchief linen, pale-pink mousseline, rayon taffeta, and the like. They're $7.50 and $8.50. . . . The Blouse Shop, at 688 Madison Avenue (62nd), makes custom blouses of pure silk for $29.50 and up. Some have a bow at the throat and some have a slashed, tailored neckline. The detail in the ones at around $45 is exquisite indeed. Ready-to-wear cotton blouses start at $6.50.

Belts are important this spring, and

"She's a . . . WONDER!" says Private Pringle

No, she's not a Wac or a Wave, but Private Pringle says she's a wonder. She's a "Harvey Girl". Every day she serves tens of thousands of meals, along with at least as many smiles, to Private Pringle and his fellow members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

You see, Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels and dining cars nearly span the continent along America's most traveled trails. That's why it has become our wartime responsibility to feed vast armies of U. S. servicemen on the move. And that's why every Harvey Girl is so busy . . . busier than ever before.

We're proud of her. She's shouldering her wartime job like a soldier. And next week, if she should trade her apron for a uniform of khaki or blue—as more than 1000 other Fred Harvey employees have done—we, of course, will be prouder still.

But even now, there aren't nearly as many of her as there were, and she's not so experienced, and she's serving more of you civilians than ever, too. So if she can't always give you service right up to the old-time Fred Harvey standard, we know you will understand.

We appreciate your good natured patience. Just remember . . . when it's all over this young lady will be more numerous . . . with more time to serve your Fred Harvey meal in the tradition of hospitality you have come to expect.

★ ★ ★

AFTER THE WAR, with money you're saving in War Bonds, *travel* and see the America for which we are fighting. Visit the world-famous Fred Harvey Hotels at Grand Canyon National Park and in old Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

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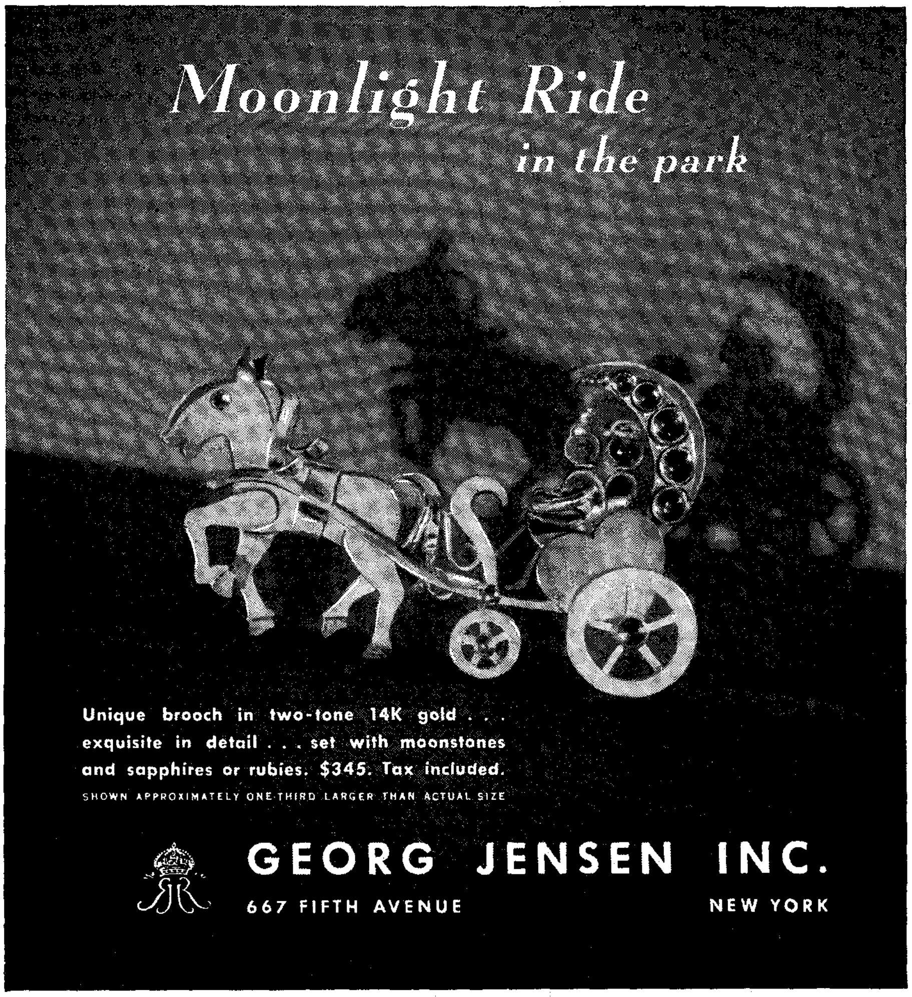

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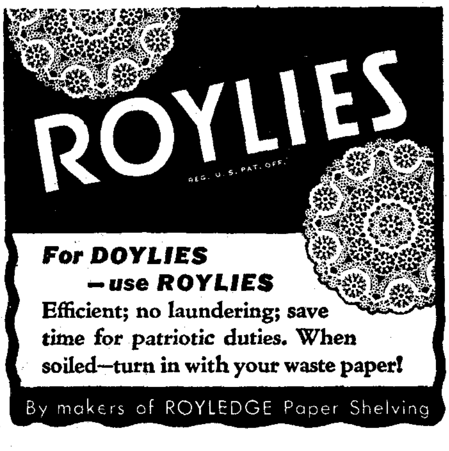
To Our Readers

Paper shortage has obliged us to request the omission of certain advertisements from this issue and the reduction in size of others. To those advertisers and to their colleagues, who have made it possible for us to accomplish this, we herewith express our thanks.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good ones are hard to find. Phelps Associates, at 43 Washington Square South, do beautiful leather work in the saddlery tradition. If you are an Old World type who plans far ahead and doesn't expect rush jobs, this is your shop. Belts start at $4.50 for an inch-wide cowhide one with a mannish buckle; two-and-a-half-inch affairs, which are almost impossible to find around town, cost $12.50. Phelps makes lovely handbags without any frills or furbelows, which owe their distinction to their workmanship. They are either unlined or lined with leather and take the form of shooting pouches, postman's bags, haversacks, and so on. They run from $12.50 well up and are the kind of thing you will keep forever. . . . Delman, at Bergdorf Goodman, still has shoes of colored leathers, such as perforated chiffon suèdes or kids, in light or bright colors, made up in various ways. He also has navy calf and suède shoes, for which every woman in town cries at this season of the year. And finally, among his all-day-long shoes, such as his tailored sandals or classic pumps with extension soles, there is still some wine-colored baby lizard and calf.

—L. L.

•

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

THE EVENING STAR—THE
SUNDAY STAR
WASHINGTON, D. C.

APRIL 14, 1944

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I WOULD be the last of its charter subscribers to chide the New Yorker, but I am not above demurring that the significance of England's contemplation of right-hand driving was missed in your "Notes and Comment" department in the March 25th issue.

The practice of passing on the left goes back, as you know, to the day when all travellers were strangers, rode horses, and had a high degree of distrust one for another. By keeping the other fellow on your right, it was possible to unsheathe your sword and be instantly ready to fight it out with him.

I think what has happened is that the English have just noticed that the sword has become obsolete.

Sincerely,
JAY CARMODY
Drama Editor

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

Melodramma in one act by
G. TARGIONI-TOZZETTI e G. MENASCI
Musica by PIETRO MASCAGNI

The scene represent a square of a smoll tawn in Sicily. It is easter day at the curtain is still down we hear the vaice of Turriddu who at dawn is singing his love to Lola underneath her balcony.

The young and ardent peasant befare being called to arms he had sware faith pulness to the beauntiful gire, hutas he retum finding her married amotter he tried to forget her by mahing love to Santuzza.

The poor Santuzza Knows all this always watches her lowe, one day not slling Turriddu the goes to his mather asho for him his mather tells her the he as gone to Francofonte to buy wine. Santuzza heuriny this says that it is not true becaus he has been seen in the town at midinght entering in sala house, there talls is jut aff by the arriving of Lola husbond comferming that he had seen Turriddu in the marniny not far from is place mather Lucia is trying to have ather newes hut Santuzza tellis he to be silent.

When all the people enter to church Santuzza tells mather Lucia the stanj of her love mith Turriddu and how Lola hecoming jealous of her is betrawing her hurband.

Mather Lucia afther hearing such stary blesses Santuzza and enter to church to pray holg mary.

In the meantime Turriddu arrives and finds Santuzza sitting in front af his house, be becomes veny angry tells Santuzza thet is does nat want to be bather mith her foulish jealausy.

The scene is intempt by Lola who is gaing to church, sees Turiddu she demando if he saw compar Alfio then noticing Santuzza she as her unly she is not to mess Santuzza in a bad way hearing this says that the is thanful to gad and Kisses the earth, and then goes to the church invitings Turiddu to fallow her. Santuzza tello Turiddu to remain but he trowes Santuzza to the grondad and fullowes Lola in church Santuzza in her furious jealousy Blasphem hidn a Bad Easter.

In the some moment compar Alfio comes in to go to church Santuzza stopa him aud tells the sed stony of Lola and Turiddo he becomes furions of jealousy and swears that he will have rerrenge befare night falls. when mess is finish Turiddu, invites his friendo for a drink together while thej are drinking compar Alfio comes in and Turiddu seeing him affero a glass a of wine which compar Alfio rifuses sming thut his wine was paison for him. Turiddu hearing such wards town the wine at compar Alfio feet while the women are tahing Lola amaj Turiddu and compar Alfio goes one against the other and immediately deside the duel in the bach ground, compar Alfio lives mith vome friends and Turiddu goes to his house, calls mather Lucia telling her that he had drink a little too much that he wanted to he blessed lihe the day he parted for the army and that if he does not return to tabe care of Santuzzo mhich he hud promess to marry. Kisses his mather forewell and then runs to the bach ground. In the meantime Santuzzo comes to speak to mather Lucia in the distance you 'hear a voice Hollering that grave killed compar Turiddu.

—*Program notes for an opera in Italy.*

Basic Italian?

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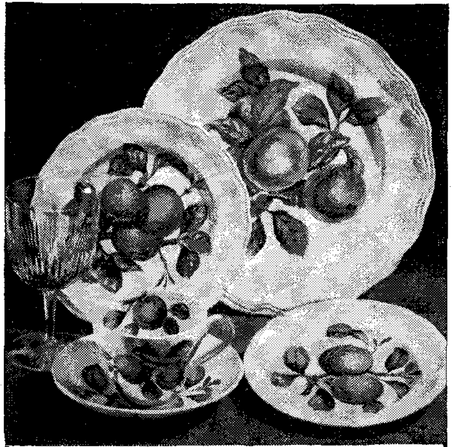

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Dancing Time

THE town is brimful of ballet these nights and days. At the Metropolitan Opera House the Ballet Theatre is having a season that will run through May 7th, and at the City Center the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo will be in session through April 29th. Both troupes got going the same evening, and both seem to be prospering. So are the florists, apparently, because balletomanes are sending unusually large tokens to their favorite ballerinas this year. At the Ballet Russe opening, the man in charge of distributing floral greetings to the ladies hauled basket after basket of blooms to the stage following the final curtain of "Les Sylphides." The showers of flowers are in keeping with the grand manner in which both companies are operating this season, with many stars on display at every performance and many famous ballet works on exhibition.

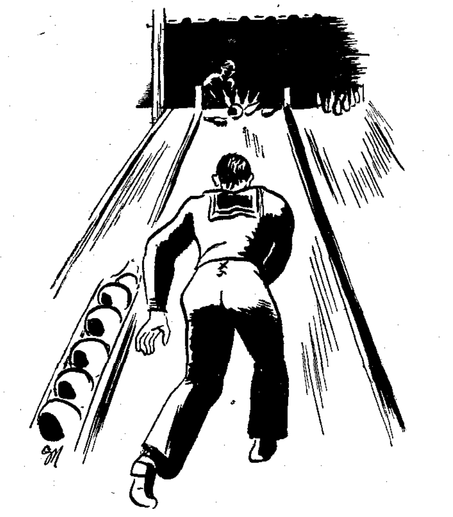
There have been novelties, too. The Ballet Russe introduced to New York "The Red Poppy," which had previously been known hereabouts chiefly through orchestral performances of the sailors' dance from its score. This version of the ballet differed from the original Russian edition in various respects (you'll find an excellent account of the original in Cyril W. Beaumont's encyclopedic "The Complete Book of Ballets"), but the current "Red Poppy" may be both considered and enjoyed without reference to earlier presentations. Although there are a few ideological suggestions in the story, "The Red Poppy" is mostly straight show, shrewdly devised by Igor Schwezoff, with a good deal of engaging dancing, including striking specialties, such as Igor Youskevitch's ribbon dance, Frederic Franklin's sailor's dance, and Ruthanna Boris's impersonation of the Dancer on the Golden Platter. The music of Reinhold Glière, except for the now familiar sailors' dance, is effective rather than distinguished.

Another Ballet Russe novelty was Bronislava Nijinska's choreographic composition "Etude," danced to an assortment of music by Johann Sebastian Bach. This work had quite a long career abroad before it arrived in New York last week; however, though it showed much thought and attention to detail in its movements and groupings, it seemed almost too abstract. "The Cuckolds' Fair," choreographed by Pilar López to a score by Gustavo Pittaluga, was still another Ballet Russe novelty. It wasn't the racy sketch that the title or the scenario in the program might have led one to expect. Instead, it turned out to be a pleasant *divertissement espagnol*, but not much more.

The Ballet Theatre had among its first-timers Agnes de Mille's "Tally-Ho, or The Frail Quarry," which, as the program note observed, had "nothing to do with fox-hunting." Three of the characters are "A Lady, no better than she should be" and "Two others, somewhat worse," and the stage activities were generally prankish. At the first performance, "Tally-Ho" seemed diffuse, but I hear that since then it has been trimmed and speeded up and that it now realizes all its possibilities. The use of music by Gluck, arranged for the occasion by Paul Nordoff, sets off the not entirely classic dancing entertainingly.

Miss de Mille's "Rodeo," by the way, is in the repertoire of the Ballet Russe, and a note should be made of the charming performance of the Cowgirl by Miss Dorothy Etheridge.

HANDEL's opera, "Julius Caesar," which is more written about than performed, came to Town Hall in a concert version last week under the vivacious and musicianly direction of Ernst Gebert. Even in an arrangement which omitted action and chorus, it was fine, often stirring music, and the performance, by a group of string players from the Philharmonic-Symphony, Ernst Victor Wolff at the harpsichord, and five solo singers, had that indefinable asset known as "style." The English translation (the opera was



"Giulio Cesare" when it was first done in London more than two hundred years ago) was simple and direct and the orchestral arrangement had ample color, despite the elimination of wind instruments and the viola da gamba and bass lute of the original score.

—Robert A. Simon

POPULAR RECORDS

Hawkins, Hall, and Others

THE output of good hot records has been almost normal the past few weeks, bans and priorities notwithstanding, and a number of them are available at the Commodore Music Shop. One of the recent pressings you might like to know about couples "My Ideal" and "Mop Mop," recorded for Commodore by Coleman Hawkins and Leonard Feather's All Stars (548). You'll find in both numbers a good deal of the casualness that is so rare in jazz improvisation and there are solos by such eminent virtuosos as Cootie Williams (trumpet), Edmond Hall (clarinet), and Art Tatum (piano), along with Hawkins' own sensitive tenor-sax coloratura in "My Ideal."

Commodore has also turned out a recording (1512) by the Edmond Hall Sextet of two improvisations called "Uptown Café Society Blues" and "Downtown Café Society Boogie." Both sides have striking trumpet solos by Emmett Berry and trombone solos by Vic Dickerson, and both, of course, have a lot of mellow clarinet by Hall himself. The "Boogie" winds up with a drum break by Sidney Catlett that takes up only a couple of bars but leaves you charmed and happy. And why hasn't more of a fuss been made about Mr. Berry up to now?

Still another Commodore release (1511) worth a collector's attention is devoted to "Panama" and "That's A Plenty," played by Wild Bill Davison and his Commodores. Among the latter are Pee Wee Russell, who can, as everybody knows, make a clarinet growl and whimper and even sound like a clarinet, and Eddie Condon, who has lost none of his devilish facility with the guitar since he has been presiding over jazz concerts in Town Hall. Davison himself takes care of the trumpet—quite creditably, too. "Panama" is straight Dixieland and an especially lucid and expressive example of that style.

If it's authentic blues you're after, James P. Johnson's twelve-inch recording for Blue Note (25) of his own "Carolina Balmoral" and "Backwater Blues," written in collaboration with

LISTEN: APRIL 22, 1944

Q. Of the following celebrities, how many ring a bell in your mind?

Thorndyke McKeester
Carmelita Feingold
Daphne Ramsbottom
Cyril Clabber
J. J. Schmilick
Tallulah Rubin
Mrs. Nemo Fishball
Falstaff Openshaw
Burlington Culpepper
Orlando Badoo
Gunther Badoo
Kittens Brannigan
Poultney Feffer
Balsam Bushkin
Digby Rappaport
Senator Bloat

A. They are all characters on-and-off-stage in Fred Allen's weekly carnival of hilarity (CBS 9:30 pm EWT, Sunday) and any resemblance between them and any person living or dead is wholly coincidental, unpremeditated, and certainly immaterial.

★

In 1904, when there wasn't any radio whatever, a Mr. and Mrs. Ueberall landed from Austria and set up a little department store on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn. St. Lucy's Church nearby needed money. The Ueberalls gave $500.

When the present war broke out the Ueberalls tried to get some kinfolk out of Austria and into the United States. The quota was filled, and Mrs. Ueberall, as a last hope, asked the pastor of St. Lucy's for advice. He told her to get in touch with Archbishop Caruana of Havana, Cuba. When she heard from him, he reminded her that he had been the priest of St. Lucy's forty years ago. Through his good offices, the Ueberall relatives in Austria were brought first to Cuba, then to Brooklyn.

The other night, Mrs. Ueberall and the Archbishop spoke to each other for the first time in 40 years. Their two-way conversation took place on the radio—on "*We The People*" (CBS Sunday 7:30 pm EWT).

★

One of the most perplexing letters that reached the Foreign Inquiry Service of the Worcester Red Cross was a Swiss-stamped envelope addressed to "Frau Grete David Colintrave, 19 Wardle Road, Smallbridge, Rochdale, Mass." There was no such street and no such person in Rochdale. After spending months trying to locate her as well as 9 other "missing persons" who had received mail from abroad, the Red Cross was ready to give up.

Station WTAG, CBS affiliate, offered to help, went on the air one evening, broadcast the names of the missing persons. Within an hour, three phone calls came in.

A man said, "My wife lives in Rochdale, England, and there is a Wardle Road there."

A woman said, "My niece lives on Wardle Road, Smallbridge, Rochdale, England."

Another woman said, "I was born in Rochdale, England."

WTAG's broadcast resulted in locating or at least providing "hot" leads for 8 other "lost" addressees. They're still trying to find Boya Constandia. Do you know him—or where he is?

★

The voice you hear narrating the Russian documentary war film "Ukraine in Flames", now showing in New York, belongs to CBS correspondent Bill Downs, formerly stationed in Moscow, now in London.

Downs saw many of the grim events in the film's sequences. He finished writing the narration in two days in an unheated, bombed-out Moscow studio, and refused a fee with the request that it be turned over to the Red Army Relief Fund.

★

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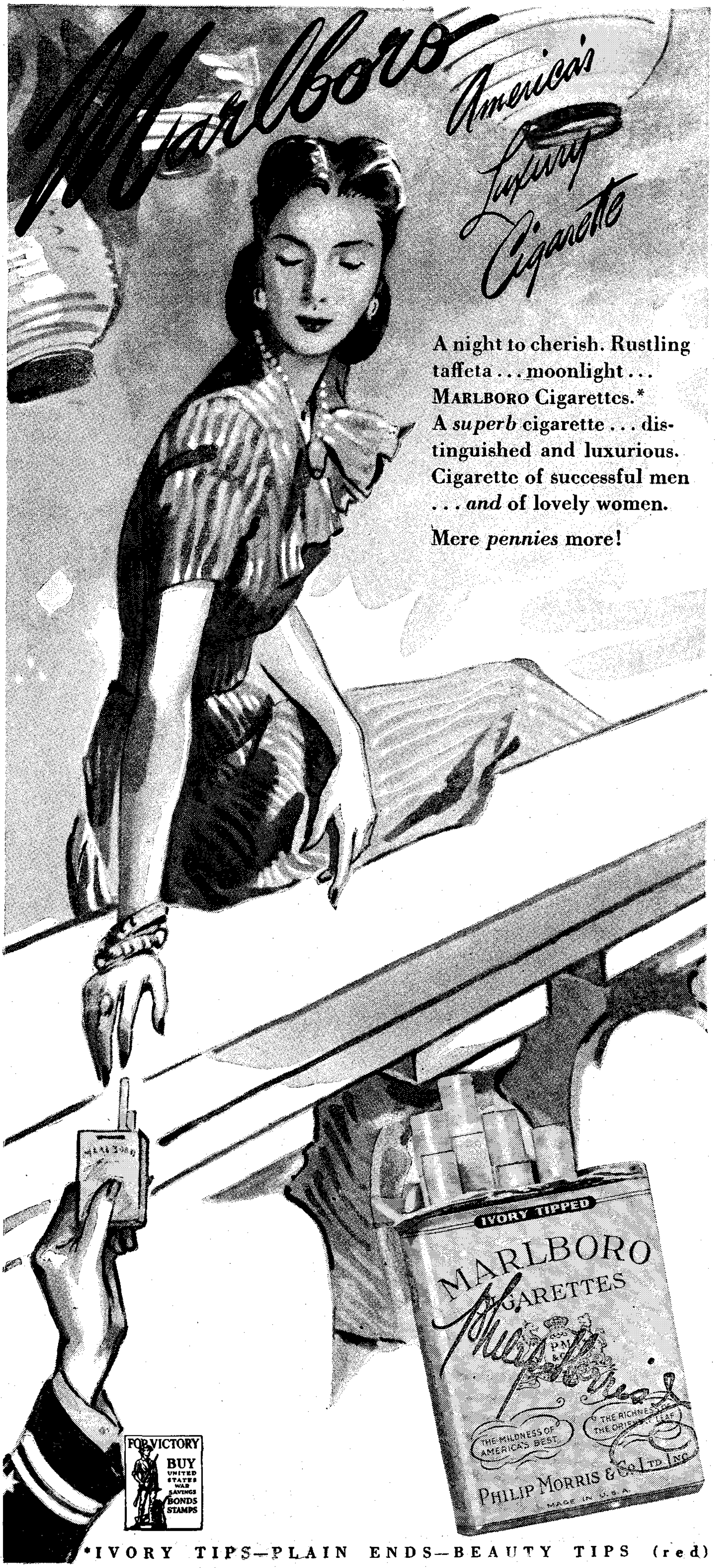
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Bessie Smith, should give you what you want. Johnson's piano playing, on both sides of the record, is completely traditional and yet completely fresh, and there are two or three moments that might be described as moving.

TWO gifted young women, Ginny Simms and Dinah Shore, have also made new recordings. Miss Shore, a rather general favorite these days, has lent the warmth and intimacy of her singing to "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night" and "Now I Know," two current hit tunes (Victor 20-1562). Miss Simms is almost at her very best in a couple of engaging songs, "Suddenly It's Spring" and "Irresistible You" (Columbia 36693). Miss Simms is able to take liberties with tempo without breaking the continuity of a piece, a device known in the loftier language of serious music as *rubato*, in case you're interested. The accompaniments are provided by a mixed chorus.

AMONG the more agreeable recent albums is Victor's P-146, which has the fancy and inexplicit title of "Up Swing." It consists of four discs bearing two recordings each by the orchestras of Benny Goodman ("Stompin' at the Savoy" and "Don't Be That Way"), Artie Shaw ("Begin the Beguine" and "Lady Be Good"), Tommy Dorsey ("Song of India" and "Yes Indeed!"), and Glenn Miller ("Tuxedo Junction" and "String of Pearls"). These are all reissues and they represent just about the best efforts of these bands.

Another attractive album is Decca 363, containing the feature songs and specialties from "Winged Victory." These are done by the show's cast, the way Decca's earlier albums of the music from "Oklahoma!" and "This Is the Army" were. The "Winged Victory" recording is just as good as the others, and they were very good.—OFFBEAT

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPT.

Roberta Hollywood, Television's First Lady and Monte Proser's stellar chanteuse at the Copacabana, noticed one of the showgirls wearing two officers' silver bars pinned to her sweater and asked: "Is your boy friend a captain?" "Oh, no," came the answer, "two lieutenants!"—*Publicity release from Sobol, Hartman & Faggen, March 28, 1944.*

A girl turned up at work the other day wearing two officer's silver bars pinned to her sweater. One of her office mates asked, "Is your boy friend a captain?" "Goodness, *no*," she said. "Two lieutenants."
—*The New Yorker, October 30, 1943.*

THE COMPANY IS NOT RESPONSIBLE

THERE was a girl named Margie, a girl named Ann, a honeymoon couple, a man named George, the girl called Blondie, and me; a middle-aged woman, a drunken sailor, four Harvard boys, a machinist's mate (first class), the driver—called Mac, though that was not his name—and several supernumerary passengers, among them noticeably a soldier with a pipe. It was Wednesday night of the week before Easter; it was raining; the bus we were waiting for had broken down at Sagamore—now it would be ten, anyway, before the Provincetown passengers got home to dinner. We sat in our own bus and smoked and complained to the driver, who had swivelled around in his seat and faced us, like a teacher, grinning, as though he sympathized with us and at the same time took no stock in the seriousness of our predicament. He was a young boy in a blue sweater—only the old bus drivers wore uniforms now—yet his smile was one of antique patience, the patience of the public servant who has been through it all before and knows that nobody, nobody in the world, really has to get anywhere on time.

"Jesus, Mac, it's eight thirty-five!" the sailor said. Being drunk, he could achieve perfectly, without inhibition, that note of incredulity, outrage, and wry despair that was the pitch of our combined feelings. Every five minutes, with considerable difficulty, he would pull a dollar watch out of his pocket and focus bloodshot, astonished eyes on it.

"Jesus, Mac," he repeated desperately, "it's eight thirty-five!" "Eight thirty-four," put in the Harvard boy with the glasses, the voice of science which had regularly, ever since our wait had begun, been correcting the sailor's enthusiastic approximations.

"This is WAR!" thundered George, the bus kidder, in a rather creditable imitation of Mr. Roosevelt.

We all laughed happily, irresponsibly, and waited for the sailor to continue, knowing what would come next, since we had just heard it five minutes before. "Jesus, Mac, let's get going!" A pause. "Jesus, Mac, let *me* drive that bus! I'll take a short cut." The bus driver merely smiled. "You know what I'm going to do when I get to Provincetown?" said the sailor, picking up another theme. "I'm going to a phone booth and call up my mother, and I'm going to say, 'Hello, Ma, this is the apple of your eye.' "

"Shame on you," said the girl named Margie, in a husky, kidding tone. "You ought to go and see her."

"Hell no," said the sailor. "I'm going to *celebrate*. That's the trouble with me," he added soberly. "I'm my mother's darling." Everybody laughed. The middle-aged woman beside me shook the seat with mirth. The Harvard boys' laughter trickled out quickly, however; they looked around to see whether any of us were thinking, "And you, what about you?"

It was strange, I thought; each of us had his favorite section of the sailor's routine. I liked the part where the bus driver would try to punch his ticket and the sailor would not let him see it, saying, "Not till you set me down in Provincetown, Mac," and continuing audibly, as the bus driver passed down the aisle, "I've got him fooled. He doesn't know whether I've got a ticket or not." But nobody else particularly cared for it.

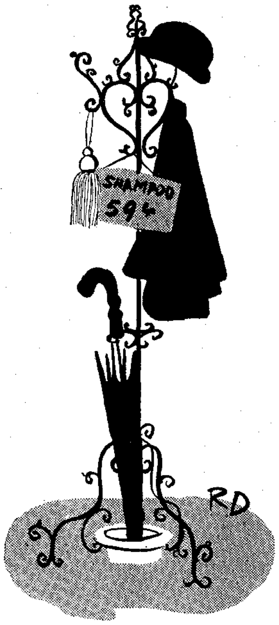
"Hello, Blondie," said the sailor now, to a girl who was knitting across the aisle from him. The passengers in the front section swung around to watch. "You going to Provincetown, Blondie?"

"Yes!" the girl said in mock exasperation, for she had already acknowledged this a dozen times.

"He doesn't believe you, Blondie," said the man named George. "He thinks you're going to fade out at Eastham."

"Look," said the girl. "Here is my *ticket!*" She waved a long paper at the sailor.

"Oh boy," said the sailor. "You and me, Blondie. You a jitterbug, Blondie?"



She shook her head, smiling. It was clear to everyone but the sailor that he was not getting anywhere. Blondie's good-natured serenity could only mean that she was being met in Provincetown. "You and me, Blondie," said the sailor ecstatically. "I'll take you to the Atlantic House and introduce you to my mother." Blondie laughed; we all laughed. At that moment everybody on the bus loved her; she was our darling; she was handling it all so well; it was as if her sureness, her simplicity (she was a very fair girl in a blue dress and silly black hat) made up to us for the uncertainty of the schedule, for the uncertainty of the times, for our lost dinners, for the guns at Camp Edwards, and the Coast Guards in fur-lined glasses patrolling the dark beaches in the rain.

The voices grew lower. Hilarity had temporarily exhausted itself. Somewhere behind me George and Margie were talking about a girl named Halcyon. Was it possible, I asked myself, that I had heard it right? Could there be, anywhere, even in Provincetown, where there is a house called Delight, Delight, Delight, a girl with such a heavenly name? I leaned my head back on the white tidy of the dirty plush seat, reflecting on the good-naturedness of Americans, wondering whether it was the war or simply the new inconvenience of travel that made people so accessible to each other. Everything, I thought, is turned into a lark: the missed connections, the long lines of people waiting in the diner, the hotels that have no accommodations, the standing-room-only on the trains. And yet there is always the detestable person, the woman in the Japanese mink coat who pushes to the front of the line, the obnoxious drunk, the man who sends the lamb chop back a second and a third time, the family party, complete with redcap, that preëmpts somebody else's taxi in the ramp at Grand Central. But on this bus there was nothing like that, no trouble, though once or twice, for an instant, I had heard the old alarm sound in my brain: "Now it is going to begin again, the disagreeableness, the bad part." An obscure quarrel had got under way between the sailor and the machinist's mate—some caste rivalry—and then the question had arisen: which had seen more action? The sailor (unbelievable, now, in this warm, smoky bus) had been torpedoed twice. And again, the sailor, telling Margie about his experiences training at Hanover, New Hampshire, had been interrupted jeeringly by the Harvard boys: "That boys' school in Hanover—you don't mean Dartmouth, by any chance?" But on both occasions it had passed off. The snobbery of rank, the snobbery of heroism, the snobbery of class had no place here; in our situation we could not afford them. We were together, in amity.

"Listen, Mac," said the sailor. "If you don't start this bus, I'm going to tell the story about the sailor and the parrot." The bus driver grinned, we all laughed; nevertheless, we were appre-

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hensive. "Once upon a time," said the sailor, teasing, "there was a sailor who had been on a long voyage . . ." He did not go on.

At last the relief bus appeared; we saw its headlights far off in the darkness. Everybody began to clap. "Three cheers for the driver," said George when—the new passengers installed, the tickets (except the sailor's) punched—our bus lurched forward into the road. Everyone yelled "Hooray!"

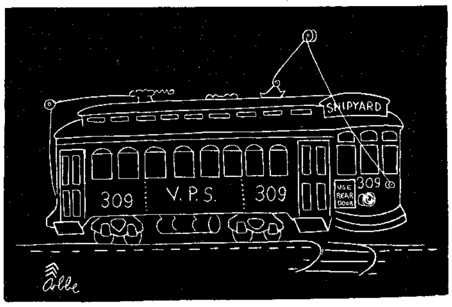
Now the lights were out, the jokes ceased to pop, the passengers one by one fell silent, like candles extinguished by an altar boy. It was quiet. The Harvard boys began to sing softly in unison; one could hardly catch the words. Somewhere near Dennis one of them started "Die Lorelei." I listened in vexation, for he had the tune all wrong. He had carried it over from their last selection; it was "My mother sells snow to the snowbirds" that he was putting Heine's words to. Out of the blackness across the aisle, Blondie's voice came. "It goes this way," she said, and very clearly, without embarrassment, sang them the *first* stanza. Will someone object? I thought; is this where the trouble will come? I held my breath, but no patriot censor intervened. The Harvard boys were singing again now and they went on together through the second stanza and hung, undecided, for a moment. They could not remember the third. "*Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet*," I said aloud in an atrocious accent, my voice trembling.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme . . .

Our voices soared in a paean as we all took up the fourth stanza and went on to the end. "Heine wrote many beautiful poems," said Blondie when it was finished. Nobody said anything in reply. I glanced at the woman beside me; her face was set in docile folds of enjoyment. "Pretty," she murmured finally. I need have felt no alarm.

At Eastham the Harvard boys got out. Their leave-taking was for-



mal. "Good night, Blondie, good night, Margie, good night, Ann, good night, George, good night, sailor, good night, Mac." I felt a slight stab of envious regret that they did not know my name.

When I pulled the cord to get out at Wellfleet, the driver flashed the lights on. Blondie took advantage of the opportunity to comb out her long fair hair. She did this with an air of seriousness and preoccupation, taking prolonged, methodical strokes, as if she were alone with her mirror. The bright strands fell smooth and gleaming to her shoulders. But the comb was black.

COMING into my lighted house, I found that the bus trip was already fading from me. I could not explain what it was that had made me so happy. By Easter Sunday, when it was time for me to go back, I no longer believed in those people; it seemed to me that I had made it all up. The bus that afternoon was very crowded. People were packed solid down the aisle. The passengers already in occupancy glared at me as I climbed on, just as I too would glare at the next comers. I edged my way in near the door, thinking gloomily of the long trip, saying to myself angrily, "Why don't they run another section?" The bus started. "A sardine would blush," said a voice. I did not have to turn around to know that it was George. And suddenly everything was all right. George was real. I had found him again. And when I did turn I saw Margie's little red pillbox hat. Blondie, however, was gone.

—MARY MCCARTHY

•

Mr. Hoyt is remembered here as having been several times the husband of Eugenia Bankhead, sister of the actress, Tallulah Bankhead, and daughter of the late Speaker Bankhead.—*Washington Star.*

Husband once removed?

•

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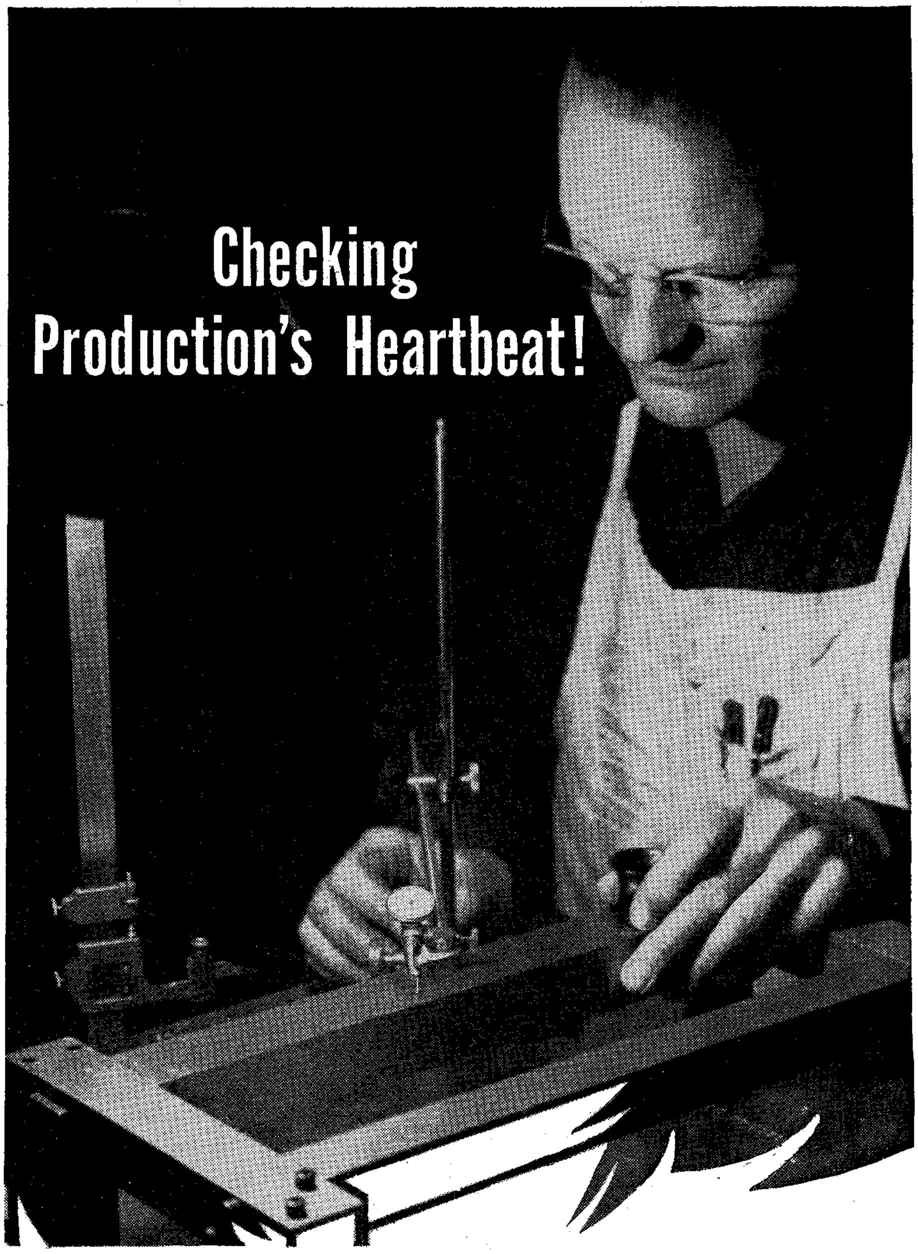
•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Times]

Ray Josephs, Buenos Aires correspondent for PM, The Chicago Sun and Variety, is announced as the author of "Argentine Diary: The Inside Story of the Coming of Fascism," to be published by Random House late this season. Mr. Josephs has now left Argentina.



He has the look about him of a family doctor—kind, thoughtful, earnest. And as he uses this master machinist's gauge, like a physician's cardiograph, checking the heartbeat of production, you feel that every fibre of his body is devoted to improving methods and creating devices so that men and machines can together build more and better equipment for our fighting forces. It has taken the skill of many to develop Solar's specialized ability to handle *stainless steel.* You see, stainless steel in addition to being one of the finest of all metals for many purposes is also one of the most difficult to work with. But, thanks to the tireless effort of these craftsmen, Solar now produces in vast quantities those quality products which previously could only be manufactured in limited numbers.

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NOTES ON SPORTS

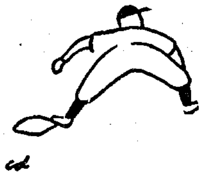
Pastimes—International and National

CHESS, or the greatest game in the world, as it is often called by its friends, is being played constantly and competently right now at the Park Central. The United States championships for men and women are being decided in the Colonial Room, where players and addicts gather daily and concentrate. There's a field of eighteen in the men's tournament and a field of nine in the women's. Among the men, there are grand masters, masters, and just plain experts. The pre-tournament favorite was Reuben Fine, but Israel Horowitz, Arnold Denker, Herman Steiner, and Albert Pinkus were all considered able to give him trouble. Samuel Reshevsky, the current champion, has accountant's examinations to take and isn't defending his title.

Last Sunday, the day of the second round, a gallery of about fifty found its way into the Colonial Room and watched the rather deliberate form of action that chess is composed of. A few less than half of the spectators watched the games proper, and the rest followed their progress by means of the large boards which hung on one wall, on which every move was recorded by students from the Abraham Lincoln High School, in Brooklyn. The "tellers," as these boys are termed, were chosen from Abraham Lincoln mainly because the director of the tournament, Mr. L. Walter Stephens, is an instructor in economics and history there, but they also happen to have formed what Mr. Stephens calls a very aggressive chess club, and he believes they deserve a treat. Mr. Stephens is pleased with the talent in this year's tournament because, although chess has been affected by the war along with all other sports, the players who turned out could do all right in the fastest company. He points out that Fine once beat Dr. Alekhine, the world champion, twice in the same tournament, and several of the other entrants have often beaten Fine.

There are no men in uniform among the players and on Sunday there were none among the spectators except for a fellow from the William J. Burns Uniform Patrol, who was absorbed in the Pinkus-Steiner game. There was one lady player in uniform; namely, Mr. Stephens' wife, who is secretary of the Manhattan Chess Club and also a volunteer in the Aircraft Warning Service. She was matched with Mrs. Gisela Gresser, who wore a black hat with white beads. This game was photographed a couple of times by a lady photographer.

THE baseball season just getting started looks as though it might be a bit gloomier than last year's, but there are still eight clubs in each league and they still plan to play schedules of a hundred and fifty-four games. There seem to be more pitchers around than anything else, perhaps because pitching arms get so warped in the line of duty that the Army regards them as useless for practical military purposes. The Yankees, the Senators, the Athletics, and the Dodgers all have their strength, such as it is, concentrated in their pitching staffs. On the other hand, there are not so many pitchers available that a team like the Giants, which has been doing without them for several years, has been suddenly able to find any. The Giants are likely to finish around the same position they did last year, or, not to put too fine a point on it, eighth. In the National League, the Cards are thought to be the best club, since they have been allowed to keep the greatest number of regulars. The Dodgers look like possible contenders on paper, but the other day they played in an exhibition game which their own head man, Branch Rickey, described as the worst baseball he had ever seen.



In the American League, there is no longer any cry of "Break up the Yankees," because Selective Service has gone and done it. Outside of pitchers, practically nothing is left of last year's team. The Senators appear to have the most strength and ordinarily would be the people's, or at least the bettors', choice. The trouble is that the Yankees, as an institution if not as a specific bunch of players, have made themselves such a bugaboo that grown experts are reluctant to mention anybody else out loud.

—D. L.

•

It was deposed by S——, now in the Navy, that Mrs. T—— had come to his hotel room with another man and woman, and that after the other couple had left, he and Mrs. T—— had discussed a possible movie career for her and indulged in other intimacies.—*The News.*

None other quite so titivating, however.

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In the meantime, we have but one job, to give all we can: our work to speed war production; our money to buy war bonds; our will to win the victory.

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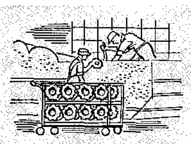
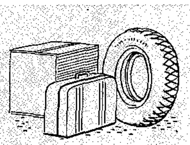
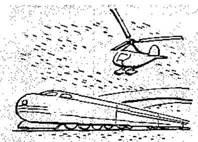


WAX for Metal—Special waxes are being widely used, both as protection against corrosion and as a dry lubricant—for metal parts, shell cases, war equipment, etc.



WAX for Paper, Leather, Rubber—Johnson offers wax coatings for paper, for waterproofing containers; for protecting, beautifying products made of leather, rubber.



WAX for Airplanes, Trains, Busses—Lustrous, weather-resisting—protects surfaces of planes, streamliners, other transportation. Easier maintenance.

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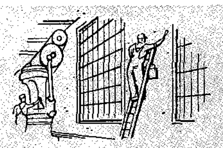

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BOOKS

The Mind of Justice Holmes and Mrs. Bowen's Mind

MY heart always sinks when I start reading a biography and find—as I have done in "Yankee from Olympus," by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Little, Brown)—something like this on the first page:

> Abiel Holmes, lifting his eyes from the piles of scribbled, carefully documented notes on his desk, looked out the window across the parsonage yard to where bare maple branches swept low over a board fence, hiding the red bricks of the college beyond. In the middle of the yard the free end of the long pump arm slanted skyward. Old Liza had left it up again, Abiel noted. Why didn't she wait and let him carry in the water as he had told her to so often? Liza was getting too old to keep this big ramshackle house. Even Mary Holmes had hated it. The image of his young wife, dead five years, rose dimly before Abiel, etc.

This school of semi-fictionized biography has, I am afraid, been given a considerable impetus by Carl Sandburg's life of Lincoln, in which Mr. Sandburg did not hesitate to tell us precisely what, at any given moment, his hero was thinking or feeling. This is an impertinence on the part of the biographer which ought to make us suspicious of him. Who is Mrs. Bowen, for example, that she should be able to supply us with the unspoken thoughts of Justice Holmes and his distinguished family? Holmes himself was intellectual, fastidious, and cultivated; he had studied human society deeply and he had seen a good deal of the world. He was imaginative and witty. We are therefore rather surprised when we are taken by Mrs. Bowen inside his mind and presented with a stream of consciousness almost invariably colorless and obvious. It is not quite so bad as the mediums that transmit messages from Oscar Wilde and Shakespeare and give the impression that the great wits of the past have been deteriorating into imbecility since their residence in the other world. But the effect is somewhat the same. Mrs. Bowen's own mind is too blunt, too limited, and too prosaic for her to be able to deal with the Holmeses as she has had the ambition to do. She has collected anecdotes about them and scraps from their letters and writings and embedded them in a mediocre novel—a novel which seems to me at moments to roll a yearning eye toward the movies. Here is Mrs. Bowen's description of Mrs. Holmes's first visit to the United States Supreme Court after her husband had taken his seat there:

> *"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! . . . God Save the United States and This Honorable Court!"*
>
> Fanny Holmes, looking up at her husband, was swept with sudden, deep emotion. It was not only that Wendell was so handsome, standing there straight and tall in his robes. But they had done right to come. Whatever might arrive, whatever fate had in store for him—and for her, in this sprawling city of strangers—they had done right to come. They had done right to leave home, break away, cut off the associations of a lifetime. Fanny Holmes had always felt it. But now she knew it and rejoiced. Gazing up at her husband from under her prim dotted veil, Fanny felt tears surge to her eyes, hot and overflowing.

THIS is all rather a pity because Mrs. Bowen has evidently done a lot of work on her subject and accumulated a mass of material which is interesting in itself. "Yankee from Olympus," though it differs in style from Gene Fowler's book on John Barrymore, is really much the same kind of thing; it has a great deal of gossip and local detail which we should hardly get in an official biography and which is more or less worth having, but the drawback of such a book is that one does not know how to use it: one can never be sure what has been reliably reported by someone in a position to know and what has been invented by the author. Mrs. Bowen's reconstructions and guesses should have been reduced to about half their present volume and presented in such a way—Lytton Strachey knew how to do this—that one would have recognized them for what they were. The pretense of going inside the characters comes to seem all the more gratuitous in view of the fact that the author, though not entirely insensitive, fails to throw any very searching light on the two most interesting personal situations of Justice Holmes's life: his antagonism to his father, which he never outgrew, and his relations with Fanny Dixwell, whom he had known since childhood but whom he did not marry till both he and she were over thirty. The reader forms his own opinion of what happened in both these cases, and he owes his ability to do so to the

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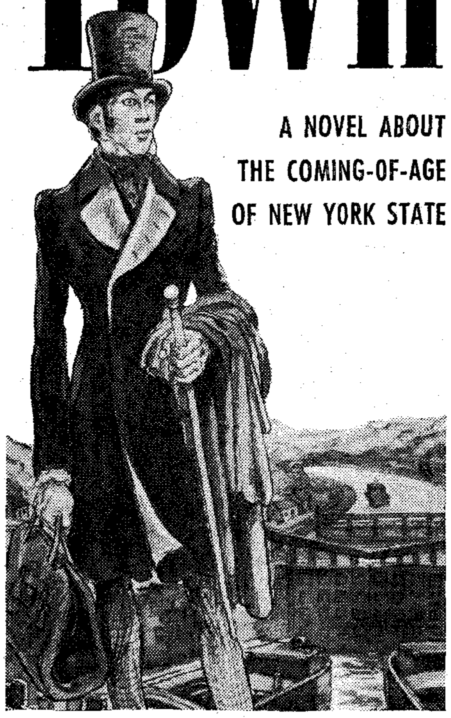
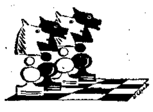


suggestions conveyed by the author as well as to the material she presents, yet he is constantly troubled by the feeling that a good deal that is fundamentally important is not in the picture at all.

You do get in "Yankee from Olympus" a fairly solid picture of family life in Boston and Cambridge through three generations in the last century. But the intellectual activities of the Holmeses—and, grandfather, father, and son, the Holmeses were all thorough intellectuals—are rather inadequately treated. You are not shown the Calvinism of Abiel Holmes in any very convincing way—that is, in any way which would explain why Oliver Wendell revolted against it so bitterly. You are given a pretty good account of Oliver Wendell, Sr.'s, researches into the causes of puerperal fever, his principal achievement in medicine; but you are not shown the psychiatric significance of his curious series of novels, or why he was interested in writing them; and his poetry, which was not without merit, in its humorous department at least, is unjustly dismissed as "bad verse." You are told something, but not very much, about Oliver Wendell, Jr.'s, philosophy of law; but, though a few of his more famous decisions are made to figure in a dramatized form, you are given no analysis in terms of these decisions of the tendencies of his philosophy in practice. Mrs. Bowen does make some attempt to indicate a relation between Holmes's work as a judge and the experiences of his early life; and you get a distinct impression that his dissenting opinions in the Supreme Court represented for Oliver Wendell, Jr., a kind of late blowing-off of steam, a freedom of self-expression which he had never before enjoyed in a laborious and self-disciplined life lived so much under the inhibitions imposed by his father's presence and reputation.

Mrs. Bowen has thus certain half-insights for which, I suppose, we ought to be grateful as better than no insights at all; and certainly "Yankee from Olympus" is by no means one of the worst examples of its reprehensible kind. The attractiveness and nobility of Holmes himself come through the rather flatted chronicle, and Mrs. Bowen does give us conscientiously the facts of her subject's life with a fullness which, so far as I know, is not to be found in the memoirs of him. His career in the Civil War, during which he served three years, saw many of the major engagements, was wounded three times, and ended as one of the few survivors of his Massachusetts regiment, is an impressive and moving story, and Mrs. Bowen has not, I believe, either falsified or cheapened it. The younger Holmes was not a natural soldier, and the experience must have put him to a terrible test. When, as a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, he finally emerged into the consciousness of the public, it was the summit of a mountain which had caught their eye. A whole lifetime of endurance and effort lay dark below the sparkling snows, and it is a merit of Mrs. Bowen's biography that she shows us his life in its proper proportions.



IN the issue of March 18th, this department objected to the cuts made in the English translation of "The Bay of Silence," by Eduardo Mallea. I am informed that this translation was seen and passed by the author, and I regret that I did not know this at the time I wrote the review. The fact does not alter my opinion that the cutting of the novel in half has left it in an unsatisfactory form.

—Edmund Wilson

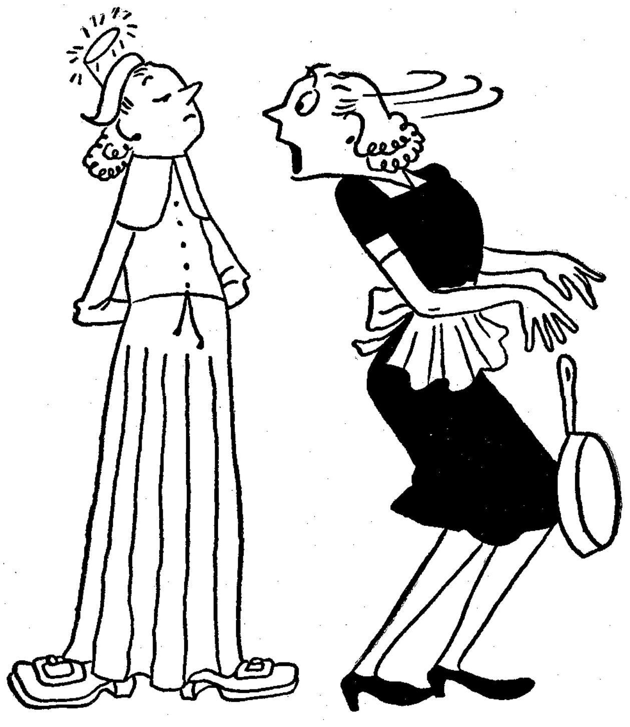
VERSE

AFTER more than a quarter century of "experiment," a new formal English poetic style seems finally to have emerged. What Browning and Swinburne and Tennyson and Matthew Arnold would think of it is anybody's guess, even though these formidable Victorians are all contributors to its present form. So, too, are Eliot and Pound, whose contributions, chosen from various neglected English poetic material, now are linked with many non-English elements, from French Symbolism to translations from the Gaelic and Chinese. The insistence made by the English poets of the thirties upon satire and the sharpness of ordinary speech are factors, but not to an overwhelming degree. This style is now a supple instrument. It has lost the early stiffness—a kind of tongue-tied stage fright—that it inherited from the Imagists, and it is no longer heavily weighted with learned tags put upon it by bright young people or encumbered with certain affected theatrics carried over from the emphasis upon the aesthetic which prevailed in the late nineties.

It is a *formal* style, and therefore difficult to apprehend at first glance. Middle-class critics have spluttered and fumed over its "obscurity" and Marxists have labelled it with their limited and old-fashioned reproach "ivory tower." Whether this style, having tentatively formed, is capable of endurance and growth, it is too early to say. What it needs at the moment is practitioners and an attentive, disinterested audience. The folk line and the line of bourgeois literature can be counted on to keep flourishing; it is formal poetry that now needs critics and friends.

Here are two new books by American poets who are highly skilled in this new formal technique and who have highly complex mental and spiritual equipment to express by means of it. Robert Penn Warren, a native of Kentucky, a Rhodes scholar, and a member of the Nashville "Fugitive" group, which, in the twenties, applied itself to a Southern renaissance of literature, philosophy, and classical learning, brings together work that dates from his student days on in "Selected Poems, 1923-1943" (Harcourt, Brace). His book is divided into two sections, in which the later poems come first. It is not easy, therefore, at once to trace the line of his growth, but the line is there, and, because it follows to some extent the emerging formal style, it is interesting to begin with his early poems and read backward toward his later ones. The "Fugitive" group was concerning itself with "regional" material long before the regional fashion became widespread. Mr. Warren's early treatment of a Kentucky background coincides with the "literary" stiffness which afflicted poetry at the time. Many of the poems show clear outlines of influence. Three very fine ones—"Pacific Gazer," "Calendar," and "The Garden"—are such close approximations of originals that the first two might almost be included in the canon of Hardy and the last in the canon of Marvell. But little by little the influences fuse. Mr. Warren ends by being able to write with great freedom. He can combine a clever approximation of "folk" with running comment in the manner of the late Eliot ("The Ballad of Billie Potts"). Consider "Mexico Is a Foreign Country: Five Studies in Naturalism" as proof of how Mr. Warren can at the moment absorb all sorts of material with the readiness of maturity. Language is beautifully handled throughout, and the poet has a point of view and the courage of his convictions. The two poems "Original Sin" and "Crime" show his complex perceptions and the modern poetic style working brilliantly together on subjects which perceptive modern poets keep coming back to: obscure psychological guilt and corruption, sadism, obsession—dissimulated under the fixed pattern of modern life and everyday conformity.

Robert Fitzgerald is some years younger than Warren. He is a graduate



"YOU PINCHED ME!"

War Conscience: Certainly I pinched you, dearie. I'm your new Wartime Conscience. And if you keep throwing out perfectly good kitchen fats that way, I'll have you black and blue all over in a week.

Woman: Black and bl—! Why *you*—! I'll—

War Conscience: Tut, Madam! Do you realize that your Government needs that waste kitchen fat of yours so badly for ammunition that it's willing to give you two whole meat points, for just a pound of it? Do you—?

Woman: Certainly I realize it. But do you know I didn't sleep a wink last night, just because I had one measly cup of coffee for dinner? And do you realize maybe a person forgets her War Duty sometimes when she's tired or something?

War Conscience: Personally, Madam, I don't care how tired you get! Your Government needs you to do your War Job, and I'm here to see you do it. And as far as not sleeping goes—hasn't anybody ever told you about caffein-free coffee?

Woman: What?

War Conscience: Caffein-free, dear. Take Sanka Coffee, for instance, 97% caffein-free. Lets you sleep and sleep and *sleep*. And flavor! Madam, this Sanka Coffee is the strawberry shortcake of the coffee world! It's the crème de la crème for the woman who's kept awake by caffein.

Woman: Really?

War Conscience: Certainly, dearie! Try it . . . but remember this . . . Sanka Coffee may let you sleep, but *I* won't if you fall down on your Wartime Job! That's all, sister!

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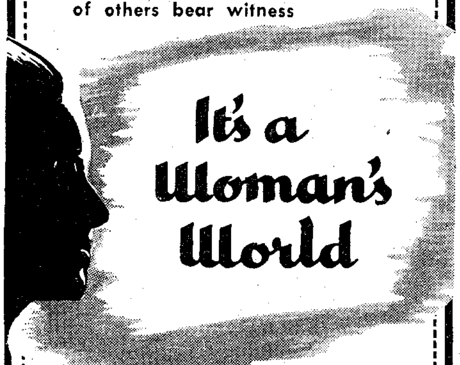
ANITA LOOS, and a score
of others bear witness



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of Harvard, a classical scholar, and a translator, with a collaborator, of plays by Sophocles and Euripides. His expression, by the evidence of the poems in "A Wreath for the Sea" (New Directions) is, it would seem, natively nimbler than Warren's. His observation is delicate but precise. He has a lyric gift which might easily have been diverted to petty uses. But the drawing back from tough reality, characteristic of the "aesthetic" period of modern poetry, has been overcome. Baudelaire's lesson on how the modern world can be incorporated into verse has been relearned. Fitzgerald's grasp of classic resonance and balance brings him out always on the side of simplicity; he is incapable of either rhetoric or bombast. His effects are sometimes rather muffled, but soon the expected translucence returns, and we are back in that humane region where the gravity of learning and the seriousness of art function, never out of sight of life.

It is in writers such as these that a style which skirts the confusions of surrealism and the bigotries of polemics, which has no place for the accepted idea in the slick rhythm, for the academic-maudlin, for the fake man-in-the-street-tough, for the high-minded, simple-minded conventions, begins to come into its own. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FIDDLER IN THE SKY, by Kathleen Hoagland (Harper). A sympathetic, shapely first novel about the decline of an upper-middle-class family living in a small Irish town during and immediately after the last war. When Mrs. Hoagland is picturing the home life of the Brendans or when she is concerned with the moral disequilibrium of the Irish in the transition period of which she writes, she shows a perception that has considerable depth as well as sharpness. When she attempts to analyze the disintegration of the hero, her hand is less sure, and she is so downright inept at dialogue that the novel is most alive when the characters keep their mouths shut. In spite of these weaknesses, however, Mrs. Hoagland is well worth reading, and watching.

NOTHING AS BEFORE, by Dorothy Sparks (Harper). To a friendly, decent little Illinois town comes a young college professor bitterly disillusioned by the pretensions of New York. He stays on in the community because the life appears to him idyllic and the people upright, kindly, and

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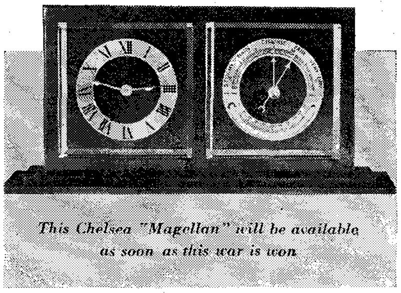
SINCE 1886



This Chelsea "Magellan" will be available as soon as this war is won

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Tomorrow, the same famous clock movements in all the beauty of mahogany, bronze, and leather—for peace.

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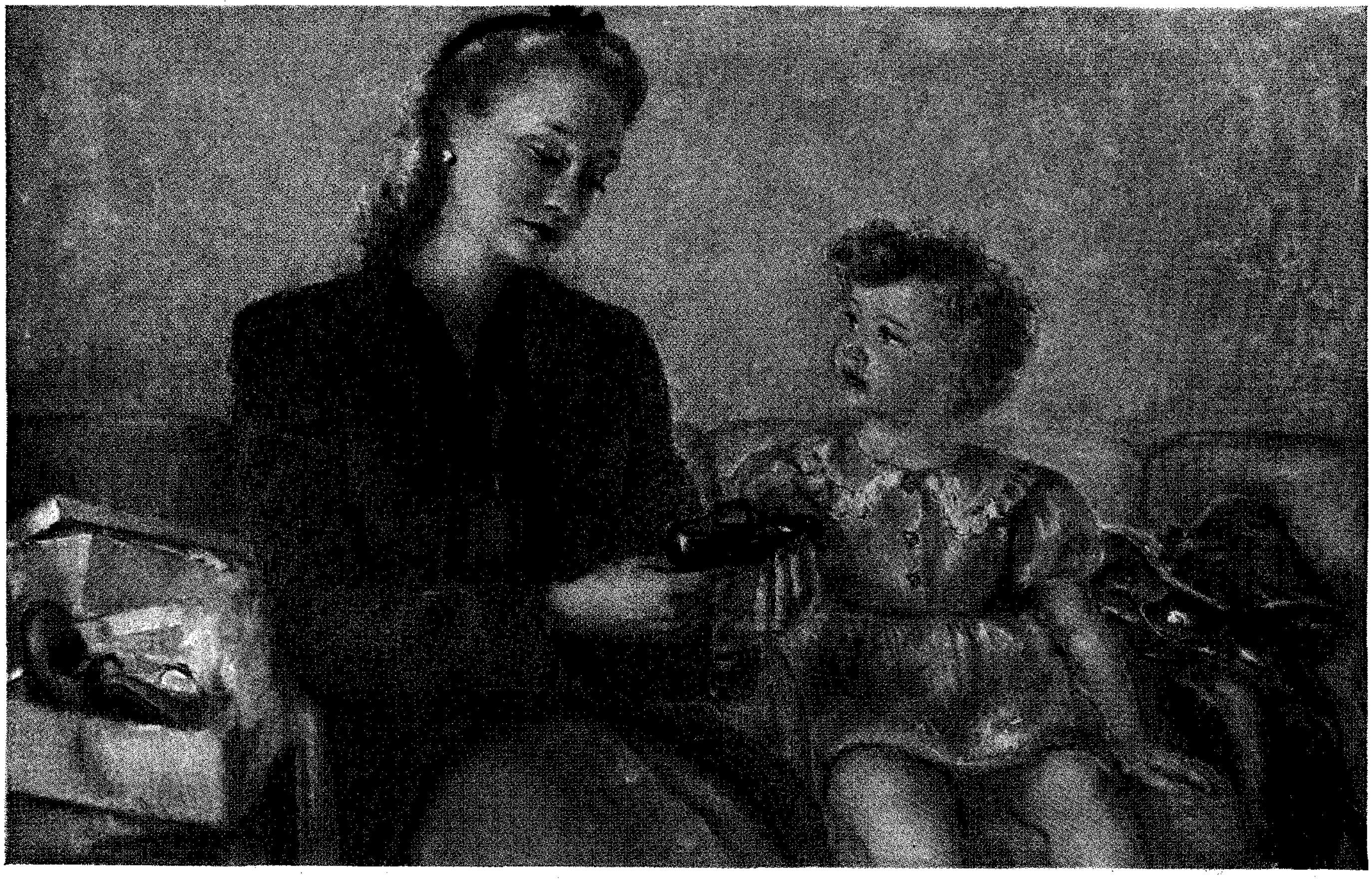
AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE—THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN

HE *earns the wage*



Painted for McCall's by Clara Klinghoffer

SHE *administers the wage*

He provides the means with which to feed, clothe, house and educate the family. But it is she who administers his earnings. *She* is the one who decides where 85% of America's consumer buying power will go. Naturally, responsibilities so entirely different create different *reading* interests.

Out of these differences the women's magazines were born—and they now fill a place, and do a job, unapproached by any other magazines published. That McCall's is read by one American Woman out of every five is no accident but the direct result of *this* magazine's ability to think the way women think. Never before in the history of this country has it been so imperative for women to *know* how to buy—and how to administer, wisely, their household's wartime economy. McCall's informative articles are a decisive influence in the buying habits of one woman out of five.

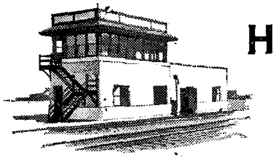
In war as in peace, McCall's is edited directly to the three primary interests of the American Woman—Her Heart, Her Home, Herself.

McCall's
HOMEMAKING

McCall's

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

The "SIGNAL CORPS" in action!



How the Men of Tower X Speed Wartime Trains on the Water Level Route

THIS IS Signal Tower X. You may have glimpsed it from your train window. Just a little, two-story building beside the tracks. Yet, from here are set the signals and switches that control the steel giants of the rails. And here, day and night, men of New York Central's "signal corps" play their vital part in today's critical battle of transportation.

Once, Tower X bristled with tall levers, laboriously worked by hand. Today, its electric controls set the heaviest and most distant switch at the twist of a towerman's wrist.

And tomorrow? Well, in New York Central's newest towers, even more automatic controls are already installed. And when Victory again frees production, Tower X and others on the Water Level Route will get still finer equipment to serve the faster rail transportation of the future.

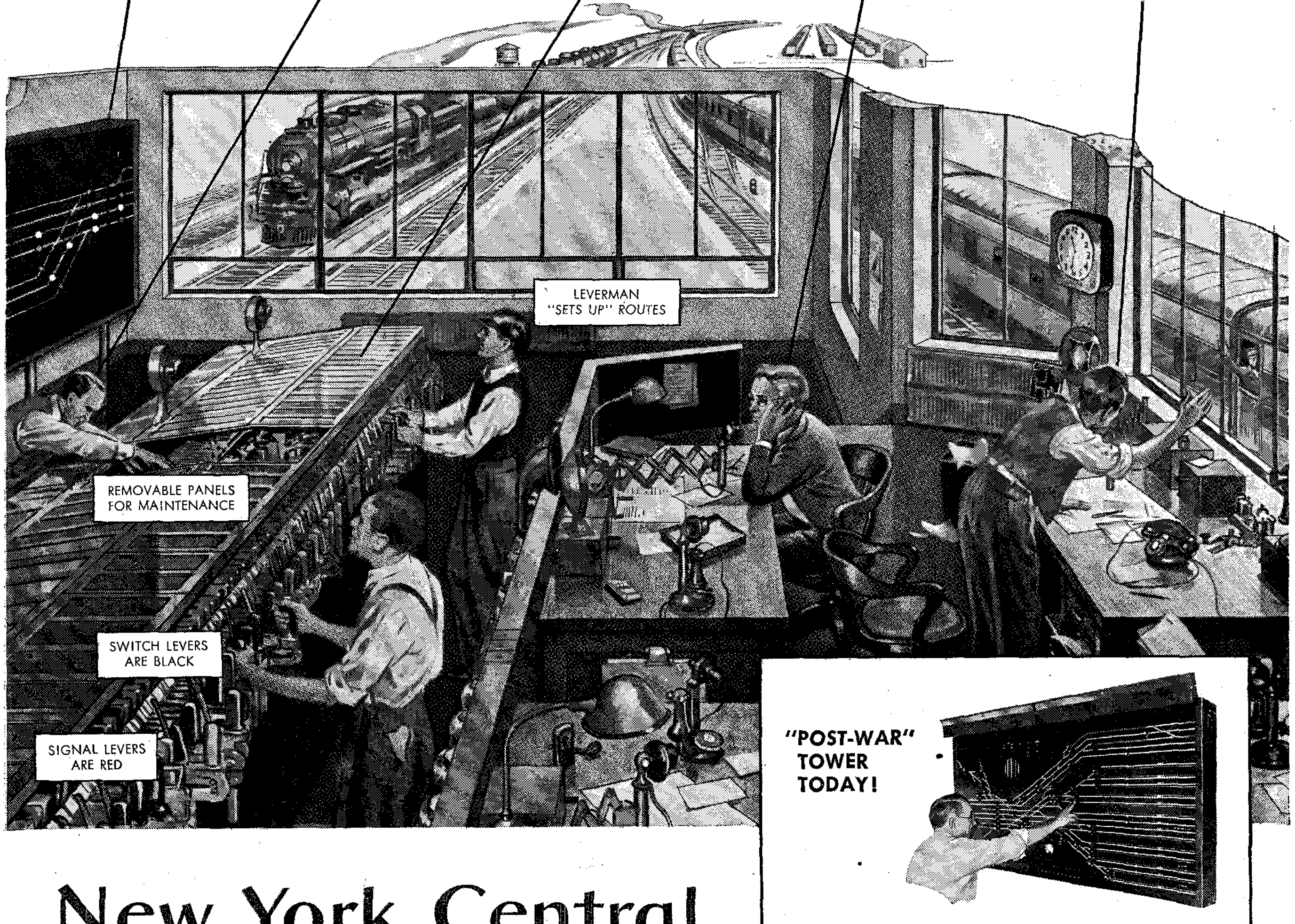
50 MILES AT A GLANCE
This chart maps the part of the Water Level Route controlled by Tower X . . . a 50-mile network of tracks. Electric lights and indicators show instantly the movement of every train and the setting of every switch.

CIRCUIT SLEUTH
A Signal Maintainer is on duty in every large New York Central Tower, checking the hundreds of electric circuits and keeping equipment in perfect order. Other Maintainers work in the yards and on the line.

MISTAKE-PROOF MACHINE
This electric signal machine is typical New York Central tower equipment. Controls are so "interlocked" that Levermen cannot possibly set up conflicting routes.

MASTER STRATEGIST
On the Tower Director's quick thinking depends the smooth flow of wartime traffic over this portion of New York Central. He "calls the routes" to Levermen who set switches and signals according to his orders.

ALL EYES AND EARS
The Operator notes on his Train Sheet (and reports to the Dispatcher) the time each train passes, its engine number, how many and what type cars it carries. He also watches and listens to make sure all cars are running smoothly, and signals the rear brakeman.



"POST-WAR" TOWER TODAY!

This "electric brain" is already at work in New York Central's latest signal tower. It automatically selects routes, sets switches and signals at the touch of a button!

New York Central

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS — NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM — ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

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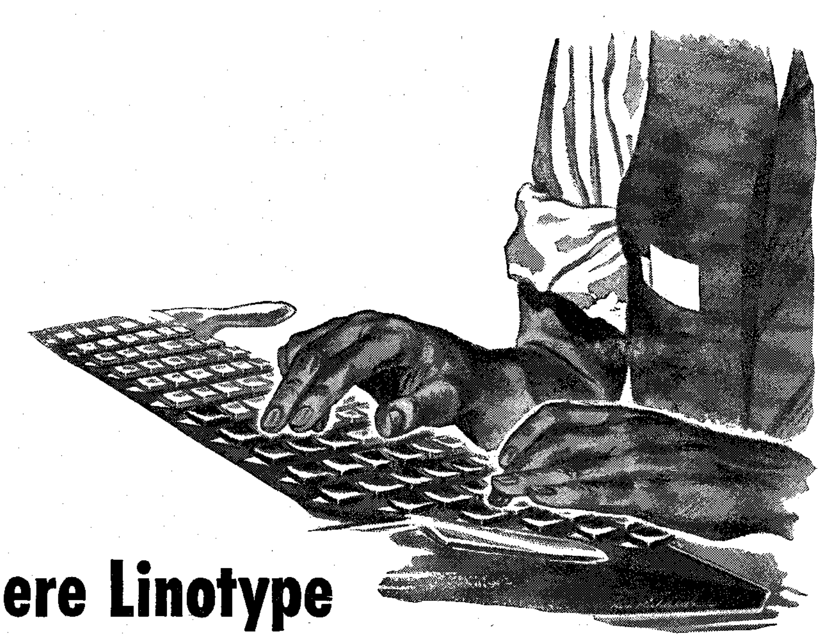
tolerant. Then one day a murder is committed and under the shock of the crime the townspeople become as suspicious, bickering, and uncharitable as the New Yorkers whom the hero has left behind. Miss Sparks is so gently naïve in her surprise at finding that human nature is likely to be the same in Illinois as in Manhattan that one is tempted not to deal so severely with her innocent story as it probably deserves.

THE RAZOR'S EDGE, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran). The story of a young American, a flier in the last war, whose search for truth leads him to India, where he becomes a devotee of yoga, thereby attaining a spiritual perfection that gives him an almost miraculous power over others. We are shown this power in action, working such of its miracles as are necessary to keep the story moving along, and Mr. Maugham, in his customary manner, uses it to lend a lot of drama and excitement to one of his skillfully turned plots. Everything is so neatly fitted together, in fact, and the author writes with such ease, that the reader is almost lulled into forgetting that Mr. Maugham, by even very lax critical standards, has turned out an inferior job—one that suggests that if he keeps on writing with his tongue in his cheek, it may well become permanently stuck there.

THE LAUGHTER OF MY FATHER, by Carlos Bulosan (Harcourt, Brace). Twenty-four brief stories, delightfully off the beaten track, about the author's Filipino family. Mr. Bulosan's impoverished Luzon peasants have a quality of aimlessness, gaiety, and inconsequence that is refreshing at a time when there is so much "significant" fiction about. A few of the stories have appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE LITERARY FALLACY, by Bernard DeVoto (Little, Brown). A one-man commando raid upon the American literature of the twenties and, more specifically, upon those who wrote it. The literary fallacy, according to Mr. DeVoto, "is, essentially, the belief that literature is the measure of culture." He himself does not think it is and contends, moreover, that practically everything written during the twenties was "trivial"—Lewis, Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Faulkner included. The reason for this triviality, he says, is that writers were "completely separated from the



Where Linotype Operators Have Green Thumbs...

Yes, and so do pressmen, engravers, stereotypers, reporters, advertising salesmen and editors

GREEN THUMBS (the ability to make things grow) abound in profusion among members of The Journal's staff.

Some of the finest flower collections and victory gardens in Portland, Oregon are owned by Journal employees. One linotype operator has over 100 choice rose bushes gathered from the world's far corners. Another exhibits several roses of his own origination. A photographer is famed for his pansies and his squash. An engraver has amazed experts with his bearded iris. An editor favors roses and tomatoes; a reporter, peonies and peas; a stereotyper, primulas and pumpkins.

What does all this mean to Journal readers and advertisers?

Why should it matter that the hands that set the headlines have created a new rose?

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY! The Journal is the largest daily newspaper in the Portland Trading Zone. More people read and enjoy it than any other newspaper in this territory because The Journal is a human paper. The men and women who make it are human . . . they like to work hard and play hard, just like the folks who read The Journal. But, also, they are blessed with green thumbs—the ability to make things grow, BOTH flowers and newspapers.

If you lived in Portland you'd read...

THE JOURNAL
PORTLAND, OREGON
Afternoon and Sunday

Represented Nationally by **REYNOLDS-FITZGERALD**
Member: Metropolitan and Pacific Parade Groups

An ADVENTURE in transportation

that had a lot to do with the growth of Inter-American friendship and economic unity

Back in the early 1900's, when the United Fruit Company ordered three new cargo-passenger ships for the Caribbean run, with accommodations equal to the most luxurious ocean liners of the day, shipping men in our Eastern ports shook their heads. "That route will never pay," they prophesied —"nobody wants to travel to Middle America"!

Amid such discouragements the Great White Fleet was born. *Time soon proved the company right* in the belief that thousands would explore Middle America, if they could cruise there in comfort.

Diplomats and professional and business men were the first to take advantage of the airy cabins and spacious promenade decks of the Great White Fleet. Archaeologists, moving picture people and writers followed. Finally the vacationists flocked to enjoy the new adventure of a Caribbean cruise. Just before Pearl Harbor the Great White Fleet was carrying 50,000 people a year.

Trade kept pace with travel, growing steadily year by year. In the modern refrigerated holds thousands of tons of bananas, coffee, cocoa and other nutritious foods of tropical America journeyed north, while on southbound trips the ships were loaded to capacity with the products of northern factories.

At last the peoples of North and Middle America were discovering each other . . . finding out not only that their countries formed a natural economic unit, but also, that culturally, they had a lot to offer each other.

The Great White Fleet and the other Caribbean lines played an important part in building this economic solidarity and friendship . . . *Today the fleet is carrying war cargoes, but when ships can be spared, they'll return to their historic role of promoting intercourse between the Americas.*

Great White Fleet

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

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GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA ☆ COSTA RICA
PANAMA ★ COLOMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Let's All Back the Attack—with WAR Bonds!

experiences that alone give life and validity to literature"—that is, from "the common life"—and his verdict is that the era will be remembered as "the age of literary folly, the age of slapstick." There is, of course, a certain amount of sense in what Mr. DeVoto has to say, even though his presentation of it is not helped by his preference for overstatement or by his going off, at the end, on a more or less uncontrolled rhetorical jag. His treatment of other critics is anything but good-tempered and, in holding Van Wyck Brooks responsible for all the literary chills and fevers of the twenties, he provides a curious example of the devil theory of literature.

A TIME IS BORN, by Garet Garrett (Pantheon). Taking a look into the future, Mr. Garrett, formerly the chief editorialist of the *Saturday Evening Post*, comes to some novel and unconventional conclusions. The most important of these is that modern chemistry, which is working more magic than the medieval alchemists ever dreamed possible, has destroyed the distinction between have and have-not nations by making sources of raw material universally available. It is therefore conceivable, according to Mr. Garrett, that one of the chief causes of international friction may now be eliminated and that a new and completely different kind of world society may come out of what he describes, perhaps rather fancily, as alchemic technology. Mr. Garrett leaves many things out of consideration, and seems never to have heard of politics, but he does have an original, if limited, point of view.

THE USE OF PRESIDENTIAL POWER, 1789-1943, by George Fort Milton (Little, Brown). A study of the American Presidency and of some of the men, from George Washington to Franklin D. Roosevelt, who have held that office. Mr. Milton, while primarily concerned with showing how the power of the Presidency has continually increased, has also drawn sharp pictures of the Presidents he discusses, and his book, besides providing a fresh approach to a more or less familiar subject, is an excellent reminder that the author, without kicking up any fuss about it, is on his way to becoming one of our major historians.

AMERICA UNLIMITED, by Eric Johnston (Doubleday, Doran). Mr. Johnston, who is president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, presents his case for what he calls a "people's capitalism." It looks a lot like the old, familiar capitalism, but Mr. Johnston, at least in this book, doesn't look very much like the old, familiar capitalist. Certain parts of his argument read like extracts from an after-dinner speech, but even so his book is a rather unusually effective statement of the conservative position.

JOURNEY FROM THE EAST, by Mark J. Gayn (Knopf). Mr. Gayn, in this autobiography, tells of his childhood in China and Russia, his discovery of America, and his adventures as a correspondent in the Far East. His life appears to have been more dramatic than most and, until he begins telling about his career as a newspaperman, at which point his narrative falls into the customary I-saw-it-happen pattern, he manages to convey to the reader much of the interest and excitement of his experience.

THE LAND DIVIDED, by Gerstle Mack (Knopf). A history, full-dress and full-size, of the Panama Canal. Mr. Mack, who apparently set out to write the definitive work on the subject, has done just that. Discoveries, conquests, wars, revolutions, diplomatic maneuvers, engineering projects, diseases, labor problems—everything has gone into this book. It seems hardly likely that many readers will want to become absorbed in six hundred pages about the Canal, no matter how interesting some of those pages happen to be, but, for those who do, this is definitely the book of the week. Illustrated.

THE WORLD OF THE ARABS, by Edward J. Byng (Little, Brown). An unpretentious, informal book about the places and peoples of Islam. The author's conversational style and his first-hand knowledge of the countries involved make it a good guide for readers who are encountering the world of the Arab for the first time.

CLOUDS AND WEATHER PHENOMENA, by C. J. P. Cave (Cambridge University Press). This is a new edition of a popular handbook by the president of the Royal Meteorological Society. By twenty-two pages of text and forty-two photographs the author makes it possible for the reader to identify and understand the various kinds of cloud formations observable in the British Isles, including such curious phenomena as Brocken spectres, mirages, and noctilucent clouds. An excellent little book of a kind that the English do particularly well. Its only weakness from the

A perfect cup *of coffee every time . . . so simple a child can make it. Always delicious . . . always the same.*

A teaspoonful in a cup
Add hot water it's ready

THE ARMED FORCES CONTINUE TO TAKE NEARLY ALL THE NESCAFÉ WE MANUFACTURE.

Small quantities are available for civilians . . . and grocers have Nescafé occasionally.

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FULL FLAVORED COFFEE

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FULL FLAVORED, because in Nescafé all the aroma and flavor of freshly roasted coffee are "sealed in" by added carbohydrates, a distinctive process developed by Nestlé's. In Nescafé, *all* the fragrance, goodness and stimulation of fine coffee are preserved for you, roaster fresh, until released in your cup.

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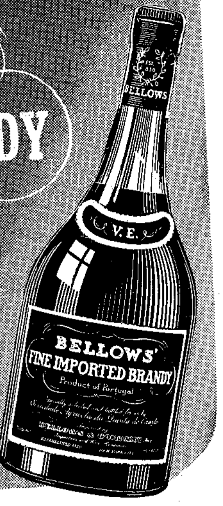
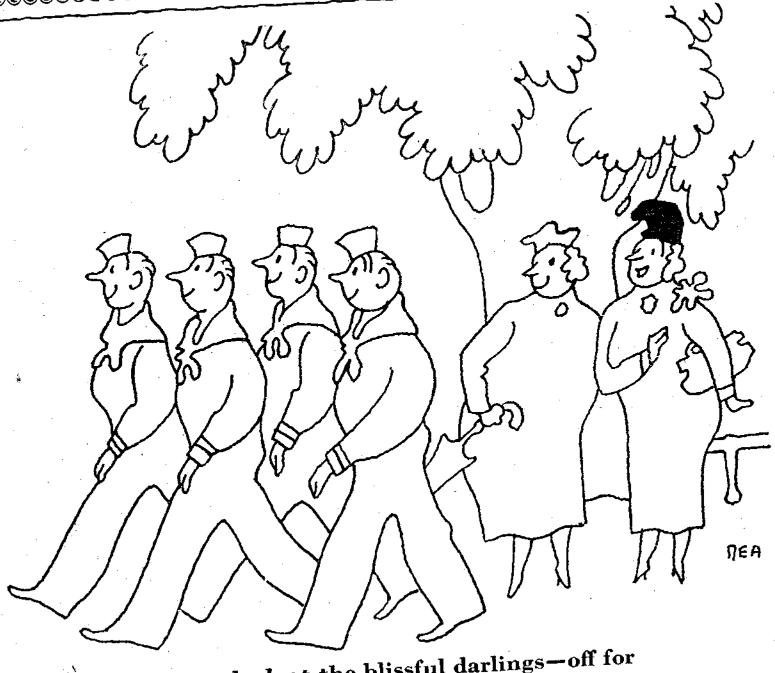
Product of Portugal

This fine light brandy, distilled from the wine of the famed Alto Douro vineyards of Portugal, is a superb brandy. It possesses a highly agreeable, friendly character well worthy of consideration.

86 Proof • 4/5 Quart



New York *Colorado Springs* *Chicago*



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Advertisement: No competition for that Wheaties "second helping" flavor *Signed:* General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

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Cocktails at The Copa
WITH
PEPPY DeALBREW
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American point of view is that it has nothing about hurricanes and tornadoes.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MOON WAS RED, by Dana Sage (Simon & Schuster). Donald O'Keefe Adams III, an American industrialist who is known as Good Neighbor No. 1 by the Bolivians, smooths over some international incidents growing out of the disappearance of an unpleasant American woman from a boat in the middle of Lake Titicaca. Adams is helped out by his friend and bodyguard, a Paraguayan Indian who speaks only Basic English and sounds rather like a guidebook. Not a topnotch mystery, since the plot hinges on some remarkable coincidences, but lots of fun to read.

MURDER A MILE HIGH, by Elizabeth Dean (Doubleday, Doran). A Czech tenor is the first victim of a series of murders that take place during the annual music festival held in the mining town of Golden City, Colorado. The local people do all they can to hamper the detective work of Emma Marsh, a young woman from Boston, because of what she discovers, but she solves this mystery, as she has done other cases, with the aid of several admirers. Over-complicated, but you'll enjoy reading about the opera festival.

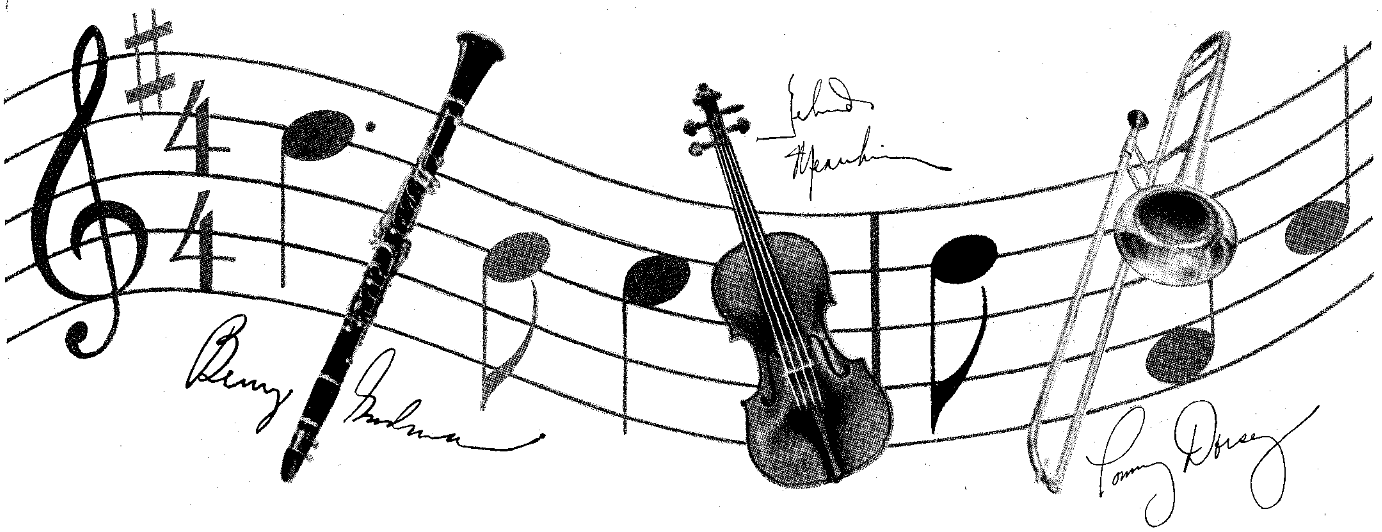
•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[*From the Hotel Gazette*]

I AM A WOMAN

A MERE biological accident made it so but, I am not a creature of chance! Throughout the ages a set and assured place in life has shackled me with restraining conventions, when I might have helped mould a better world. Although I have been queen and mistress, slave and mother, I have always been limited to my biological function. It took this war to make man realize that I am also a great partner in emergencies. I have taken my place in war plants, ferried bombers and most important, brought mercy to our fighting fronts. As an Angel of Mercy, **I represent YOUR RED CROSS . . . YOU MUST HELP ME in this role! ! YOU MUST HELP RAISE the $200,000,000 now needed** so that I and millions of my sisters, who have left sheltered positions, can carry on! Perhaps after this war is over we will carry on further, as peace delegates and if we should sit at the conference, you may be assured it will not be a botched peace like the last one. Twenty-five years ago was the birth of a "Peace that failed" **. . . it also was the beginning of DUVERNOY'S "CONSISTENTLY SUPERIOR" Bread and Rolls.** Although we have lost the Peace, the Bread and Rolls are still with us, and enjoyed by millions.



ONLY FM RADIO BRINGS YOU THESE ARTISTS IN GLORIOUS "NATURAL COLOR"

FM is the *only* radio that duplicates in your home the human voice or a musical instrument as it actually sounds in the broadcasting studio!

Music broadcast over conventional radio is *not* the music the artist sings or plays. Engineers say that "overtones" are missing. It's as though the very high notes, and the very low notes, got lost on the way from the station to your house — and only the middle notes reached there.

But on a General Electric FM radio, *all* tones and *all* overtones come through magnificently! Special transmission apparatus and your General Electric FM receiver do what radio has never been able to do before. When you hear General Electric FM, you are listening to a *new kind of radio.*

All General Electric radio equipment now goes to the armed forces. But after Victory, the General Electric FM radio-phonograph will be an even finer instrument than it is today! Prices will be low for such standards of quality. And whether you buy a G-E FM radio-phonograph, G-E conventional radio, a G-E portable, or a G-E battery-operated radio, you can look forward to many years of pleasure from it! *General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.

Every week more than 192,000 G-E employees buy over a million dollars' worth of War Bonds.

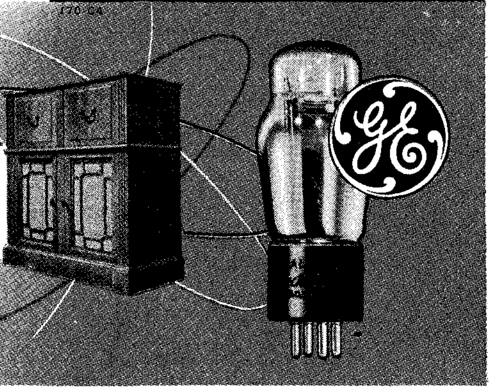
RADIO • TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-24

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.



FOR MY GUESTS
IT'S
CHESTERFIELD

Watch the change to **Chesterfield**

You'll like them...your friends will too...for their real mildness and better taste. The right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos makes the difference. You can't buy a better cigarette.

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